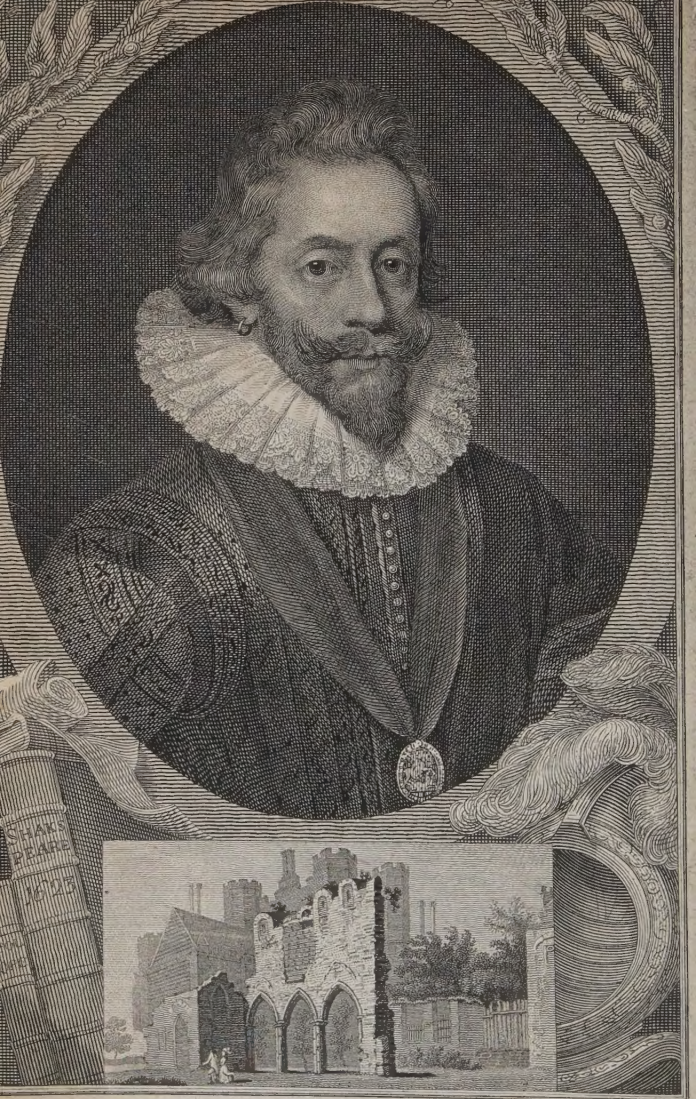
Form 125

*E 9675
10

The Chicago Public Library

REFERENCE USE ONLY
DISCARD

Received May. 1. 1894



HENRY WRIOTHESLEY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON.

Engraved by W. Sharp, from an original Picture

THE

PLAYS AND POEMS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE TENTH.

CONTAINING

VENUS AND ADONIS.
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.
SONNETS.
THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.
A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.
TITUS ANDRONICUS.
ROMEUS AND JULIET.
APPENDIX.
GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

LONDON: PRINTED BY H. BALDWIN,

For J. Rivington and Sons, L. Davis, B. White and Son, T. Longman, B. Law, H. S. Woodfall, C. Dilly, J. Robſon, J. Johnſon, T. Vernor, G. G. J. and J. Robinſon, T. Cadell, J. Murray, R. Baldwin, H. L. Gardner, J. Sewell, J. Nichols, J. Bew, T. Payne, jun. S. Hayes, R. Faulder, W. Lowndes, G. and T. Wilkie, Scatcherd and Whitaker, T. and J. Egerton, C. Stalker, J. Barker, J. Edwards, Ogilvie and Speare, J. Cuthell, J. Lackington, and E. Newbery.

M DCC XC.

DISCARD

Ac. 9675
10

133913
MAY 1 1894

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Vilia miretur vulgus, mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Caſtalia plena miniſtret aqua. Ovid.

THE EPISTLE.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL of SOUTHAMPTON, and BARON of TICHFIELD.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

I KNOW not how I ſhall offend in dedicating my unpoliſhed lines to your lordſhip, nor how the world will cenſure me for chooſing ſo ſtrong a prop to ſupport ſo weak a burthen: only, if your honour ſeem but pleaſed, I account myſelf highly praiſed, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with ſome graver labour. But if the firſt heir of my invention prove deformed, I ſhall be ſorry it had ſo noble a godfather, and never after ear ſo barren a land [1], for fear it yield me ſtill ſo bad a harveſt. I leave it to your honourable ſurvey, and your honour [2] to your heart's content; which I wiſh may always anſwer your own wiſh, and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your Honour's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

[1] —ear *ſo barren a land,*] To *ear*, is to plow. See Vol. VII. p. 435, n. 7. MALONE.

[2] —*and your* honour—] This was formerly the uſual mode of addreſs to noblemen. So, in a letter written by Sir Francis Bacon to Robert, lord Cecil, July 3, 1603: "Laſtly, for this divulged and almoſt proſtituted title of knighthood, I could without charge, by your *honour's* mean, be content to have it,—." Birch's Collection, p. 24. MALONE.

MEMOIRS
OF
HENRY WRIOTHESLY,
THE THIRD EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON.

OF the nobleman to whom Shakſpeare has addreſſed the only two pieces that he appears ever to have publiſhed, few particulars are known. However, the circumſtances, of his having been the moſt intimate friend of Robert earl of Eſſex, and, according to tradition, the liberal benefactor of our poet, have endeared his memory to poſterity. His grandfather Thomas, the firſt earl, was lord chancellor in the time of King Henry VIII. and one of his executors. His father Henry, who died in 1583, was a Roman Catholick, and a ſtrenuous partizan of Mary queen of Scots. Our great poet's patron was born in 1573. In December, 1585, he became a member of Saint John's college in Cambridge[3], and was admitted to the degree of bachelor of arts in 1589, after a reſidence of four years in the univerſity, "where (ſays a contemporary writer[4],) he ſpent his time in the ſtudie of good letters, and after confirmed that ſtudie with travaile and foraigne obſervation."

He accompanied lord Eſſex as a volunteer in the expedition to Cadiz in 1596; and, in the following year, he was appointed captain of the *Garland*, one of Queen Elizabeth's beſt ſhips, (for in thoſe times the firſt nobility, though not bred to the ſea, occaſionally ſerved in the navy,) and acted as vice-admiral of the firſt ſquadron in the fleet that ſailed againſt the Azores. In that expedition, happening, with only three of the Queen's ſhips and a few merchant-men, to fall in with thirty five ſail of Spaniſh galleons, laden with the treaſures of South America, he ſunk one of them, diſperſed ſeveral others that were afterwards taken, and drove the reſt into a bay of the iſland of Tercera, which was then unaſſailable.—After the Engliſh had taken and ſpoiled the town of Villa Franca, the enemy finding that moſt of them were gone aboard their ſhips, and that only the earls of Eſſex and Southampton, with a few others, remained on ſhore, came down upon them with all their force, but were received with ſuch ſpirit, that many of the

[3] In the book of matriculation, which my friend Dr. Farmer very obligingly examined at my requeſt, is the following entry: "Hen. Comes Southampton, impubes 12°. an°." St. John's Coll. Dec. 11. 1585.

[4] HONOUR IN HIS PERFECTION, or a Treatiſe in commendation of the vertues and renowned vertuous undertakings of the illuſtrious and heroick princes, Henrie earle of Oxenforde, Henrie earle of Southampton, and Robert earle of Eſſex. By G. M. [Gervais Markham.] 4to. 1624.

Spaniards

Spaniards were put to the ſword, and the reſt obliged to retreat. On this occaſion lord Southampton behaved with ſuch gallantry that he was knighted in the field by lord Eſſex, "ere (ſays the writer above mentioned,) he could dry the ſweat from his brows, or put his ſword up in the ſcabbard."

In 1598 he attended his noble friend to Ireland, as General of the horſe; from which employment (after having greatly diſtinguiſhed himſelf by overcoming the rebels in Munſter,) he was diſmiſſed by the peremptory orders of Queen Elizabeth, who was offended with him for having preſumed to marry Miſs Elizabeth Vernon, [in 1596,] without her majeſty's conſent; which in thoſe days was eſteemed a heinous offence. This lady (of whom there is an original picture at Sherborne Caſtle in Dorſetſhire, the ſeat of lord Digby,) was firſt couſin to lord Eſſex.

When that nobleman, for having returned from Ireland without the permiſſion of the Queen, was confined at the lord keeper's houſe, lord Southampton withdrew from court. At this period a circumſtance is mentioned by a writer of that time, which correſponds with the received account of his admiration of Shakſpeare. "My lord Southampton and lord Rutland (ſays Rowland Whyte in a letter to Sir Robert Sydney, dated in the latter end of the year 1599, SYDNEY PAPERS, Vol. II. p. 132,) came not to the court [at Nonſuch]. The one doth but very ſeldome. They paſs away the tyme in London, *merely in going to plaies every day.*" At this time *King Henry V.* which had been produced in the ſpring of that year, and contains an elegant compliment to lord Eſſex, was probably exhibiting with applauſe. Roger earl of Rutland (to whom lord Eſſex addreſſed that pathetick letter which is printed in Howard's Collection, Vol. II. p. 521, where it is abſurdly entitled "A letter to the earl of *Southampton.*") was married to the daughter of lady Eſſex by her firſt huſband, Sir Philip Sydney.

Lord Southampton being condemned for having joined the earl of Eſſex in his wild project, that amiable nobleman generouſly ſupplicated the Lords for his unfortunate friend, declaring at the ſame time that he was himſelf not at all ſolicitous for life; and we are told by Camden, who was preſent at the trial, that lord Southampton requeſted the peers to intercede for her majeſty's mercy, (againſt whom he proteſted that he had never any ill intention,) with ſuch ingenuous modeſty, and ſuch ſweet and perſuaſive elocution, as greatly affected all who heard him. Though even the treacherous enemies of Eſſex (as we learn from Oſborne,) ſupplicated the inexorable Elizabeth, to ſpare the life of lord Southampton, he for ſome time remained doubt-

ful of his fate, but at length was pardoned: yet he was confined in the Tower during the remainder of the Queen's reign. Bacon mentions that on her death he was much viſited there. On the firſt of April, 1603, ſix days only after her deceaſe, King James ſent a letter for his releaſe; of which there is a copy in the Muſeum. It is dated at Holyrood Houſe, and directed "to the nobility of England, and the right truſty and well beloved the counſel of ſtate ſitting at Whitehall."—On the 10th of the ſame month lord Southampton was releaſed, the king, at the ſame time that he ſent the order for his enlargement, honouring him ſo far as to deſire him to meet him on his way to England. Soon afterwards his attainder was reverſed, and he was inſtalled a knight of the Garter. In the ſame year he was conſtituted governour of the Iſle of Wight, and of Cariſbrooke caſtle; in which office, ſays the hiſtorian of that iſland, (from the manuſcript memoirs of Sir John Oglander,) "his juſt, affable, and obliging deportment gained him the love of all ranks of people, and raiſed the iſland to a moſt flouriſhing ſtate, many gentlemen reſiding there in great affluence and hoſpitality."

By the machinations of lord Eſſex's great adverſary, the earl of Saliſbury, (whoſe mind ſeems to have been as crooked as his body,) it is ſuppoſed King James was perſuaded to believe that too great an intimacy ſubſiſted between lord Southampton and his queen; on which account, (though the charge was not avowed, diſaffection to the king being the crime alleged,) he was apprehended in the latter end of June 1604; but there being no proof whatſoever of his diſloyalty, he was immediately releaſed. In the ſummer of 1612, as we are told by Rowland Whyte, he went to Spa, much diſguſted at not having obtained a ſeat in the council. His military ardour ſeems at no period of his life to have deſerted him. In 1614 we find him with the romantick lord Herbert of Cherbury, at the ſiege of Rees in the dutchy of Cleve. In 1619, he was at length appointed a privy counſellor. Two years afterwards, having joined the popular party, who were juſtly inflamed at the king's ſupineneſs and puſillanimity, in ſuffering the Palatinate to be wreſted from his ſon-in-law, and, what was a ſtill more heinous offence, having rebuked the duke of Buckingham for a diſorderly ſpeech that he had made in the Houſe of Lords, he was committed to the cuſtody of the dean of Weſtminſter, at the ſame time that the earl of Oxford and Sir Edward Coke were ſent to the Tower; but he was ſoon enlarged.

On the rupture with Spain in 1624, he was appointed jointly with the young earl of Eſſex and the lords Oxford and Willoughby, to the command of ſix thouſand men, who were ſent to the Low-countries, to act under prince Maurice againſt the

the Spaniards; but was cut off by a fever at Berghen-op-zoom on the 10th of November in that year. The ignorance of the Dutch phyſicians, who bled him too copiouſly, is ſaid to have occaſioned his death. He left three daughters, (Penelope, who married William lord Spencer of Wormleighton; Anne, who married Robert Wallop of Farley, in the county of Southampton, ſon of Sir Henry Wallop, knight; and Elizabeth, who married Sir Henry Eſtcourt, knight;) and one ſon, Thomas, who was lord high treaſurer of England in the time of King Charles II. His eldeſt ſon James, who had accompanied him in this his laſt campaign, died a few days before, of the ſame diſorder that proved fatal to his father.

Wilſon, the hiſtorian, who attended Lord Eſſex in this expedition, is more particular. In his *Hiſtory of King James*, he ſays, they were both ſeized with a fever at *Roſendale*, which put an end to the ſon's life; that lord Southampton, having recovered of the fever, departed from Roſendale with an intention to bring his ſon's body into England; but at Berghen-op-zoom "he died of a *lethargy*, in the view and preſence of the relater;" and that the two bodies were brought in the ſame bark to Southampton. He was buried at Tichfield in Hampſhire.

Lady Southampton ſurvived her huſband many years, King Charles I. having been concealed by her for ſome time in the manſion houſe of Tichfield, (which Lord Clarendon calls "a noble ſeat,") after his eſcape from Hampton Court in Nov. 1647.

Their ſon Thomas, the fourth earl of Southampton, dying in May, 1667, without iſſue male, the title became extinct. He left three daughters. Magdalene, the youngeſt, died unmarried. Rachael, his ſecond daughter, married, firſt, Francis lord Vaughan, eldeſt ſon of Richard, earl of Carbery; and afterwards the illuſtrious William lord Ruſſel, by whom ſhe had Wriotheſly, the ſecond duke of Bedford. Lady Elizabeth, the eldeſt daughter, married Edward Noel, (eldeſt ſon of Baptiſt Viſcount Campden,) who in 1680 was created Baron Noel of Tichfield, and in 1682, earl of Gainſborough. Their only ſon Wriotheſly Baptiſt, earl of Gainſborough, died in 1690, leaving only two daughters; of whom Elizabeth, the elder, married Henry the firſt duke of Portland, and Rachael married Henry the ſecond duke of Beaufort. On a partition of the real and perſonal property between thoſe two noble families, about the year 1735, lord Southampton's eſtate at Tichfield, which had belonged to a monaſtery of Ciſtercian monks in the time of King Henry VIII. was part of the ſhare of the duke of Beaufort, and now belongs to Peter Delmé, eſq. *Beaulieu*, in Hampſhire, which at preſent belongs to the repreſentatives of the late duke of Montagu, was, if I miſtake not, formerly the property of our earl of Southampton.

From Rowland Whyte's letters lord Southampton ſeems to have been very fond of tennis, at which game he once loſt 18000 crowns in Paris, on one match; [2250l. ſterl.] and ſir John Oglander, in his manuſcript memoirs of the Iſle of Wight, relates as a proof of his affable deportment in his government, that he uſed to play at bowls twice a week on Saint George's Down, with the principal gentlemen of the iſland.

He is ſaid, on the authority of Sir William D'Avenant, to have given Shakſpeare the ſum of 1000l. to complete a purchaſe, which was at leaſt equivalent to 5000l. at this day. This alone will for ever immortalize his memory.

Of this amiable and accompliſhed nobleman there is an original portrait at Gorhambury, the ſeat of lord viſcount Grimſton, by Vanſomer, as I conceive; another at Woburn Abbey, by Miervelt; and two in the poſſeſſion of his grace the duke of Portland; one a whole length, when he was a young man, and the other a half length, when he was a priſoner in the Tower. Each of the noble poſſeſſors of theſe pictures, in the moſt obliging manner permitted drawings to be made from them for the uſe of the preſent work.

From the teſtimony of Camden [5] and others, he appears to have been no leſs devoted to the muſes than to military atchievements. We find his name, as well as that of his friend Eſſex, prefixed to many publications of thoſe times; and two poets have expreſsly ſung his praiſes. Their verſes, though of little merit, ſerving in ſome meaſure to illuſtrate his character, I ſhall ſubjoin them. MALONE.

TO

HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON.

By SAMUEL DANIEL, 1605.

Non fert ullum ictum illæſa fælicitas.

HE who hath never warr'd with miſery,
Nor ever tugg'd with Fortune, and diſtreſs,
Hath had no occaſion nor no field to try
The ſtrength and forces of his worthineſs:

[5] "Edwardus VI. eundem honorem anno ſui regno primo Thomæ Wriotheſley Angliæ Cancellario detulit, cujus e filio Henrico nepos Henricus eodem hodie lætatur; qui in primo ætatis flore *præſidio bonarum literarum et rei militaris ſcientia* nobilitatem communit, ut uberiores fructus maturiore ætate patriæ et principi profundat." Camdeni *Britannia*, 8vo. 1600, p. 240.

The

Thoſe parts of judgment which felicity
Keeps as conceal'd, affliction muſt expreſs;
And only men ſhew their abilities,
And what they are, in their extremities.

The world had never taken ſo full note
Of what thou art, hadſt thou not been undone,
And only thy affliction hath begot
More fame than thy beſt fortunes could have done.
For ever by adverſity are wrought
The greateſt works of admiration,
And all the fair examples of renown
Out of diſtreſs and miſery are grown.

Mutius the fire, the tortures Regulus,
Did make the miracles of faith and zeal:
Exile renown'd and grac'd Rutilius:
Impriſonment and poiſon did reveal
The worth of Socrates: Fabricius'
Poverty did grace that common-wealth
More than all Syllaes riches got with ſtrife;
And Catoes death[6] did vie with Cæſar's life.

Not to be unhappy is unhappineſs,
And miſery not to have known miſery:
For the beſt way unto diſcretion is
The way that leads us by adverſity:
And men are better ſhew'd what is amiſs,
By the expert finger of calamity,
Than they can be with all that fortune brings,
Who never ſhews them the true face of things.

How could we know that thou could'ſt have endur'd
With a repoſed cheer, wrong and diſgrace,
And with a heart and countenance aſſur'd
Have look'd ſtern death and horrour in the face?

[6] I have in this and the preceding line preſerved the old ſpelling, becauſe it confirms an obſervation made in Vol. VII. p. 160, n. 2.
MALONE.

How

How ſhould we know thy ſoul had been ſecur'd
In honeſt counſels, and in ways unbaſe,
Hadſt thou not ſtood to ſhew us what thou wert,
By thy affliction that deſcry'd thy heart?

It is not but the tempeſt that doth ſhew
The ſea-man's cunning: but the field that tries
The captain's courage: and we come to know
Beſt what men are, in their worſt jeopardies:
For lo, how many have we ſeen to grow
To high renown from loweſt miſeries,
Out of the hands of death; and many a one
To have been undone, had they not been undone!

He that endures for what his conſcience knows
Not to be ill, doth from a patience high
Look only on the cauſe whereto he owes
Thoſe ſufferings, not on his miſery:
The more he endures, the more his glory grows,
Which never grows from imbecillity:
Only the beſt compos'd and worthieſt hearts
God ſets to act the hardeſt and conſtant'ſt parts.

Upon the death of the moſt noble lord,

HENRY, EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON,

Written by Sir JOHN BEAUMONT, Bart. 1624:
Printed by his Son in 1629.

WHEN now the life of great SOUTHAMPTON ends,
His fainting ſervants and aſtoniſh'd friends
Stand like ſo many weeping marble ſtones,
No paſſage left to utter ſighs, or groans:
And muſt I firſt diſſolve the bonds of grief,
And ſtrain forth words, to give the reſt relief?
I will be bold my trembling voice to try,
That his dear name may not in ſilence die.

The

The world muſt pardon, if my ſong be weak;
In ſuch a caſe it is enough to ſpeak.
My verſes are not for the preſent age;
For what man lives, or breathes on England's ſtage,
That knew not brave SOUTHAMPTON, in whoſe ſight
Moſt place their day, and in his abſence night?
I ſtrive, that unborn children may conceive,
Of what a jewel angry fates bereave
This mournful kingdom; and, when heavy woes
Oppreſs their hearts, think ours as great as thoſe.
In what eſtate ſhall I him firſt expreſs?
In youth, or age, in joy, or in diſtreſs?
When he was young, no ornament of youth
Was wanting in him, acting that in truth
Which Cyrus did in ſhadow; and to men
Appear'd like Peleus' ſon from Chiron's den:
While through this iſland Fame his praiſe reports,
As beſt in martial deeds, and courtly ſports.
When riper age with winged feet repairs,
Grave care adorns his head with ſilver hairs;
His valiant fervour was not then decay'd,
But join'd with counſel, as a further aid.
Behold his conſtant and undaunted eye,
In greateſt danger, when condemn'd to die!
He ſcorns the inſulting adverſary's breath,
And will admit no fear, though near to death.
But when our gracious ſovereign had regain'd
This light, with clouds obſcur'd, in walls detain'd;
And by his favour plac'd this ſtar on high,
Fix'd in the Garter, England's azure ſky;
He pride (which dimms ſuch change) as much did hate,
As baſe dejection in his former ſtate.
When he was call'd to ſit, by Jove's command,
Among the demigods that rule this land,
No power, no ſtrong perſuaſion, could him draw
From that, which he conceiv'd as right and law.
When ſhall we in this realm a father find
So truly ſweet, or huſband half ſo kind?

Thus

Thus he enjoy'd the beſt contents of life,
Obedient children, and a loving wife.
Theſe were his parts in peace; but O, how far
This noble ſoul excell'd itſelf in war!
He was directed by a natural vein,
True honour by this painful way to gain.
Let Ireland witneſs, where he firſt appears,
And to the fight his warlike enſigns bears.
And thou, O Belgia, wert in hope to ſee
The trophies of his conqueſts wrought in thee;
But Death, who durſt not meet him in the field,
In private by cloſe treachery made him yield.—
I keep that glory laſt, which is the beſt;
The love of learning, which he oft expreſt
By converſation, and reſpect to thoſe
Who had a name in arts, in verſe or proſe.
Shall ever I forget, with what delight,
He on my ſimple lines would caſt his ſight?
His only memory my poor work adorns,
He is a father to my crown of thorns.
Now ſince his death how can I ever look,
Without ſome tears, upon that orphan book?
Ye ſacred Muſes, if ye will admit
My name into the roll which ye have writ
Of all your ſervants, to my thoughts diſplay
Some rich conceit, ſome unfrequented way,
Which may hereafter to the world commend
A picture fit for this my noble friend:
For this is nothing, all theſe rhimes I ſcorn;
Let pens be broken, and the paper torn;
And with his laſt breath let my muſick ceaſe,
Unleſs my lowly poem could increaſe
In true deſcription of immortal things;
And, rais'd above the earth with nimble wings,
Fly like an eagle from his funeral fire,
Admir'd by all, as all did him admire.

VENUS

VENUS AND ADONIS[1].

EVEN as the sun with purple-colour'd face
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-cheek'd Adonis[2] hied him to the chase;
Hunting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to scorn:
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,
And like a bold-fac'd suitor 'gins to woo him.

[1] Our authour himself has told us that this poem was his first composition. It was entered in the Stationers' books by Richard Field, on the 18th of April, 1593; and again by —— Harrison, [illegible] on the 23d of June, 1594; in which year I suppose it to have been published, though I have not met with an edition of so old a date. The earliest copy that I have seen, was printed by R. F. for John Harrison, in small octavo, 1596, with which I have been furnished by the kindness of the rev. Mr. Warton.—This poem is frequently alluded to by our authour's contemporaries. "As the soul of Euphorbus (says Meres in his *Wit's Treasury*, 1598,) was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweet, witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakspeare Witness his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece*," &c.—In the early part of Shakspeare's life, his poems seem to have gained him more reputation than his plays;—at least they are oftener mentioned, or alluded to. Thus the authour of an old comedy called *The Return from Parnassus*, written about the year 1602, in his review of the poets of the time, says not a word of his dramatick compositions, but allots him his portion of fame solely on account of the poems that he had produced. When the name of William Shakspeare is read, one of the characters pronounces this elogium:

"Who loves Adonis' love, or Lucrece' rape?
"His sweeter verse contains heart-robbing life;
"Could but a graver subject him content,
"Without love's foolish lazy languishment."

This subject was probably suggested to Shakspeare either by Spenser's description of the hangings in the *Lady of Delight's* Castle, FAERY QUEEN. B. III. c. i. st. 34, et seq. 4to, 1590, or by a short piece entitled *The Shepheard's Song of Venus and Adonis*, subscribed with the letters H. C. (probably Henry Constable,) which I believe, was written before Shakspeare's poem; though I have never seen any earlier copy of it than that which we find in *England's Helicon*, 1600. He had also without doubt read the account of Venus and Adonis in the tenth book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, translated by Golding, 1567, though he has chosen to deviate from the classical story, which Ovid and Spenser had set before him, following probably the model presented to him by the english poem just mentioned. See the notes at the end. MALONE.

Thrice

Thrice fairer than myſelf, (thus ſhe began,)
The field's chief flower, ſweet above compare,
Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,
More white and red than doves or roſes are [3];
Nature that made thee, with herſelf at ſtrife [4],
Saith that the world hath ending with thy life [5].

Vouchſafe, thou wonder, to alight thy ſteed,
And rein his proud head to the ſaddle-bow;
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed
A thouſand honey ſecrets ſhalt thou know:
Here come and ſit, where never ſerpent hiſſes,
And being ſet, I'll ſmother thee with kiſſes:

And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd ſatiety,
But rather famiſh them amid their plenty [6],
Making them red and pale with freſh variety;
Ten kiſſes ſhort as one, one long as twenty:

A ſum-

[2] Roſe-cheek'd *Adonis*—] So, in *Timon of Athens*:

" —bring down the *roſe-cheek'd* youth
" To the tub-faſt and the diet." STEEVENS.

Our authour perhaps remembered Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*:

" The men of wealthy Seſtos every yeare,
" For his ſake whom their goddeſs held ſo deare,
" *Roſe-cheek'd Adonis*, kept a ſolemn feaſt," &c. MALONE.

[3] *More white and red than doves* or *roſes are*;] Thus the octavo, 1596. We might better read (as Dr. Farmer obſerves to me):

—than doves *and* roſes are.

I think it probable, however, that for this ſlight inaccuracy the authour, and not the printer, is anſwerable. MALONE.

[4] Nature *that made thee, with herſelf at* ſtrife,] With this conteſt between *art* and *nature*, &c. I believe every reader will be ſurfeited before he has gone through the following poems. The lines under the print of Noah Bridges, engraved by Faithorne, have the ſame thought:

" Faithorne, with *nature* at a noble *ſtrife*," &c.

It occurs likewiſe in *Timon of Athens*. STEEVENS.

We have in a ſubſequent paſſage a conteſt between *art* and nature, but here ſurely there is none. I muſt alſo obſerve that there is ſcarcely a book of Shakſpeare's age, whether in proſe or verſe, in which this *ſurfeiting* compariſon (as it has been called,) may not be found. MALONE.

[5] *Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" And when ſhe dies, with beauty dies her ſtore." STEEVENS.

[6] *And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd ſatiety,*
But rather famiſh them amid their plenty,] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

—other

A ſummer's day will ſeem an hour but ſhort,
Being waſted in ſuch time-beguiling ſport.

With this, ſhe ſeizeth on his ſweating palm,
The precedent of pith and livelihood [7],
And, trembling in her paſſion, calls it balm,
Earth's ſovereign ſalve to do a goddeſs good:
Being ſo enrag'd, deſire doth lend her force,
Courageouſly to pluck him from his horſe.

Over one arm the luſty courſer's rein,
Under the other was the tender boy,
Who bluſh'd and pouted in a dull diſdain,
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy;
She red and hot, as coals of glowing fire,
He red for ſhame, but froſty in deſire.

The ſtudded bridle on a ragged bough
Nimbly ſhe faſtens; (O how quick is love!)
The ſteed is ſtalled up, and even now
To tie the rider ſhe begins to prove:
Backward ſhe puſh'd him, as ſhe would be thruſt,
And govern'd him in ſtrength, though not in luſt.

So ſoon was ſhe along, as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips:
Now doth ſhe ſtroke his cheek, now doth he frown,
And 'gins to chide, but ſoon ſhe ſtops his lips:
And kiſſing ſpeaks, with luſtful language broken,
If thou wilt chide, thy lips ſhall never open.

" ——other women cloy
" The appetites they feed; but ſhe makes hungry,
" Where moſt ſhe ſatisfies." MALONE.

[7] —*ſhe ſeizeth on his* ſweating palm,
The precedent of pith and livelihood,] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Charmian ſays: " — if an *oily palm* be not a *fruitful prognoſtication*, I cannot ſcratch mine ear." STEEVENS.

Again, in *Othello*:

" —This hand is moiſt, my lady;
" This argues fruitfulneſs and liberal heart;—
" Hot, hot, and moiſt." MALONE.

He burns with baſhful ſhame; ſhe with her tears
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks;
Then with her windy ſighs, and golden hairs,
To fan and blow them dry again ſhe ſeeks:
He ſaith, ſhe is immodeſt, blames her 'miſs[8];
What follows more, ſhe murders with a kiſs[9].

Even as an empty eagle, ſharp by faſt,
Tires with her beak on feather, fleſh, and bone[1],
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haſte,
Till either gorge be ſtuff'd, or prey be gone;
Even ſo ſhe kiſs'd his brow, his cheek, his chin,
And where ſhe ends, ſhe doth anew begin.

Forc'd to content[2], but never to obey,
Panting he lies, and breathing in her face;
She feedeth on the ſteam, as on a prey,
And calls it heavenly moiſture, air of grace;
Wiſhing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
So they were dew'd with ſuch diſtilling ſhowers[3].

8 — *her* 'miſs;] That is, her *miſbehaviour*. FARMER. The ſame ſubſtantive is uſed in the 35th *Sonnet*. Again, in *Hamlet*:

" Each toy ſeems prologue to ſome great *amiſs*." MALONE.

9 —*ſhe* murders *with a kiſs*.] Thus the edition of 1596. So, in *King Richard III*:

" Come, couſin, canſt thou quake, and change thy colour?
" *Murder thy breath* in middle of a word?"

The ſubſequent copies have *ſmothers*. MALONE.

1 Tires *with her beak on feather, fleſh, and bone*,] To *tire* is to *peck*. So, in Decker's *Match me in London*, a comedy, 1631:

" ——the vulture *tires*
" Upon the eagle's heart." MALONE.

2 *Forc'd to* content,—] I once thought that the meaning of the latter words was, to content or ſatisfy *Venus*; to endure her kiſſes. So, in *Hamlet*:

" —it doth much *content* me to hear him ſo inclin'd."

But I now believe that the interpretation given by Mr. Steevens is the true one. *Content* is a ſubſtantive, and means *acquieſcence*. MALONE.

It is plain that Venus was not *ſo* eaſily *contented*. *Forc'd to content*, I believe, means that Adonis was *forced* to *content himſelf* in a ſituation from which he had no means of eſcaping. Thus Caſſio in *Othello*:

" So ſhall I clothe me in a *forc'd content*." STEEVENS.

3 ——————flowers,
So they were dew'd *with ſuch diſtilling ſhowers*.] So, in *Macbeth*:

" To *dew* the ſovereign *flower*, and drown the weeds. STEEV.

Look

Look how a bird lies tangled in a net,
So faſten'd in her arms Adonis lies;
Pure ſhame and aw'd reſiſtance made him fret,
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes*:
Rain added to a river that is rank [4],
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still ſhe entreats, and prettily entreats,
For to a pretty ear ſhe tunes her tale [5];
Still is he ſullen, ſtill he low'rs and frets,
'Twixt crimſon ſhame and anger, aſhy-pale;

Being

* *Which bred more* beauty *in his* angry eyes:] So, in *Twelfth Night*:
" O, what a deal of ſcorn looks *beautiful*
" In the contempt and *anger* of his lip!" MALONE.

4 — *to a river that is* rank,] Full; abounding in the quantity of its waters. So, in *Julius Cæſar*:
" Who elſe muſt be let blood, who elſe is *rank*?"
Again, more appoſitely in *King John*:
" We will untread the ſteps of damned flight;
" And, like a 'bated and retired *flood*,
" Leaving our *rankneſs* and irregular courſe,
" Stoop low within thoſe bounds we have o'erlook'd."
MALONE.

5 *For to a pretty* ear *ſhe tunes her tale*;] Thus the old copy. I ſuſpect the poet wrote *air*. The two words were, I believe in the time of our authour, pronounced alike; and hence perhaps aroſe the miſtake. See p. 20, n. 3. MALONE.

This is turning Venus into a mere recitative-ſinger. The poet very plainly tells us that ſhe entreats and laments *prettily*, becauſe ſhe is conſcious that her entreaties and lamentations are addreſſed to a *pretty ear*. She ſtrives to make her diſcourſe correſpond with the *beauty* of its object. So, the Queen in *Hamlet*, addreſſing herſelf to the corpſe of Ophelia: " *Sweets* to the *ſweet!*" Beſides, is it uſual to talk of *tuning* any thing to an *air*?" STEEVENS.

If my conjecture be right, Shakſpeare, in making Venus *tune* her *tale* to a pleaſing *air*, or, in other words, woo Adonis with that melody of voice which renders even beauty itſelf more attractive, only uſed the ſame language that he has employed in other places. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:
" Feaſt-finding minſtrels, *tuning* my *defame*."
Again, more appoſitely, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:
" —— *to* their *inſtruments*
" *Tune* a deploring *dump*,"

Being red, she loves him best; and being white,
Her best[6] is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love;
And by her fair immortal hand she swears
From his soft bosom never to remove,
Till he take truce with her contending tears,
Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all wet;
And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt[7].

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
Like a di-dapper peering through a wave,
Who being look'd on, ducks as quickly in;
So offers he to give what she did crave;
But when her lips were ready for his pay,
He winks, and turns his lips another way.

Never did passenger in summer's heat
More thirst for drink, than she for this good turn.
Her help she sees, but help she cannot get;
She bathes in water, yet in fire must burn:
O, pity, 'gan she cry, flint-hearted boy;
'Tis but a kiss I beg; why art thou coy?

I have been woo'd, as I entreat thee now,
Even by the stern and direful god of war;
Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,
Who conquers where he comes, in every jar;

Again, *ibid.*

"And *to* the nightingale's complaining *notes*
"*Tune* my *distresses*, and record my woes."

Tuning a tale to a pretty air, is reciting a story with harmonious cadence,—as the words of a song are recited with the accompaniment of musick. MALONE.

[6] *Her* best *is better'd*—] This is the reading of the edition in 1596. That of 1636 and the modern editions read—*breast*. MALONE.

[7] *And one sweet* kiss *shall* pay *this* countless debt.] So, in *Titus Andronicus*:

"——*kiss* for *kiss*
"Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:
"Oh were the *sum* of these that I should pay
"*Countless* and infinite, yet would I *pay* them." STEEVENS.

Yet

Yet hath he been my captive and my ſlave,
And begg'd for that which thou unaſk'd ſhalt have.

Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
His batter'd ſhield, his uncontrolled creſt,
And for my ſake hath learn'd to ſport and dance,
To coy, to wanton[8], dally, ſmile, and jeſt;
Scorning his churliſh drum, and enſign red,
Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

Thus he that over-rul'd, I overſway'd,
Leading him priſoner in a red-roſe chain *:
Strong-temper'd ſteel his ſtronger ſtrength obey'd,
Yet was he ſervile to my coy diſdain[9].
O, be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
For maſt'ring her that foil'd the god of fight.

Touch but my lips with thoſe fair lips of thine,
(Though mine be not ſo fair, yet are they red,)
The kiſs ſhall be thine own as well as mine:—
What ſeeſt thou in the ground? hold up thy head;
Look in mine eye-balls, there thy beauty lies:
Then why not lips on lips, ſince eyes on eyes?

Art thou aſham'd to kiſs? then wink again,
And I will wink; ſo ſhall the day ſeem night;

[8] *To* coy, *to wanton*, &c.] So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream:*
"While I thy amiable cheeks do *coy*."
See Vol. II. p. 509, n. 2. STEEVENS.

[9] *Leading him priſoner in a* red-roſe chain:] So *Ronſard*, Livre xiv. Ode xxiii:
"Les Muſes lierent un jour
"Des *chaiſnes de roſes* Amour," &c.
Several of Ronſard's Odes had been tranſlated into Engliſh. See Puttenham, 1589, as quoted to this purpoſe by Dr. Farmer, Vol. VIII. p. 114, n. 4. W.
Some of *Anacreon's* Odes, which Ronſard had imitated in French, were tranſlated into Engliſh; and it is very probable that the ode above quoted was one of thoſe which were tranſlated; for it is an imitation of Anacreon's thirtieth ode, beginning, Ἀι μεσαι, &c. and ſtands in Ronſard's works in the oppoſite page to the Bacchanalian ode which Shakſpeare ſeems to have had in his thoughts in *Timon of Athens*. MALONE.

[9] — ſervile to *my coy diſdain*.] So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*
"*Servile to* all the ſkiey influences." STEEVENS.

Love keeps his revels where there be but twain;
Be bold to play, our ſport is not in fight:
  Theſe blue-vein'd violets whereon we lean,
  Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.

The tender ſpring upon thy tempting lip
Shews thee unripe; yet may'ſt thou well be taſted;
Make uſe of time, let not advantage ſlip;
Beauty within itſelf ſhould not be waſted:
  Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their prime,
  Rot and conſume themſelves in little time.

Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old,
Ill-nurtur'd, crooked, churliſh, harſh in voice,
O'er-worn, deſpiſed, rheumatick and cold,
Thick-ſighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice[1],
  Then might'ſt thou pauſe, for then I were not for thee;
  But having no defects, why doſt abhor me?

Thou canſt not ſee one wrinkle in my brow;
Mine eyes are grey[2], and bright, and quick in turning;
My beauty as the ſpring doth yearly grow,
My fleſh is ſoft and plump, my marrow burning;
  My ſmooth moiſt hand, were it with thy hand felt,
  Would in thy palm diſſolve, or ſeem to melt.

Bid me diſcourſe, I will enchant thine ear[3],
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,
Or, like a nymph, with long diſhevell'd hair,
Dance on the ſands, and yet no footing ſeen[4]:

Love

1 — *and lacking* juice,] Thus the octavo 1596. The edition of 1600 has—*joice*. The word *juice*, as Dr. Farmer informs me, is ſo pronounced in the midland counties. MALONE.

2 *Mine eyes are* grey,] What we now call *blue* eyes, were in Shakſpeare's time called *grey* eyes, and were conſidered as eminently beautiful. See a note on *Romeo and Juliet*, Act III. ſc. i. MALONE.

3 —*I will enchant thine* ear,] It appears from the correſponding rhime, that this word was formerly pronounced as if it were written *air*. In our authour's native county it is ſtill ſo pronounced by the vulgar. MALONE.

4 *Or, like a nymph, with long diſhevell'd hair,*
Dance on the ſands, and yet no footing ſeen:] So, in *The Tempeſt*:
" And

Love is a ſpirit all compact of fire,
Not groſs to ſink, but light, and will aſpire[5].

Witneſs this primroſe bank whereon I lie;
Theſe forceleſs flowers like ſturdy trees ſupport me;
Two ſtrengthleſs doves will draw me through the ſky,
From morn till night, even where I liſt to ſport me:
Is love ſo light, ſweet boy, and may it be
That thou ſhould'ſt think it heavy unto thee?

Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?
Can thy right hand ſeize love upon thy left?
Then woo thyſelf, be of thyſelf rejected,
Steal thine own freedom, and complain of theft.
Narciſſus ſo, himſelf himſelf forſook,
And dy'd to kiſs his ſhadow in the brook.

Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
Dainties to taſte, freſh beauty for the uſe;
Herbs for their ſmell, and ſappy plants to bear;
Things growing to themſelves are growth's abuſe[6]:

" And ye, that on the *ſands* with *printleſs feet*
" Do chaſe the ebbing Neptune,—." MALONE.

5 *Love is a ſpirit all* compact *of fire,*
Not groſs to ſink, but light, and will aſpire.] So, in *The Comedy of Errors:* " Let love, being light, be drowned, if ſhe ſink."
Compact is, made up, compoſed. See Vol. II. p. 521, n. 6. MALONE.

6 *Things* growing to themſelves *are growth's abuſe:*] Alluding to twinn'd cherries, apples, peaches, &c. which accidentally grow into each other. Thus our author ſays, King Henry VIII. and Francis I. embraced " as they *grew together.*" STEEVENS.

Shakſpeare, I think, meant to ſay no more than this; *that thoſe things which grow only* to [or *for*] *themſelves*, without producing any fruit, or benefiting mankind, do not anſwer the purpoſe for which they were intended. Thus, in a ſubſequent paſſage:

" So in *thyſelf thyſelf* art made away."

Again, in our authour's 95th *Sonnet:*

" The ſummer's flower is to the ſummer ſweet,
" Though *to itſelf* it only *live and die.*"

Again, more appoſitely in the preſent poem:

" Poor flower! quoth ſhe, this was thy father's guiſe,—
" For every little grief to wet his eyes;
" *To grow unto himſelf* was his deſire,
" And ſo 'tis thine—." MALONE.

Seeds ſpring from ſeeds, and beauty breedeth beauty;
Thou wert begot,—to get it is thy duty.

Upon the earth's increaſe[3] why ſhould'ſt thou feed,
Unleſs the earth with thy increaſe be fed?
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live, when thou thyſelf art dead;
And ſo, in ſpite of death, thou doſt ſurvive,
In that thy likeneſs ſtill is left alive.

By this, the love-ſick queen began to ſweat,
For, where they lay, the ſhadow had forſook them,
And Titan, tired in the mid-day heat,
With burning eye[4] did hotly overlook them;
Wiſhing Adonis had his team to guide,
So he were like him, and by Venus' ſide.

And now Adonis, with a lazy ſpright,
And with a heavy, dark, diſliking eye,
His low'ring brows o'er-whelming his fair ſight,
Like miſty vapours, when they blot the ſky,—
Souring his cheeks[5], cries, Fie, no more of love;
The ſun doth burn my face; I muſt remove.

Ah me, (quoth Venus,) young, and ſo unkind[6]?
What bare excuſes mak'ſt thou to be gone!
I'll ſigh celeſtial breath[7], whoſe gentle wind
Shall cool the heat of this deſcending ſun;

I'll

3 *Upon the earth's* increaſe—] i. e. upon the produce of the earth. See Vol. II. p. 467, n. 8. MALONE.

4 *And Titan—with burning eye, &c*] So, in *K. Henry V.*

" —like a lackey, from the riſe to ſet,
" Sweats in the *eye* of *Phœbus*." MALONE.

5 Souring *his* cheeks,] So, in *Coriolanus*:

" —Some news is come,
" That *turns* their *countenances*."

Again, in *Timon of Athens*:

" Has friendſhip ſuch a faint and milky heart,
" It *turns* in leſs than two nights?" MALONE.

6 —young, *and ſo* unkind?] So, in *K. Lear*, Act I. ſc. i.:

" So *young*, and ſo *untender?*" STEEVENS.

7 *I'll* ſigh *celeſtial* breath,—] So, in *Coriolanus*:

" ——Never

I'll make a ſhadow for thee of my hairs;
If they burn too, I'll quench them with my tears.

The ſun that ſhines from heaven, ſhines but warm [8],
And lo, I lie between that ſun and thee;
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me:
And were I not immortal, life were done,
Between this heavenly and earthly ſun.

Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as ſteel,
Nay more than flint, for ſtone at rain relenteth?
Art thou a woman's ſon, and canſt not feel
What 'tis to love? how want of love tormenteth?
O, had thy mother borne ſo bad a mind [9],
She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind [1].

What am I, that thou ſhould'ſt contemn me this [2]?
Or what great danger dwells upon my ſuit?
What were thy lips the worſe for one poor kiſs?
Speak, fair; but ſpeak fair words, or elſe be mute:
Give me one kiſs, I'll give it thee again,
And one for intereſt, if thou wilt have twain.

" ——Never man
" *Sigh'd* truer *breath*." MALONE.

[8] *The ſun that ſhines from heaven, ſhines but warm,*] The ſun affords only a natural and genial heat: it warms, but it does not *burn*. "Thou ſun," exclaims Timon, Act V. ſc. ii. "that *comfort'ſt, burn!*" MALONE.
So, in *K. Lear*:
" —her eyes are fierce, but thine
" Do *comfort*, and not *burn*." W.

[9] *O had thy mother,* &c.] So, in *All's well that ends well*:
" ——but you are cold and ſtern;
" And now *you ſhould be as your mother was*,
" When your ſweet ſelf was got." MALONE.

[1] —unkind.] That is, unnatural. *Kind* and *nature* were formerly ſynonymous. See Vol. III. p. 164, n. 8, and p. 210, n. 6. MALONE.

[2] *What am I, that thou ſhould'ſt contemn me* this?] *That thou ſhould'ſt contemn me this*, means, *that thou ſhould'ſt contemptuouſly refuſe this favour that I aſk*. MALONE.
I ſuppoſe, without regard to the exactneſs of the rhime, we ſhould read —*thus*. *Thus* and *kiſs* correſpond in ſound as well as *unlikely* and *quickly*, *adder* and *ſhudder*, which we meet with afterwards. STEEVENS.

Fie, lifeleſs picture, cold and ſenſeleſs ſtone,
Well-painted idol, image, dull and dead,
Statue, contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred;
Thou art no man, though of a man's complexion,
For men will kiſs even by their own direction.

This ſaid, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,
And ſwelling paſſion doth provoke a pauſe;
Red cheeks and firy eyes blaze forth her wrong;
Being judge in love, ſhe cannot right her cauſe:
And now ſhe weeps, and now ſhe fain would ſpeak,
And now her ſobs do her intendments [3] break.

Sometimes ſhe ſhakes her head, and then his hand,
Now gazeth ſhe on him, now on the ground;
Sometimes her arms infold him like a band;
She would, he will not in her arms be bound:
And when from thence he ſtruggles to be gone,
She locks her lilly fingers, one in one [4].

Fondling, ſhe ſaith, ſince I have hemm'd thee here,
Within the circuit of this ivory pale,
I'll be thy park, and thou ſhalt be my deer [5];
Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale:

3 —*her* intendments—] i. e. intentions. Thus, in *Every Man in his Humour*: "——but I, ſpying his *intendment*, diſcharg'd my petronel into his boſom." STEEVENS.

4 *She locks* her *lilly fingers, one in one.*] Should we not read—
She locks *their* lilly fingers, one in one. FARMER.
I do not ſee any need of change.—The arms of Venus at preſent infold Adonis. To prevent him from eſcaping, ſhe renders her hold more ſecure, by *locking* her hands together. MALONE.

5 *I'll be* thy *park, and thou ſhalt be my deer*;] The old copy has—*the* park. For this ſlight emendation I am anſwerable. The ſame errour has often happened in our authour's plays.—The image preſented here occurs again in *The Comedy of Errors*:
"—my decayed fair
"A ſunny look of his would ſoon repair;
"But, too unruly *deer*, he breaks the *pale*,
"And feeds from home." MALONE.
Again, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*: "—I will never take you for my love again, but *I will always count you my dear*." STEEVENS.

Graze

Graze on my lips[6]; and, if thoſe hills be dry,
Stray lower, where the pleaſant fountains lie[7].

Within this limit is relief enough,
Sweet bottom-graſs, and high delightful plain,
Round riſing hillocks, brakes obſcure and rough,
To ſhelter thee from tempeſt and from rain;
Then be my deer, ſince I am ſuch a park;
No dog ſhall rouze thee, though a thouſand bark.

At this Adonis ſmiles, as in diſdain,
That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple:
Love made thoſe hollows, if himſelf were ſlain,
He might be buried in a tomb ſo ſimple;
Fore-knowing well, if there he came to lie,
Why there love liv'd, and there he could not die.

Theſe lovely caves, theſe round enchanting pits,
Open'd their mouths to ſwallow Venus' liking:
Being mad before, how doth ſhe now for wits?
Struck dead at firſt, what needs a ſecond ſtriking *?
Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,
To love a cheek that ſmiles at thee in ſcorn!

Now which way ſhall ſhe turn? what ſhall ſhe ſay?
Her words are done, her woes the more increaſing;
The time is ſpent, her object will away,
And from her twining arms doth urge releaſing:
Pity,—(ſhe crys) ſome favour,—ſome remorſe;—
Away he ſprings, and haſteth to his horſe.

But lo, from forth a copſe that neighbours by,
A breeding jennet, luſty, young, and proud,
Adonis' trampling courſer doth eſpy,
And forth ſhe ruſhes, ſnorts, and neighs aloud:

The

[6] Feed *where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale;*
Graze on my lips;] So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt:*
" — unleſs we *feed* on your *lips*." MALONE.

[7] —*where the* pleaſant fountains *lie.*] So, Strumbo, in the tragedy of *Locrine:* " —the *pleaſant* water of your ſecret *fountain*." AMNER.

* *Struck dead at firſt, what needs a ſecond ſtriking!*] So, in *Cymbeline:*
" What

The ſtrong-neck'd ſteed, being tied unto a tree,
Breaketh his rein, and to her ſtraight goes he.

Imperiouſly he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his woven girts he breaks aſunder;
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds *,
Whoſe hollow womb reſounds like heaven's thunder;
The iron bit he cruſheth 'tween his teeth,
Controlling what he was controlled with [8].

His ears up prick'd; his braided hanging mane
Upon his compaſs'd creſt [9] now ſtands on end;
His noſtrils drink the air [1], and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he ſend [2]:
His eye, which ſcornfully gliſters like fire,
Shews his hot courage and his high deſire.

Sometimes he trots, as if he told the ſteps,
With gentle majeſty, and modeſt pride;
Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,
As who ſhould ſay, lo! thus my ſtrength is try'd;
And thus I do to captivate the eye
Of the fair breeder that is ſtanding by.

What

" What ſhall I need to draw my ſword? The paper
" Hath cut her throat already." W.

* *The bearing earth with his hard hoof*, &c.] So Virgil, Æn. VIII.
Quadrupedante putrem ſonitu quatit ungula campum. MALONE.

[8] Controlling *what he was* controlled *with*.] So, in *K. John*:
" *Controulment* for *controulment*. So anſwer France." STEEV.

[9] *Upon his* compaſs'd *creſt*—] *Compaſs'd* is *arched*. *A compaſs'd cieling* is a phraſe yet in uſe. MALONE.

So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*: " —ſhe came to him the other day into the *compaſs'd* window," i. e. the *bow* window. STEEVENS.

[1] *His noſtrils* drink the air,—] So, Ariel in the *Tempeſt*:
" I *drink the air* before me." STEEVENS.
Again, in *Timon of Athens*:
" ——and through him
" *Drink* the free *air*." MALONE.

[2] *His noſtrils drink the air, and forth again,*
As from a furnace, vapours doth he ſend;] So, in *As you Like it*:
" —And then the lover,
" Sighing like *furnace*, with a woeful ballad."
In this deſcription of a horſe Shakſpeare ſeems to have had the book of *Job* in his thoughts. MALONE.

What recketh he his rider's angry ſtir,
His flattering holla[3], or his *Stand, I ſay?*
What cares he now for curb, or pricking ſpur?
For rich capariſons, or trapping gay?
He ſees his love, and nothing elſe he ſees,
For nothing elſe with his proud ſight agrees.

Look, when a painter would ſurpaſs the life,
In limning out a well-proportion'd ſteed,
His art with nature's workmanſhip at ſtrife[4],
As if the dead the living ſhould exceed;
So did this horſe excell a common one,
In ſhape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hoof'd, ſhort-jointed, fetlocks ſhag and long,
Broad breaſt, full eyes, ſmall head, and noſtril wide,
High creſt, ſhort ears, ſtraight legs, and paſſing ſtrong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:
Look what a horſe ſhould have, he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on ſo proud a back.

Sometime he ſcuds far off, and there he ſtares;
Anon he ſtarts at ſtirring of a feather *;
To bid the wind a baſe he now prepares[5],
And whe'r he run, or fly, they know not whether[6];

For

As from a furnace, vapours doth he ſend;] So, in *Cymbeline:*
"He *furnaceth* the thick ſighs from him." STEEVENS.

[3] *His flatt'ring* holla,] This ſeems to have been formerly a term of the manege. So, in *As you like it:* "Cry *holla* to thy tongue, I pr'ythee; it *curvets* unſeaſonably." MALONE.

[4] *His* art *with* nature's *workmanſhip at* ſtrife,] So, in Daniel's *Complaint of Roſamond*, 1592:
"He greets me with a caſket richly wrought;
"So rare, that *art* did ſeem to *ſtrive* with *nature*,
"To expreſs the cunning workman's curious thought."
See alſo Vol. VIII. p. 8, n. 6. MALONE.
So, in *Timon of Athens:*
"It tutors *nature: artificial ſtrife*
"Lives in theſe touches, livelier than life." STEEVENS.

* *Anon he ſtarts at ſtirring of a feather;*] So, in *King Richard III:*
"Tremble and ſtart at wagging of a ſtraw," MALONE.

[5] *To* bid *the wind* a baſe *he now prepares,*] To *bid the wind a baſe*, is to challenge the wind to a conteſt for ſuperiority. *Baſe* is a ruſtick game, ſometimes termed *priſon-baſe*; properly *priſon bars*. It is mentioned by

For through his mane and tail the high wind ſings,
Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd wings.

He looks upon his love, and neighs unto her;
She anſwers him, as if ſhe knew his mind:
Being proud, as females are, to ſee him woo her,
She puts on outward ſtrangeneſs[7], ſeems unkind;
Spurns at his love, and ſcorns the heat he feels,
Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malecontent,
He vails his tail[8], that, like a falling plume
Cool ſhadow to his melting buttocks lent;
He ſtamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume:
His love perceiving how he is enrag'd,
Grew kinder, and his fury was aſſuag'd.

His teſty maſter goeth about to take him;
When lo, the unback'd breeder, full of fear,
Jealous of catching, ſwiftly doth forſake him,
With her the horſe, and left Adonis there:
As they were mad, unto the wood they hie them,
Out-ſtripping crows that ſtrive to over-fly them.

All ſwoln with chaſing, down Adonis ſits,
Banning[9] his boiſterous and unruly beaſt;

by our authour in *Cymbeline*:—"lads more like to *run the country baſe*," &c. Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"Indeed I *bid the baſe* for Protheus." MALONE.

6 *And* whe'r *he run or fly, they knew not whether*;] *Whe'r*, for *whether*. So, in *King John*:

"Now ſhame upon thee, *whe'r* he does or no."

Again, in a poem *in praiſe of Ladie P—, Epitathes, Epigrammes*, &c. by G. Turberville, 1567:

"I doubt *whether* Paris would have choſe
"Dame Venus for the beſt." MALONE.

7 — *outward* ſtrangeneſs,—] i. e. ſeeming coyneſs, ſhyneſs, backwardneſs. Thus Jachimo, ſpeaking of his ſervant to Imogen: "He's *ſtrange* and peeviſh." STEEVENS.

8 *He* vails *his tail*,—] To *vail*, in old language, is to *lower*. See Vol. V. p. 285, n. 9. MALONE.

9 Banning—] i. e. curſing. So, in *King Richard III*:

"Fell *banning* hag," &c. STEEVENS.

And now the happy ſeaſon once more fits,
That love-ſick Love by pleading may be bleſt;
For lovers ſay, the heart hath treble wrong,
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue[1].

An oven that is ſtopp'd, or river ſtay'd,
Burneth more hotly, ſwelleth with more rage:
So of concealed ſorrow may be ſaid;
Free vent of words love's fire doth aſſuage;
But when the heart's attorney once is mute,
The client breaks[2], as deſperate in his ſuit.

He ſees her coming, and begins to glow,
(Even as a dying coal revives with wind,)
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow;
Looks on the dull earth with diſturbed mind[3];
Taking no notice that ſhe is ſo nigh,
For all aſkaunce he holds her in his eye.

O, what a ſight it was, wiſtly to view
How ſhe came ſtealing to the wayward boy!
To note the fighting conflict of her hue!
How white and red each other did deſtroy*!
But now, her cheek was pale, and by and by
It flaſh'd forth fire, as lightning from the ſky.

1 — *the heart hath treble wrong,*
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.] So, in *Macbeth*:
" —— the grief that does not ſpeak,
" Whiſpers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break." STEEV.

2 *But when the heart's* attorney *once is mute,*
The client *breaks*, &c.] So in *King Richard III.*
" Why ſhould calamity be full of *words?*
" Windy *attorneys* to their *client* woes,—." STEEVENS.

3 *Looks on the* dull earth, &c.] So, in *The Two Gent. of Verona*:
" She excells each mortal thing
" Upon the *dull earth* dwelling." STEEVENS.

* —*the fighting conflict of her hue!*
How white and red, &c.] So, in *the Taming of the Shrew*:
" Such *war of white and red* within her cheeks."
Again, in *Hamlet*;
" Sir, in my heart there was a kind of *fighting*." W.
See alſo Vol. VII. p. 194, n. 7. MALONE.

Now

Now was ſhe juſt before him as he ſat,
And like a lowly lover down ſhe kneels;
With one fair hand ſhe heaveth up his hat,
Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels:
His tender cheek receives her ſoft hand's print,
As apt as new-fall'n ſnow takes any dint.

O, what a war of looks was then between them!
Her eyes, petitioners, to his eyes ſuing;
His eyes ſaw her eyes as they had not ſeen them;
Her eyes woo'd ſtill, his eyes diſdain'd the wooing:
And all this dumb play had his acts made plain
With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did rain[4].

Full gently now ſhe takes him by the hand,
A lilly priſon'd in a gaol of ſnow,
Or ivory in an alabaſter band;
So white a friend engirts ſo white a foe:
This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,
Show'd like two ſilver doves that ſit a billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began:
O faireſt mover on this mortal round,
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound;
For one ſweet look thy help I would aſſure thee,
Though nothing but my body's bane would cure thee.

Give me my hand, ſaith he, why doſt thou feel it?
Give me my heart, ſaith ſhe, and thou ſhalt have it;
O give it me, leſt thy hard heart do ſteel it[5],
And being ſteel'd, ſoft ſighs can never grave it[6]:

[4] *And all this* dumb play *had his* acts *made plain*
With tears, which, chorus-like, *her eyes did rain.*] From the preſent paſſage, I think it probable, that this firſt production of our authour's muſe was not compoſed till after he had left Stratford, and became acquainted with the theatre. MALONE.

[5] — *leſt thy hard heart do* ſteel it,] So, in *Othello*:
" —— thou doſt *ſtone my heart.*" STEEVENS.

[6] —— *ſoft ſighs can never* grave it;] Engrave it, i. e. make an impreſſion on it. STEEVENS.

Then

Then love's deep groans I never ſhall regard,
Becauſe Adonis' heart hath made mine hard.

For ſhame, he cries, let go, and let me go;
My day's delight is paſt, my horſe is gone,
And 'tis your fault I am bereft him ſo;
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone;
For all my mind, my thought, my buſy care,
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.

Thus ſhe replies: Thy palfrey, as he ſhould,
Welcomes the warm approach of ſweet deſire.
Affection is a coal that muſt be cool'd;
Elſe, ſuffer'd, it will ſet the heart on fire:
The ſea hath bounds, but deep deſire hath none*;
Therefore no marvel though thy horſe be gone.

How like a jade he ſtood, tied to a tree,
Servilely maſter'd with a leathern rein!
But when he ſaw his love, his youth's fair fee,
He held ſuch petty bondage in diſdain;
Throwing the baſe thong from his bending creſt,
Enfranchiſing his mouth, his back, his breaſt.

Who ſeeks his true love in her naked bed,
Teaching the ſheets a whiter hue than white[7],
But, when his glutton eye ſo full hath fed,
His other agents aim at like delight[8]?

* *The ſea hath bounds, but deep deſire hath none*;] So, in *Macbeth*:
"—but there's no bottom, none,
"To my voluptuouſneſs." W.

[7] *Who ſeeks his true love in her* naked bed,
Teaching the ſheets a whiter hue than white,] So, in *Cymbeline*:
"——— Cytherea,
"How bravely thou becom'ſt thy *bed! freſh lilly!*
"And *whiter than the ſheets.*"
I have followed the earlieſt and moſt authentick copy yet diſcovered, that of 1596. The octavo 1600, reads—Who *ſees*. MALONE.

[8] *His other* agents *aim at like delight?*] So alſo Macbeth expreſſeth himſelf to his wife:
"——— I am ſettled, and *bend up*
"*Each corporal agent* to this terrible feat." AMNER.

Who

Who is ſo faint, that dare not be ſo bold,
To touch the fire, the weather being cold?

Let me excuſe thy courſer gentle boy;
And learn of him, I heartily beſeech thee,
To take advantage on preſented joy;
Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee:
O learn to love; the leſſon is but plain,
And, once made perfect, never loſt again.

I know not love, (quoth he,) nor will not know it,
Unleſs it be a boar, and then I chaſe it;
'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it;
My love to love is love but to diſgrace it[9];
For I have heard it is a life in death,
That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a breath[1].

Who wears a garment ſhapeleſs and unfiniſh'd?
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth[2]?
If ſpringing things be any jot diminiſh'd,
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth:
The colt that's back'd and burthen'd being young,
Loſeth his pride, and never waxeth ſtrong.

9 *My love to love is love but to diſgrace it*;] My inclination towards love is only a deſire to render it contemptible.—The ſenſe is almoſt loſt in the jingle of words. MALONE.

1 *For I have heard it is a* life in death,
That laughs and weeps,] So, in *King Richard III.*
"For now they kill me with a *living death*."
Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:
"Theſe *lovers* cry,—Oh! oh! they die!
"Yet that which ſeems the wound to kill,
"*Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!*
'So *dying love lives ſtill*:
"Oh! oh! a while; but ha! ha! ha!
"Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!" MALONE.

2 *Who plucks the* bud *before one leaf put forth?*] So, in *The Shepherd's Song of Venus and Adonis*, by H. C. 1600.
"I am now too young
"To be wonne by beauty;
"Tender are my years,
"I am yet a *bud*." MALONE.

You

You hurt my hand with wringing; let us part [3],
And leave this idle theme, this bootleſs chat:
Remove your ſiege from my unyielding heart;
To love's alarm it will not ope the gate [4]:
Diſmiſs your vows, your feigned tears, your flattery;
For where a heart is hard, they make no battery.

What! canſt thou talk, (quoth ſhe,) haſt thou a tongue?
O, would thou had'ſt not, or I had no hearing!
Thy mermaid's voice [5] hath done me double wrong;
I had my load before, now preſs'd with bearing:
Melodious diſcord, heavenly tune harſh-ſounding,
Earth's deep-ſweet muſick, and heart's deep-ſore wounding.

Had I no eyes, but ears, my ears would love
That inward beauty and inviſible [6];
Or, were I deaf, thy outward parts would move
Each part in me that were but ſenſible:
Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor ſee,
Yet ſhould I be in love, by touching thee.

Say,

[3] *You hurt my hand with* wringing; *let us part,*] So, in the ſong above quoted:

"Wind thee from mee, Venus,
"I am not diſpoſed;
"Thou *wringeſt* me too hard,
"Pr'ythee let me goe:
"Fie, what a pain it is,
"Thus to be encloſed!" MALONE.

[4] Remove *your* ſiege *from my unyielding heart*;
To love's *alarm it will not ope the gate:*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
"You—to *remove* that *ſiege* of grief from her,——."
Again, ibid;
"She will not ſtay the *ſiege* of *loving terms*." MALONE.

[5] *Thy* mermaid's *voice*—] Our ancient writers commonly uſe *mermaid* for *Syren*. STEEVENS.

See Vol. II. p. 166, n. 1. MALONE.

[6] — *and* inviſible;] I ſuſpect that both for the ſake of better rhime, and better ſenſe, we ſhould read *invincible*. Theſe words are miſprinted, alternately one for the other, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II. and *K. John*. STEEVENS.

In the preſent edition, however, thereader will find the word *inviſible*, in the paſſage referred to in *K. John*, and *invincible*, in the ſecond part

Say, that the ſenſe of feeling[5] were bereft me,
And that I could not ſee, nor hear, nor touch,
And nothing but the very ſmell were left me,
Yet would my love to thee be ſtill as much;
For from the ſtill'tory of thy face excelling
Comes breath perfum'd[6], that breedeth love by ſmelling.

But O, what banquet wert thou to the taſte,
Being nurſe and feeder of the other four!
Would they not wiſh the feaſt ſhould ever laſt,
And bid Suſpicion double lock the door[7]?
Leſt jealouſy, that four unwelcome gueſt[8],
Should, by his ſtealing in, diſturb the feaſt.

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd[9],
Which to his ſpeech did honey paſſage yield;
Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd
Wreck to the ſea-man, tempeſt to the field,
Sorrow to ſhepherds, woe unto the birds,
Guſt and foul flaws[1] to herdmen and to herds.

This

of *K. Henry IV.* as thoſe words ſtand in the old copy. See Vol. IV. p. 365, n. 6. and Vol. V. p. 368, n. 4.

An oppoſition was, I think, clearly intended between external beauty, of which the eye is the judge, and a melody of voice, (which the poet calls *inward beauty*,) ſtriking not the ſight but the ear. I therefore believe *inviſible* to be the true reading. MALONE.

5 *Say, that the ſenſe of* feeling—] Thus the octavo, 1596. All the modern editions read—*reaſon*. MALONE.

6 *Comes* breath perfum'd, &c.] So, in Conſtable's poem:

"*Breathe* once more thy *balmie wind*:
"It ſmelleth of the mirrh tree
"That to the world did bring thee,
"Never was *perfume* ſo ſweet." MALONE.

7 *And bid Suſpicion double lock the door?*] A bolder or happier perſonification than this, will not readily be pointed out in any of our authour's plays. MALONE.

8 *Leſt jealouſy, that four-unwelcome gueſt*, &c.]

—ne quis malus invidere poſſit,
Quum tantum ſciat eſſe baſiorum. *Catullus*. MALONE.

9 — *the ruby-colour'd* portal *open'd*,] So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II.

"— By his *gates of breath*
"There lies a downy feather,"—. MALONE.

1 —*foul flaws*—] i. e. violent blaſts of wind. See Vol. V. p. 393, n. 5. STEEVENS.

"But

This ill preſage adviſedly ſhe marketh:—
Even as the wind is huſh'd before it raineth[2],
Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,
Or as the berry breaks before it ſtaineth,
  Or like the deadly bullet of a gun[3],
  His meaning ſtruck her ere his words begun[4].

And at his look ſhe flatly falleth down,
For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth:
A ſmile recures the wounding of a frown;
But bleſſed bankrupt, that by love ſo thriveth!
  The ſilly boy believing ſhe is dead,
  Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red;

And in amaze brake off his late intent,
For ſharply he did think to reprehend her,
Which cunning love did wittily prevent:
Fair fall the wit, that can ſo well defend her!
  For on the graſs ſhe lies, as ſhe were ſlain,
  Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her noſe, he ſtrikes her on the cheeks,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulſes hard;
He chafes her lips; a thouſand ways he ſeeks
To mend the hurt that his unkindneſs marr'd;
  He kiſſes her; and ſhe, by her good will,
  Will never riſe, ſo he will kiſs her ſtill.

The night of ſorrow now is turn'd to day:
Her two blue windows[5] faintly ſhe up-heaveth,

Like

2 *Even as the* wind *is* huſh'd before it raineth,] So, in *Hamlet*:
" But, as we often ſee *againſt ſome ſtorm*—
" The bold *winds* ſpeechleſs, and the orb below
" *As huſh as death*," &c. STEEVENS.

3 *Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
" — that name
" Shot from the *deadly* level of a *gun*,—." STEEVENS.

4 *His meaning ſtruck her, ere his words begun.*] So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II. Vol. V. p. 283:
" But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue."
Our author is inaccurate. He ſhould have written *began*. MALONE.

5 *Her two blue windows*—] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
" —Downy *windows*, cloſe;

Like the fair ſun, when in his freſh array
He cheers the morn, and all the world relieveth:
And as the bright ſun glorifies the ſky[6],
So is her face illumin'd with her eye;

Whoſe beams upon his hairleſs face[7] are fix'd,
As if from thence they borrow'd all their ſhine.
Were never four ſuch lamps together mix'd,
Had not his clouded with his brows' repine;
But hers, which through the cryſtal tears gave light,
Shone like the moon, in water ſeen by night[8].

O, where am I, quoth ſhe? in earth or heaven,
Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire?
What hour is this? or morn or weary even?
Do I delight to die, or life deſire?
But now I liv'd, and life was death's annoy;
But now I dy'd, and death was lively joy.

O, thou didſt kill me;—kill me once again:
Thy eyes' ſhrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,
Hath taught them ſcornful tricks, and ſuch diſdain,
That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine[9];

And

" And golden Phœbus never be beheld
" Of eyes again ſo royal!" MALONE.

This thought is more dilated in *Cymbeline*:

" —the encloſed *lights* now canopied
" Under theſe *windows*:—white and *azure!* laced
" With *blue* of heaven's own tinct." STEEVENS.

6 —glorifies *the ſky*,] So, in *King John*:
" Do *glorify* the banks that bound them in." STEEVENS.

7 —*his* hairleſs *face*—] So, in *K. John*:
" This *unhair'd* ſaucineſs, and boyiſh troops." STEEVENS.

8 *But hers, which through the cryſtal tears gave light,*
Shone like the moon, in water ſeen by night.] So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

" Nor ſhines the ſilver *moon* one half ſo bright,
" Through the *tranſparent boſom of the deep*,
" As doth thy face *through tears* of mine *give light*;
" Thou ſhin'ſt in every tear that I do weep." MALONE.

9 —*murder'd this poor heart*—] So, in *K. Henry V*:
" The king hath *kill'd his heart*." STEEVENS.

Again

And theſe mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,
But for thy piteous lips no more had ſeen.

Long may they kiſs each other, for this cure!
O, never let their crimſon liveries wear!
And as they laſt, their verdure ſtill endure,
To drive infection from the dangerous year[1]!
That the ſtar-gazers, having writ on death,
May ſay, the plague is baniſh'd by thy breath.

Pure lips, ſweet ſeals in my ſoft lips imprinted[2],
What bargains may I make, ſtill to be ſealing?
To ſell myſelf I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and uſe good dealing;
Which purchaſe if thou make, for fear of ſlips[3]
Set thy ſeal-manual on my wax-red lips.

A thouſand kiſſes buys my heart from me[4];
And pay them at thy leiſure, one by one.
What is ten hundred kiſſes unto thee?
Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone?

Again, in *K. Richard II:*

" —'twere no good part
" To take on me to keep, and *kill thy heart.*" MALONE.

1 —*their* verdure *ſtill endure,*
To drive infection *from the dangerous year!*] I have ſomewhere read, that in rooms where plants are kept in a growing ſtate, the air is never unwholeſome. STEEVENS.

2 *Pure lips,* ſweet ſeals *in my ſoft lips imprinted,*] We meet with the ſame image in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*

" Take, O take thoſe lips away,
" That ſo ſweetly were forſworn;—
" But my kiſſes bring again,
" *Seals of love,* but ſeal'd in vain."

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

" —what breath, and *conſign'd kiſſes* to them."

The epithet *ſoft* has a peculiar propriety. See p. 39, n. 9. MALONE.

3 —*for fear of* ſlips,] i. e. of *counterfeit* money. See note on *Romeo and Juliet,* Act II. ſc. iv.

" —what *counterfeit* did I give you?
" *Mer.* The *ſlip,* ſir, the *ſlip,*" &c. STEEVENS.

4 *A thouſand kiſſes* buys *my heart from me*;] So, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

" We two, that with ſo many thouſand ſighs
" Did *buy* each other," &c. MALONE.

Say, for non-payment that the debt ſhould double,
Is twenty hundred kiſſes ſuch a trouble?

Fair queen, quoth he, if any love you owe me,
Meaſure my ſtrangeneſs with my unripe years[4];
Before I know myſelf, ſeek not to know me;
No fiſher but the ungrown fry forbears:
The mellow plumb doth fall, the green ſticks faſt,
Or being early pluck'd, is ſour to taſte.

Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,
His day's hot taſk hath ended in the weſt:
The owl, night's herald, ſhrieks[5], 'tis very late;
The ſheep are gone to fold, birds to their neſt;
And coal-black clouds that ſhadow heaven's light,
Do ſummon us to part, and bid good night.

Now let me ſay *good night*, and ſo ſay you;
If you will ſay ſo, you ſhall have a kiſs.
Good night, quoth ſhe; and, ere he ſays *adieu*,
The honey fee of parting tender'd is:
Her arms do lend his neck a ſweet embrace;
Incorporate then they ſeem; face grows to face[6].

Till, breathleſs, he disjoin'd, and backward drew
The heavenly moiſture, that ſweet coral mouth,

4 *Meaſure my* ſtrangeneſs—] i. e. my baſhfulneſs, my coyneſs. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"—I'll prove more true,
"Than thoſe that have more cunning to be *ſtrange*." MALONE.

5 *The* owl, night's herald, ſhrieks, &c.] So, in *Macbeth*:

"It was the *owl* that *ſhriek'd*, the fatal bellman,
"Which gives the ſtern'ſt good-night."

In *Romeo and Juliet*, the *lark* is called the *herald of the morn*. STEEV.

6 —*a ſweet* embrace;
Incorporate then they ſeem; *face* grows *to face*.] So, in *K. Hen. VIII*:

"—— how they clung
"In their *embracements*, as they *grew* together." STEEVENS.

Again, in *All's well that ends well*: "I *grow* to you, and our parting is a tortured body."—In the ſame manner as here, in Conſtable's Poem Venus promiſes to let Adonis go, if he will give her a kiſs. She complains of its ſhortneſs, and takes another:

"When ſhe had thus ſpoken,
"She gave him a token,
"*And their naked boſoms met*." MALONE.

Whoſe

Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,
Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drought:
He with her plenty press'd, she faint with dearth,
(Their lips together glew'd,) fall to the earth.

Now quick Desire hath caught the yielding prey,
And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth;
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
Paying what ransom the insulter willeth;
Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price so high,
That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry.

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,
With blind-fold fury she begins to forage;
Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil,
And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage;
Planting oblivion, beating reason back,
Forgetting shame's pure blush, and honour's wreck[7].

Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embracing,
Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much handling,
Or as the fleet-foot roe, that's tir'd with chasing,
Or like the froward infant, still'd with dandling,
He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,
While she takes all she can, not all she listeth[8].

What wax so frozen but dissolves with temp'ring,
And yields at last to every light impression[9]?

[7] *Forgetting shame's pure blush,*] Here the poet charges his heroine with having forgotten what she can never be supposed to have known. Shakspeare's *Venus* may surely say with *Quartilla* in *Petronius*: "*Jononem meam iratam habeam, si unquam me meminerim virginem fuisse.*" STEEV.

[8] *While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.*] Thus Pope's *Eloisa*;
"Give all thou canst, and let me dream the rest." AMNER.

[9] — *dissolves with* temp'ring,
And yields at last to every light impression?] So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II: "I have him already *tempering* between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I *seal* with him." STEEVENS.

It should be remembered that it was the custom formerly to seal with soft wax, which was *tempered* between the fingers, before the impression was made. See the note on the passage just cited, in the APPENDIX. MALONE.

Things out of hope are compass'd oft with vent'ring,
Chiefly in love, whose leave[1] exceeds commission:
Affection faints not like a pale-fac'd coward,
But then woos best, when most his choice is froward.

When he did frown, O, had she then gave over,
Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.
Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover;
What though the rose have prickles, yet 'tis pluck'd:
Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
Yet love breaks through, and picks them all at last.

For pity now she can no more detain him;
The poor fool[2] prays her that he may depart:
She is resolv'd no longer to restrain him;
Bids him farewel, and look well to her heart,
The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest[3],
He carries thence incaged in his breast[4].

Sweet boy, she says, this night I'll waste in sorrow,
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.
Tell me, love's master *, shall we meet to morrow?
Say, shall we? shall we? wilt thou make the match?

[1] —*whose* leave—] i. e. whose licentiousness. STEEVENS.

[2] *The* poor fool—] This was formerly an expression of tenderness. So, King Lear, speaking of Cordelia:

"And my *poor fool* is hang'd." MALONE.

[3] —by Cupid's bow *she doth* protest,] So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"I *swear* to thee by *Cupid's* strongest *bow*." MALONE.

[4] *He carries thence* incaged *in his breast*.] Thus the octavo, 1596. So, in *K. Richard II*:

"And yet *incaged* in so small a verge,"—.

The edition of 1636 and all the modern copies read—*engaged*.

This is a thought which Shakspeare has often introduced. So, in *As you Like it*:

"That thou might'st join her hand in his,
"Whose *heart within her bosom is*."

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

"Hence ever then *my heart is in thy breast*."

Again, in *K. Richard III*:

"Even so thy breast incloseth my poor heart." MALONE.

— * —love's *master*—] Thou, who art master of me, the queen of love. MALONE.

He

He tells her, no; to-morrow he intends
To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

The boar! (quoth ſhe) whereat a ſudden pale,
Like lawn being ſpread upon the bluſhing roſe[5],
Uſurps her cheek; ſhe trembles at his tale,
And on his neck her yoking arms ſhe throws:
She ſinketh down, ſtill hanging on his neck,
He on his belly falls, ſhe on her back.

Now is ſhe in the very liſts of love[6],
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter:
All is imaginary ſhe doth prove,
He will not manage her, although he mount her;
That worſe than Tantalus' is her annoy,
To clip Elyſium, and to lack her joy[7].

Even as poor birds, deceiv'd with painted grapes[8],
Do ſurfeit by the eye, and pine the maw,

5 *The boar! (quoth ſhe) whereat a ſudden* pale,
Like lawn being ſpread upon the bluſhing roſe,] So, in *The Sheepheard's Song of Venus and Adonis*, by H. C. 1600:

" Now, he ſayd, let's goe;
" Harke, the hounds are crying;
" Griſlie boare is up,
" Huntſmen follow faſt.
" At the name of *boare*
" Venus ſeemed dying:
" Deadly-colour'd *pale*
" *Roſes overcaſt.*" MALONE.

Like lawn *being ſpread upon the bluſhing* roſe,] So again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

" —red as *roſes* that on *lawn* we lay." STEEVENS.

6 —*in the very* liſts of love,] So alſo John Dryden, in his play called *Don Sebaſtion*:

" The ſprightly bridegroom on his wedding night,
" More gladly enters not the *liſts of love.*" AMNER.

7 *To* clip *Elyſium*,] To *clip* in old language is to *embrace*. MALONE.

8 —birds *deceiv'd with* painted grapes,] Alluding to a celebrated work of one of the ancient painters. STEEVENS.

Our authour alludes to the celebrated picture of Zeuxis, mentioned by Pliny, in which ſome grapes were ſo well repreſented that birds lighted on them to peck at them.

Sir John Davies has the ſame alluſion in his *Noſce teipſum*, 1599:

" Therefore the bee did ſeek the painted flower,
" And *birds of grapes the cunning ſhadow peck.*" MALONE.

Even

Even ſo ſhe languiſheth in her miſhaps,
As thoſe poor birds that helpleſs berries ſaw[9]:
The warm effects[1] which ſhe in him finds miſſing,
She ſeeks to kindle with continual kiſſing[2]:

But all in vain; good queen, it will not be:
She hath aſſay'd as much as may be prov'd;
Her pleading hath deſerv'd a greater fee;
She's Love, ſhe loves, and yet ſhe is not lov'd.
Fie, fie, he ſays, you cruſh me; let me go;
You have no reaſon to withhold me ſo.

Thou had'ſt been gone, quoth ſhe, ſweet boy, ere this,
But that thou told'ſt me, thou would'ſt hunt the boar.
O, be adviſ'd; thou know'ſt not what it is
With javelin's point a churliſh ſwine to gore,
Whoſe tuſhes never-ſheath'd he whetteth ſtill,
Like to a mortal butcher[3], bent to kill.

On his bow-back he hath a battle ſet
Of briſtly pikes, that ever threat his foes;
His eyes, like glow-worms, ſhine when he doth fret;
His ſnout digs ſepulchres where'er he goes;
Being mov'd, he ſtrikes what e'er is in his way,
And whom he ſtrikes, his crooked tuſhes ſlay.

9 *As thoſe poor birds that* helpleſs berries *ſaw:*] *Helpleſs berries* are berries that afford no *help*, i. e. nouriſhment. STEEVENS.

I once thought that a different meaning was intended to be conveyed; but I now believe, Mr. Steevens is right. So, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

"So thou—

"With urging *helpleſs* patience would'ſt relieve me." MALONE.

1 *The warm* effects—] I think we ſhould read *affects*. So, in *Othello*:

"——the young *affects*

"In me defunct." STEEVENS.

2 *She ſeeks to* kindle *with continual* kiſſing:] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"*Quicken* with *kiſſing*:—had my lips that power,

"Thus would I wear them out." STEEVENS.

3 *Like to a* mortal *butcher*;—] *Mortal* for *deadly*. So, in *Othello*:

"And you, ye *mortal* engines," &c. MALONE.

His

His brawny ſides, with hairy briſtles arm'd,
Are better proof than thy ſpear's point can enter;
His ſhort thick neck cannot be eaſily harm'd;
Being ireful, on the lion he will venture:
The thorny brambles and embracing buſhes,
As fearful of him, part; through whom he ruſhes [4].

Alas, he nought eſteems that face of thine,
To which Love's eyes pay tributary gazes;
Nor thy ſoft hands, ſweet lips, and cryſtal eyne,
Whoſe full perfection all the world amazes;
But having thee at vantage, (wond'rous dread!)
Would root theſe beauties as he roots the mead.

O, let him keep his loathſome cabin ſtill [5];
Beauty hath nought to do with ſuch foul fiends:
Come not within his danger [6] by thy will;
They that thrive well, take counſel of their friends:
When thou didſt name the boar, not to diſſemble,
I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

Didſt thou not mark my face? Was it not white?
Saw'ſt thou not ſigns of fear lurk in mine eye?
Grew I not faint? And fell I not downright?
Within my boſom, whereon thou doſt lie,
My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no reſt,
But, like an earthquake, ſhakes thee on my breaſt.

For where love reigns, diſturbing jealouſy
Doth call himſelf affection's ſentinel;

4 *The thorny brambles and embracing buſhes,*
As fearful of him, part; through whom he ruſhes.] Thus Virgil deſcribing the rapid paſſage of two centaurs through the woods:
" ——dat euntibus ingens
" Sylva locum, et magno cedunt virgulta fragore." STEEVENS.

5 —*his loathſome* cabin *ſtill*;] *Cabin* in the age of Queen Elizabeth ſignified a ſmall mean dwelling place, and was much in uſe. The term ſtill is uſed univerſally through Ireland, where the word *cottage* is ſcarcely ever employed. MALONE.

6 *Come not within his danger*—] This was a common expreſſion in Shakſpeare's time, and ſeems to have meant, Expoſe not yourſelf to one who has the power to do you miſchief. See Vol. III. p. 81, n. 1. MALONE.

Gives

Gives falſe alarms, ſuggeſteth mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry, *kill, kill*[7];
Diſtemp'ring gentle love with his deſire,
As air and water doth abate the fire.

This ſour informer, this bate-breeding ſpy[8],
This canker, that eats up love's tender ſpring[9],
This carry-tale[1], diſſentious jealouſy,
That ſometimes true news, ſometime falſe doth bring[2],
Knocks at my heart, and whiſpers in mine ear,
That if I love thee, I thy death ſhould fear:

And more than ſo, preſenteth to mine eye
The picture of an angry-chafing boar,
Under whoſe ſharp fangs on his back doth lie
An image like thyſelf, all ſtain'd with gore;
Whoſe blood upon the freſh flowers being ſhed,
Doth make them droop with grief[3], and hang the head.

7 *And in a peaceful hour doth cry*, kill, kill;] Theſe were, I think, the words formerly uttered when orders were iſſued to an army for general ſlaughter. I have met with a paſſage to this purpoſe in a book of Shakſpeare's age, but cannot now turn to it. MALONE.

So, in *King Lear*:

"And when I have ſtolen upon theſe ſons-in-law,
"Then *kill, kill, kill*." STEEVENS.

8 —*bate-breeding*—] So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, Mrs. Quickly obſerves that John Rugby is "no tell-tale, no *breed-bate*." *Bate* is an obſolete word ſignifying *ſtrife, contention*. STEEVENS.

9 — *love's tender ſpring*,] I once thought that *love's tender ſpring* meant the tender bloſſoms of growing love. *Printemps d'amour*. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"Unruly blaſts wait on the *tender ſpring*."

Again, in the preſent poem:

'*Love's* gentle *ſpring* doth always freſh remain;—."

But I am now of opinion that *ſpring* is uſed here, as in other places, for a young ſhoot or plant. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*: Vol. II. p. 164:

"Even in the ſpring of love, thy *love-ſprings* rot." MALONE.

This canker, *that* eats up *love's tender ſpring*,] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"Full ſoon the *canker* death *eats up* that plant." STEEVENS.

1 *This* carry-tale,—] So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

"Some *carry-tale*, ſome pleaſe-man," &c. STEEVENS.

2 *That ſometimes true news, ſometime falſe doth bring*,]

"Tam ficti pravique tenax quam nuntia veri." *Virgil*. STEEV.

What

What ſhould I do, ſeeing thee ſo indeed,
That trembling at the imagination,
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed?
And fear doth teach it divination[3]:
I propheſy thy death, my living ſorrow,
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me;
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare[4],
Or at the fox, which lives by ſubtilty,
Or at the roe, which no encounter dare:
Purſue theſe fearful creatures o'er the downs,
And on thy well-breath'd horſe keep with thy hounds.

And when thou haſt on foot the purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overſhut his troubles[6],
How he out-runs the wind, and with what care
He cranks[5] and croſſes, with a thouſand doubles:

4 *And fear doth teach it* divination:] So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II.
" Tell thou thy earl, his *divination* lyes " STEEVENS.
And fear doth teach it divination:
I prophecy thy death, &c.] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
" O God! I have an ill-*divining* ſoul;
" Methinks I *ſee thee*, now thou art ſo low,
" *As one dead* in the bottom of a tomb." MALONE.

5 *But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me;*
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare.] So, in *The Sheepheard's Song of Venus and Adonis*, by H. C. 1600:
" *Speake, ſayd ſhe, no more*
" *Of following the boare,*
" Thou unfit for ſuch a chaſe;
" *Courſe the feareful hare,*
" Veniſon do not ſpare,
" If thou wilt yield Venus grace." MALONE.

6 —*to over-ſhut his troubles,*] I would read over *ſhoot*, i. e. fly beyond. STEEVENS.
To *ſhut up* in Shakſpeare's age ſignified to *conclude*. I believe therefore the text is right. MALONE.

* *He* cranks—] i. e. the *winds* So, in in *Coriolanus*, the belly ſays,
" I ſend it through the rivers of your blood,
" And through the *cranks* and offices of man," &c.
Again, more appoſitely, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.
" See, how this river comes me *cranking* in—." MALONE.

The

The many muſits through the which he goes[7],
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

Sometime he runs among a flock of ſheep,
To make the cunning hounds miſtake their ſmell;
And ſometime where earth-delving conies keep,
To ſtop the loud purſuers in their yell;
And ſometime ſorteth with a herd of deer[8];
Danger deviſeth ſhifts; wit waits on fear:

For there his ſmell with others being mingled,
The hot ſcent-ſnuffing hounds are driven to doubt;
Ceaſing their clamorous cry till they have ſingled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out;
Then do they ſpend their mouths: Echo replies,
As if another chaſe were in the ſkies[9].

By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with liſtening ear,
To hearken if his foes purſue him ſtill;
Anon their loud alarums he doth hear;
And now his grief may be compared well
To one ſore ſick, that hears the paſſing bell[1].

7 *The many* muſits *through the which he goes,*] *Muſits* are ſaid by the lexicographers to be *the places through which the hare goes for relief.* The modern editions read *umſits.* MALONE.

A *muſet* is a gap in a hedge. See Cotgrave's explanation of the French word *Trouée.* STEEVENS.

8 *And ſometime* ſorteth *with a herd of deer;*] *Sorteth* means *accompanies,* conſorts with. *Sort* anciently ſignified a *troop,* or *company.* See Vol. II. p. 490, n. 5. MALONE.

9 ——*Echo replies,*
As if another chaſe were in the ſkies.] So Dryden:
" With ſhouting and hooting we pierce through the ſky,
" And echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry." STEEVENS.

1 *To one ſore ſick, that* hears the paſſing bell.] This thought is borrowed by Beaumont and Fletcher in *Philaſter:*
" ——like one who languiſhing
" *Hears his ſad bell*——. STEEVENS.

Then

Then ſhalt thou ſee the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn, and return, indenting with the way;
Each envious briar his weary legs doth ſcratch[2],
Each ſhadow makes him ſtop, each murmur ſtay:
For miſery is trodden on by many,
And being low, never reliev'd by any.

Lie quietly, and hear a little more;
Nay, do not ſtruggle, for thou ſhalt not riſe:
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
Unlike thyſelf,—thou hear'ſt me moralize[3],
Applying this to that, and ſo to ſo;
For love can comment upon every woe.

Where did I leave?—No matter where, quoth he;
Leave me, and then the ſtory aptly ends:
The night is ſpent. Why, what of that, quoth ſhe:
I am, quoth he, expected of my friends;
And now 'tis dark, and going I ſhall fall;—
In night, quoth ſhe, deſire ſees beſt of all[4].

But if thou fall, O then imagine this,
The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips,

[2] *Each envious* briar *his weary* legs *doth* ſcratch,] So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

"——roaming through a *thorny* wood
"*Scratching* her *legs*." STEEVENS.

[3] *Unlike thyſelf, thou hear'ſt me moralize*,] Thus the octavo, 1596. The edition of 1636, and the modern copies, read: Unlike *myſelf*.—But the original copy is right. *Unlike thyſelf* refers to *the hunting of the boar*, which Venus conſiders as a rude ſport, ill ſuited to the delicate frame of Adonis. To *moralize* here means to *comment*; from *moral*, which our authour generally uſes in the ſenſe of *latent meaning*. So, in *the Taming of the Shrew*: "He has left me here behind to expound the meaning or *moral* of his ſigns and tokens." MALONE.

[4] *In night, quoth ſhe, deſire ſees beſt of all.*] So, in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, which preceded the preſent poem:

"— dark night is Cupid's day." MALONE.

I verily believe that a ſentiment ſimilar in ſome ſort, to another uttered by that forward wanton Juliet, occurreth here:

"Lovers can ſee to do their amorous rites
"By their own beauties." AMNER.

And

And all is but to rob thee of a kiſs [5].
Rich preys make rich men thieves; ſo do thy lips
Make modeſt Dian cloudy and forlorn,
Leſt ſhe ſhould ſteal a kiſs, and die forſworn [6].

Now, of this dark night I perceive the reaſon:
Cynthia for ſhame obſcures her ſilver ſhine [7],
Till forging nature be condemn'd of treaſon,
For ſtealing moulds from heaven that were divine;
Wherein ſhe fram'd thee, in high heaven's deſpite,
To ſhame the ſun by day, and her by night.

And therefore hath ſhe brib'd the Deſtinies,
To croſs the curious workmanſhip of nature;
To mingle beauty with infirmities,
And pure perfection with impure defeature [8];
Making it ſubject to the tyranny
Of ſad miſchances and much miſery;

As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
Life-poiſoning peſtilence, and frenzies wood [9],
The marrow-eating ſickneſs, whoſe attaint
Diſorder breeds by heating of the blood:
Surfeits, impoſtumes, grief, and damn'd deſpair,
Swear nature's death for framing thee ſo fair.

5 *The* earth, *in love with thee, thy footing trips,*
And all is but to rob thee of a kiſs.] So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

" —— leſt the baſe *earth*
" Should from her veſture chance to *ſteal a kiſs.*" STEEVENS.

6 —*die* forſworn.] i. e. having broken her oath of virginity. STEEV.

7 *Cynthia for ſhame obſcures her ſilver* ſhine,] *Shine* was formerly uſed as a ſubſtantive. So, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

" Thou ſhew'dſt a ſubject's *ſhine*—." MALONE.

8 —*defeature*;] This word is derived from *defaire*, Fr. *to undo*. So, in *The Comedy of Errors:*

" —ſtrange *defeatures* in my face." STEEVENS.

9 —*and frenzies* wood,] *Wood* in old language is *frantick*. MALONE.

And

And not the leaſt of all theſe maladies
But in one minute's fight brings beauty under[1]:
Both favour, ſavour, hue, and qualities,
Whereat the impartial gazer * late did wonder,
Are on the ſudden waſted, thaw'd, and done[2],
As mountain-ſnow melts with the mid-day ſun.

Therefore, deſpite of fruitleſs chaſtity,
Love-lacking veſtals, and ſelf-loving nuns,
That on the earth would breed a ſcarcity,
And barren dearth of daughters and of ſons,
Be prodigal: the lamp that burns by night[3],
Dries up his oil, to lend the world his light.

What is thy body but a ſwallowing grave[4],
Seeming to bury that poſterity[5]

Which

[1] *But in one minute's* fight *brings beauty under:*] Thus the edition of 1596. The leaſt of theſe maladies after a *momentary engagement* ſubdues beauty. Not being till lately poſſeſſed of the copy of 1596, in the former edition of theſe poems I printed *fight*, the reading of the copy of 1600: but I then conjectured that *fight* was the true reading, and I now find my conjecture confirmed. MALONE.

* —*the* impartial *gazer*—] Thus the octavo, 1596. *Impartial* is here uſed, I conceive, in the ſame ſenſe as in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Vol. II. p. 114. The ſubſequent copies have—*imperial*. MALONE.

[2] —*thaw'd, and* done,] *Done* was formerly uſed in the ſenſe of waſted, conſumed, deſtroyed. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. I. Vol. VI. p. 79.

"And now they meet, where both their lives are *done*."

In the Weſt of England it ſtill retains the ſame meaning. MALONE.

[3] —*the lamp that burns by night,*] i. e.

"—λύχνον Ἐρώτων,

"Καὶ γάμον αχλυόεντα——." *Muſæus.* STEEVENS.

Ye nuns and veſtals, ſays Venus, imitate the example of the lamp, that profiteth mankind at the expence of its own oil.—I do not apprehend that the poet had at all in his thoughts the torch of the loves, or the nocturnal meeting of either Hero and Leander or any other perſons.

The preceding precept here illuſtrated is general, without any limitation of either time or ſpace. MALONE.

[4] *What is thy body but a* ſwallowing grave,] So, in *King Richard III.*

"—in the *ſwallowing* gulph

"Of dark forgetfulneſs and deep oblivion."

Again, in our authour's 77th *Sonnet:*

"The wrinkles which thy glaſs will truly ſhew,

"Of *mouthed graves* will give thee memory." MALONE.

[5] ——*a ſwallowing grave,*

Seeming to bury *that* poſterity, &c.] So, in our authour's third *Sonnet*:

Which by the rights of time thou needs muſt have,
If thou deſtroy them not in dark obſcurity?
If ſo, the world will hold thee in diſdain,
Sith in thy pride ſo fair a hope is ſlain.

So in thyſelf thyſelf art made away;
A miſchief worſe than civil home-bred ſtrife,
Or theirs, whoſe deſperate hands themſelves do ſlay,
Or butcher-ſire, that reaves his ſon of life.
Foul cankering ruſt the hidden treaſure frets,
But gold that's put to uſe, more gold begets [6].

Nay then, quoth Adon, you will fall again
Into your idle over-handled theme;
The kiſs I gave you is beſtow'd in vain,
And all in vain you ſtrive againſt the ſtream;
For by this black-fac'd night, deſire's foul nurſe,
Your treatiſe makes me like you worſe and worſe.

If love have lent you twenty thouſand tongues,
And every tongue more moving than your own,
Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's ſongs,
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown;
For know, my heart ſtands armed in mine ear,
And will not let a falſe ſound enter there;

Leſt the deceiving harmony ſhould run
Into the quiet cloſure of my breaſt;

" —— who is he ſo fond, will be the *tomb*
" Of his ſelf-love, to *ſtop poſterity?*" MALONE.

[6] *But* gold *that's put to uſe, more* gold *begets.*] So, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

" Or is your *gold* and ſilver ewes and rams?
Shy. " I cannot tell; I make it *breed* as faſt." STEEVENS.

In Marlowe's poem, Leander uſes the ſame argument to Hero, that Venus here urges to Adonis:

" What difference between the richeſt mine
" And baſeſt mould, but *uſe?* for both, not us'd,
" Are of like worth. Then *treaſure is abus'd,*
" *When miſers keep it; being put to lone,*
" *In time it will returne us two for one.*" MALONE.

And

And then my little heart were quite undone,
In his bedchamber to be barr'd of reſt.
No, lady, no; my heart longs not to groan,
But ſoundly ſleeps, while now it ſleeps alone.

What have you urg'd, that I cannot reprove?
The path is ſmooth that leadeth on to danger;
I hate not love, but your device in love,
That lends embracements unto every ſtranger.
You do it for increaſe: O ſtrange excuſe!
When reaſon is the bawd to luſt's abuſe[7].

Call it not love, for love to heaven is fled,
Since ſweating luſt on earth uſurp'd his name[8];
Under whoſe ſimple ſemblance he hath fed
Upon freſh beauty, blotting it with blame;
Which the hot tyrant ſtains, and ſoon bereaves,
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

Love comforteth, like ſun-ſhine after rain,
But luſt's effect is tempeſt after ſun;
Love's gentle ſpring doth always freſh remain,
Luſt's winter comes ere ſummer half be done[9].
Love ſurfeits not; luſt like a glutton dies:
Love is all truth; luſt full of forged lies.

More I could tell, but more I dare not ſay;
The text is old, the orator too green.

7 *When* reaſon *is the* bawd *to luſt's abuſe.*] So, in *Hamlet:*
" And *reaſon panders* will." STEEVENS.

8 —love *to* heaven *is fled,*
Since ſweating luſt *on* earth *uſurp'd his* name.] This information is of as much conſequence as that given us by Homer about one of his celebrated rivers, which, he ſays, was
" *Xanthus* by *name* to thoſe of *heavenly birth,*
" But call'd *Scamander* by the *ſons of earth.*" STEEVENS.

9 *Love's gentle ſpring doth always freſh remain,*
Luſt's winter comes ere ſummer half be done;] So again, in *The Rape of Lucrece:*
" O raſh falſe heat, wrapt in repentant cold!
" *Thy haſty ſpring ſtill blaſts, and ne'er grows old.*" MALONE.

Therefore, in ſadneſs, now I will away;
My face is full of ſhame, my heart of teen [1]:
Mine ears, that to your wanton talk attended,
Do burn themſelves [2] for having ſo offended.

With this, he breaketh from the ſweet embrace
Of thoſe fair arms which bound him to her breaſt,
And homeward through the dark lawnd [3] runs apace;
Leaves Love upon her back deeply diſtreſs'd.
Look, how a bright ſtar ſhooteth from the ſky [4],
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye;

Which after him ſhe darts, as one on ſhore
Gazing upon a late-embarked friend [5],
Till the wild waves will have him ſeen no more,
Whoſe ridges [6] with the meeting clouds contend:

[1] *My face is full of ſhame, my heart of* teen:] *Teen* is *ſorrow*. See Vol. VI. p. 559, n. 6. The word is often uſed by Spenſer. MALONE.

[2] Mine ears, *that to your wanton talk* attended,
Do burn, &c.] So, in *Cymbeline*:
" — I do condemn mine ears, that have
" So long *attended* thee." STEEVENS.

[3] —*the dark lawnd*—] So the octavo, 1596. *Lawnd* and *lawn* were in old language ſynonymous. The modern editors read—*lanes*. MALONE.

[4] *Look, how a bright* ſtar ſhooteth *from the ſky*,] So, in *K. Richard II*:
" I ſee thy glory like *a ſhooting ſtar*—."
Again, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*:
" And certain *ſtars ſhot* madly from their *ſpheres*,
" To hear the ſea-maid's muſick." MALONE.
Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:
" —and fly like chidden Mercury,
" Or like a *ſtar* diſ-orb'd." STEEVENS.

[5] —*as one on ſhore*
Gazing upon a late-embarked friend,] Perhaps Otway had this paſſage in his thoughts when he wrote the following lines:
" Methinks I ſtand upon a naked beach,
" Sighing to winds, and to the ſeas complaining;
" While afar off the veſſel ſails away,
" Where all the treaſure of my ſoul's embark'd. MALONE.
See the ſcene in *Cymbeline* where Imogen tells Piſanio how he ought to have *gazed* after the veſſel in which Poſthumus was *embark'd*. STEEV.

[6] *Till the wild* waves—
Whoſe ridges—] So, in *King Lear*:
" Horns welk'd and wav'd like the *enridged ſea*." STEEVENS.

So

So did the merciles and pitchy night
Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware
Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,
Or 'stonish'd as night-wanderers often are[7],
Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood;
Even so confounded in the dark she lay,
Having lost the fair discovery of her way[8].

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,
That all the neighbour-caves, as seeming troubled,
Make verbal repetition of her moans;
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled:
Ah me! she cries, and twenty times, *woe, woe!*
And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She marking them, begins a wailing note,
And sings extemp'rally a woeful ditty;
How love makes young men thrall, and old men dote;
How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty:
Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,
And still the choir of echoes answers so.

Her song was tedious, and outwore the night,
For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short:
If pleas'd themselves, others, they think, delight
In such like circumstance, with such like sport:
Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,
End without audience, and are never done.

[7] *Or* 'stonish'd *as* night-wanderers *often are,*] So, in *K. Lear:*
" —the wrathful skies
" *Gallow* the very *wanderers of the dark.*" STEEVENS.

[8] —*the fair discovery of her way.*] I would read—discoverer, i. e. *Adonis.* STEEVENS.

The old reading appears to me to afford the same meaning, and is surely more poetical. Our authour uses a similar phraseology in *Coriolanus:*

" Lest you should chance to whip your *information,*
[i. e. your informer.]
" And beat the messenger who bids beware
" Of what is to be dreaded." MALONE.

For who hath ſhe to ſpend the night withal,
But idle ſounds, reſembling paraſites;
Like ſhrill-tongu'd tapſters anſwering every call,
Soothing the humour of fantaſtick wits [9]?
She ſaid, *'tis ſo:* they anſwer all, *'tis ſo*;
And would ſay after her, if ſhe ſaid *no*.

Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of reſt,
From his moiſt cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whoſe ſilver breaſt
The ſun ariſeth in his majeſty;
Who doth the world ſo gloriouſly behold,
That cedar-tops and hills ſeem burniſh'd gold [1].

Venus ſalutes him with this fair good-morrow:
O thou clear god [2], and patron of all light,
From whom each lamp and ſhining ſtar doth borrow
The beauteous influence that makes him bright,

There

9 *Like ſhrill-tongu'd tapſters anſwering every call,*
Soothing the humour of fantaſtick wits?] But the exerciſe of this fantaſtick humour is not ſo properly the character of *wits*, as of perſons of a wild and jocular extravagance of temper. To ſuit this idea, as well as to cloſe the rhime more fully, I am perſuaded the poet wrote:
Soothing the humour of fantaſtick *wights*. THEOBALD.
Like ſhrill-tongu'd tapſters anſwering every call,
Soothing the humour of fantaſtick wits?] See the ſcene of "*Anon, anon, Sir,*" in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.—Had Mr. Theobald been as familiar with ancient pamphlets as he pretended to have been, he would have known that the epithet *fantaſtick* is applied with ſingular propriety to the *wits* of Shakſpeare's age. The rhime, like many others in the ſame piece, may be weak, but the old reading is certainly the true one.
STEEVENS.

1 *That cedar-tops and hills ſeem burniſh'd gold.*] So, in his 33d Sonnet:
"Full many a glorious morning have I ſeen
"Flatter the mountain-tops with ſovereign eye;
"Kiſſing with golden face the meadows green;
"Gilding pale ſtreams with heavenly alchymy." MALONE.

2 *O thou clear god,* &c.] Perhaps Mr. Rowe had read the lines that compoſe this ſtanza, before he wrote the following, with which the firſt act of his *Ambitious Stepmother* concludes:
"Our glorious ſun, the ſource of light and heat,
"Whoſe influence chears the world he did create,
"Shall ſmile on thee from his meridian ſkies,
"And own the kindred beauties of thine eyes;

"Thine

There lives a ſon, that ſuck'd an earthly mother,
May lend thee light[3], as thou doſt lend to other.

This ſaid, ſhe haſteth to a myrtle grove,
Muſing[4] the morning is ſo much o'er-worn;
And yet ſhe hears no tidings of her love:
She hearkens for his hounds, and for his horn;
Anon ſhe hears them chaunt it luſtily,
And all in haſte ſhe coaſteth to the cry *.

And as ſhe runs, the buſhes in the way
Some catch her by the neck, ſome kiſs her face,
Some twine about her thigh to make her ſtay;
She wildly breaketh from their ſtrict embrace,
Like a milch doe, whoſe ſwelling dugs do ake,
Haſting to feed her fawn[5] hid in ſome brake.

By this, ſhe hears the hounds are at a bay,
Whereat ſhe ſtarts, like one that ſpies an adder
Wreath'd up in fatal folds, juſt in his way,
The fear whereof doth make him ſhake and ſhudder;
Even ſo the timorous yelping of the hounds
Appals her ſenſes, and her ſpright confounds.

" Thine eyes, which, could his own fair beams decay,
" Might ſhine for him, and bleſs the world with day." STEEV.

3 *There lives a ſon, that ſuck'd an earthly mother,*
May lend thee light,—] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
" ——Her eye in heaven,
" Would through the airy region ſtream ſo bright,
" That birds would ſing, and think it were not night."
MALONE.

4 Muſing—] in ancient language is *wondering*. See Vol. IV. p. 371, n. 8. MALONE.

* —*ſhe* coaſteth *to the cry*.] i. e. She advanceth. So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:
" O theſe encounterers, ſo glib of tongue,
" That give a *coaſting* welcome, ere it come!" MALONE.

5 *Like a milch* doe, *whoſe ſwelling dugs do ake,*
Haſting to feed her fawn—] So, in *As you like it*:
" While, like a *doe*, I go to find my *fawn*,
" And give it *food*." STEEVENS.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,
Because the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud:
Finding their enemy to be so curst,
They all strain court'sy who shall cope him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
Through which it enters to surprise her heart;
Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,
With cold pale weakness numbs each feeling part:
Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,
They basely fly, and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstacy[6];
Till, cheering up her senses sore-dismay'd,
She tells them, 'tis a causeless fantasy,
And childish errour that they are afraid:
Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no more;—
And with that word she spy'd the hunted boar;

Whose frothy mouth, bepainted all with red,
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
A second fear through all her sinews spread,
Which madly hurries her she knows not whither:
This way she runs, and now she will no further,
But back retires, to rate the boar for murther.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways;
She treads the path that she untreads again;
Her more than haste is mated with delays[7],
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain;

[6] *Thus stands she in a trembling* ecstacy;] *Ecstacy* anciently signified any violent perturbation of mind. See Vol. IV. p. 361, n. 9. MALONE.

Again, in *the Comedy of Errors*:

"Mark, how he *trembleth* in his *ecstacy!*" STEEVENS.

[7] *Her more than haste is* mated *with delays*,] is *confounded* or destroyed by delay. See Vol. IV. p. 116, n. 8. The modern editions read *marred*. MALONE.

Full

Full of reſpect, yet nought at all reſpecting * ;
In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.

Here kennel'd in a brake ſhe finds a hound,
And aſks the weary caitiff for his maſter ;
And there another licking of his wound,
'Gainſt venom'd ſores the only ſovereign plaſter ;
And here ſhe meets another ſadly ſcowling,
To whom ſhe ſpeaks ; and he replies with howling.

When he had ceas'd his ill-reſounding noiſe,
Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,
Againſt the welkin vollies out his voice ;
Another and another anſwer him ;
Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,
Shaking their ſcratch'd ears, bleeding as they go.

Look, how the world's poor people are amaz'd
At apparitions, ſigns, and prodigies,
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gaz'd,
Infuſing them with dreadful prophecies ;
So ſhe at theſe ſad ſigns draws up her breath,
And, ſighing it again, exclaims on death.

Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
Hateful divorce of love, (thus chides ſhe death,)
Grim-grinning ghoſt, earth's worm, what doſt thou mean,
To ſtifle beauty, and to ſteal his breath,
Who when he liv'd, his breath and beauty ſet
Gloſs on the roſe, ſmell to the violet ?

If he be dead,—O no, it cannot be,
Seeing his beauty, thou ſhould'ſt ſtrike at it ;—
O yes, it may ; thou haſt no eyes to ſee,
But hatefully at random doſt thou hit.

* *Full of* reſpect—] i. e. full of circumſpection, and wiſe conſideration. See a note in *the Rape of Lucrece*, ſt. 40, on the words—"*Reſpect* and reaſon wait on wrinkled age."—This is one of our authour's nice obſervations. No one affects more wiſdom than a drunken man.
MALONE.

Thy

Thy mark is feeble age; but thy falſe dart
Miſtakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's heart.

Hadſt thou but bid beware, then he had ſpoke,
And hearing him, thy power had loſt his power.
The deſtinies will curſe thee for this ſtroke;
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'ſt a flower:
Love's golden arrow at him ſhould have fled,
And not death's ebon dart, to ſtrike him dead.

Doſt thou drink tears [8], that thou provok'ſt ſuch weeping?
What may a heavy groan advantage thee?
Why haſt thou caſt into eternal ſleeping
Thoſe eyes that taught all other eyes to ſee [9]?
Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,
Since her beſt work is ruin'd with thy rigour.

Here overcome, as one full of deſpair,
She vail'd her eye-lids [1], who, like ſluices, ſtopp'd
The cryſtal tide that from her two cheeks fair
In the ſweet channel of her boſom dropp'd;
But through the flood-gates breaks the ſilver rain [2],
And with his ſtrong courſe opens them again.

[8] —*drink tears,*—] So, in Pope's *Eloiſa*:
"And *drink* the falling *tears* each other ſheds." STEEVENS.
Rowe had before adopted this expreſſion in his *Jane Shore*, 1713:
"Feed on my ſighs, and *drink* my *falling tears*."
See alſo *K. Henry VI.* P. III.
"—for every word I ſpeak,
"Ye ſee *I drink the water of mine eyes.*" MALONE.

[9] *Thoſe eyes that taught all other eyes to ſee?*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
"O, ſhe doth *teach* the torches to burn bright." MALONE.

[1] *She* vail'd *her eye-lids,*—] She *lowered* or *cloſed* her eye-lids. So, in *Hamlet*:
"Do not for ever with thy *vailed lids*
"Seek for thy noble father in the duſt."
See alſo Vol. V. p. 285, n. 9. MALONE.

[2] *But through the* flood-gates *breaks the ſilver rain,*] So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:
"For tears do ſtop the *flood-gates* of her eyes." STEEVENS.

O how

O how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!
Her eyes ſeen in the tears, tears in her eye;
Both cryſtals, where they view'd each other's ſorrow;
Sorrow, that friendly ſighs ſought ſtill to dry;
But like a ſtormy day, now wind, now rain[3],
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable paſſions throng her conſtant woe,
As ſtriving which ſhould beſt become her grief;
All entertain'd, each paſſion labours ſo,
That every preſent ſorrow ſeemeth chief,
But none is beſt; then join they all together,
Like many clouds conſulting for foul weather.

By this, far off ſhe hears ſome huntſman holla;
A nurſe's ſong ne'er pleas'd her babe ſo well:
The dire imagination ſhe did follow[4]
This ſound of hope doth labour to expell;
For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
And flatters her, it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being priſon'd in her eye, like pearls in glaſs[5];
Yet ſometimes falls an orient drop beſide,
Which her cheek melts, as ſcorning it ſhould paſs,
To waſh the foul face of the ſluttiſh ground,
Who is but drunken, when ſhe ſeemeth drown'd.

3 —*like a ſtormy day, now wind, now rain,*] In this ſtanza we meet with ſome traces of Cordēlia's ſorrow:

" —you have ſeen
" Sunſhine and rain at once," &c. STEEVENS.

So alſo, in *All's well that ends well:*

" I am not a day of the ſeaſon,
" For thou may'ſt ſee a ſunſhine and a hail
" In me at once." MALONE.

4 *The* dire *imagination ſhe did follow*] So the octavo, 1596. The edition of 1600 has—*dry*. The conſtruction is, this ſound of hope doth labour to expel the dire imagination, &c. MALONE.

5 —*like* pearls *in* glaſs;] So, in *K. Lear:*

" Like *pearls* from *diamonds* dropt." STEEVENS.

* —*the ſluttiſh* ground,
Who is but drunken,—] So in *K. Richard II:*

" —England's lawful *earth*,
" Unlawfully made *drunk* with innocent blood." MALONE.

O hard-believing love, how ſtrange it ſeems
Not to believe, and yet too credulous!
Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes;
Deſpair and hope make thee ridiculous:
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
With likely thoughts[6] the other kills thee quickly.

Now ſhe unweaves the web that ſhe had wrought;
Adonis lives, and death is not to blame;
It was not ſhe that call'd him all to nought;
Now ſhe adds honour to his hateful name;
She clepes him king of graves, and grave for kings;
Imperious ſupreme[7] of all mortal things.

No, no, (quoth ſhe,) ſweet Death, I did but jeſt;
Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of fear,
When as I met the boar[8], that bloody beaſt,
Which knows no pity, but is ſtill ſevere;
Then, gentle ſhadow, (truth I muſt confeſs,)
I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's deceaſe.

'Tis not my fault: the boar provok'd my tongue;
Be wreak'd on him, inviſible commander[9];
'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong;
I did but act, he's authour of thy ſlander:
Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet
Could rule them both, without ten women's wit.

6 With *likely thoughts*—] The edition of 1596 has—*The* likely &c. the compoſitor having caught the word *The* from the line above. The correction was made in that of 1600. MALONE.

7 Imperious *ſupreme*—] So the firſt octavo. That of 1600 reads *Imperial*. The original is the true reading, and had formerly the ſame meaning. So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"I thank thee, moſt *imperious* Agamemnon." MALONE.

8 When as *I met the boar*,—] *When as* and *when* were uſed indiſcriminately by our ancient writers. MALONE.

9 —*inviſible commander*;] So, in *K. John*:

"*Death*, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
"Leaves them *inviſible*; and his ſiege is now
"Againſt the mind." MALONE.

Thus

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
Her raſh ſuſpect ſhe doth extenuate[1];
And that his beauty may the better thrive,
With death ſhe humbly doth inſinuate[2];
Tells him of trophies, ſtatues, tombs[3]; and ſtories[4]
His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

O Jove, quoth ſhe, how much a fool was I,
To be of ſuch a weak and ſilly mind,
To wail his death, who lives, and muſt not die,
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind!
For he being dead, with him is beauty ſlain[5],
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again[6].

Fie,

[1] *Her raſh* ſuſpect *ſhe doth extenuate*;] *Suſpect* is *ſuſpicion*. So, in our authour's 70th *Sonnet*:

"The ornament of beauty is *ſuſpect*." MALONE.

[2] *With death ſhe humbly doth* inſinuate;] To *inſinuate* meant formerly, to ſooth, *to flatter*. To *inſinuate with* was the phraſeology of Shakſpeare's time. So, in *Twelfth Night*:

"Deſire him not to *flatter with* his lord." MALONE.

[3] *Tells him of trophies, ſtatues,* tombs;—] As Venus is here bribing Death with flatteries to ſpare Adonis, the editors could not help thinking of pompous tombs. But tombs are no honour to Death, conſidered as a being, but to the parties buried. I much ſuſpect our author intended:

Tells him of trophies, ſtatues, *domes*—. THEOBALD.

The old copy is undoubtedly right. *Tombs* are in one ſenſe *honours to Death*, inaſmuch as they are ſo many memorials of his triumphs over mortals. Beſides, the idea of a number of tombs naturally preſents to our mind the dome or building that contains them; ſo that nothing is obtained by the change.

As Mr. Theobald never publiſhed an edition of Shakſpeare's poems, the reader may perhaps wonder where his obſervations upon them have been found. They are inſerted in the ſecond volume of Dr. Jortin's *Miſcellaneous Obſervations on authors*, 8vo, 1731. MALONE.

[4] ——*and* ſtories
His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.] This verb is alſo uſed in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"He *ſtories* to her ears her huſband's fame—".

Again, in *Cymbeline*: "How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than *ſtory* him in his own hearing." MALONE.

[5] *For he being dead, with him is beauty ſlain,*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"O, ſhe is rich in *beauty*; only poor,
"That, when ſhe *dies*, with *beauty dies her ſtore*." MALONE.

[6] *And, beauty dead,* black chaos comes again.] The ſame expreſſion occurs in *Othello*:

"Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my ſoul,

"But

Fie, fie, fond love, thou art ſo full of fear,
As one with treaſure laden, hemm'd with thieves;
Trifles, unwitneſſed with eye or ear,
Thy coward heart with falſe bethinking grieves *.
Even at this word ſhe hears a merry horn,
Whereat ſhe leaps, that was but late forlorn.

As faulcon to the lure, away ſhe flies;
The graſs ſtoops not, ſhe treads on it ſo light [7];
And in her haſte unfortunately ſpies
The foul boar's conqueſt on her fair delight;
Which ſeen, her eyes, as murder'd with the view,
Like ſtars aſham'd of day, themſelves withdrew.

Or, as the ſnail, whoſe tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his ſhelly cave with pain [8],
And there, all ſmother'd up, in ſhade doth ſit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again;
So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled
Into the deep dark cabins of her head:

Where they reſign their office and their light
To the diſpoſing of her troubled brain;
Who bids them ſtill conſort with ugly night [9],
And never wound the heart with looks again;
Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,
By their ſuggeſtion gives a deadly groan,

" But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
" *Chaos is come again.*" MALONE.

* —*with falſe bethinking* grieves.] Here the falſe concord cannot be corrected on account of the rhyme. See p. 66, n. 9. MALONE.

7 *The* graſs *ſtoops not, ſhe treads on it ſo light*;]
" Illa per intactas ſegetes, vel ſumma volaret
" *Gramina*, nec teneras curſu læſiſſet ariſtas." *Virgil.* STEEV.

8 *Or, as the ſnail, whoſe tender* horns *being hit,*
Shrinks backward in his ſhelly *cave with pain*,] So, in *Coriolanus*:
" Thruſts forth his *horns* again into the world;
" Which were *in-ſhell'd* when Marcius ſtood for Rome."
The former of theſe paſſages ſupports Mr. Tyrwhitt's reading of another. See Vol. VII. p. 271, and Vol. II. p. 53, n. 5. STEEVENS.

9 —conſort *with ugly* night,] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
" To be *conſorted* with the humorous *night*." MALONE.

Whereat

Whereat each tributary subject quakes[1];
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground[2],
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,
Which with cold terrour doth men's mind confound:
This mutiny each part doth so surprise,
That from their dark beds, once more, leap her eyes;

And, being open'd, threw unwilling sight[3]
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd[4]
In his soft flank; whose wonted lily white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drench'd[5]:
No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed,
But stole his blood, and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth;
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head;
Dumbly she passions, frantickly she doteth[6];
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead:
Her voice is stopp'd, her joints forget to bow;
Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.

[1] *Who like a* king——
Whereat each tributary subject quakes;] So, in *King Lear*:
" ——Ay, every inch a *king*:
" When I do stare, see how the *subject quakes*." STEEVENS.

[2] *As when the* wind, imprison'd *in the ground*,
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,] So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:
" ——oft the teeming *earth*
" Is with a kind of cholick pinch'd and vex'd
" By the *imprisoning* of unruly *wind*
" Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,
" *Shakes* the old beldame *earth*," &c. STEEVENS.

[3] —*unwilling* sight—] The earliest octavo reads—*night*. The correction was made in the edition of 1600. MALONE.

[4] —*that the boar had* trench'd—] *Trench'd* is cut. *Trancher*, Fr. See Vol. IV. p. 368, n. 9. MALONE.

[5] —was *drench'd*;] First octavo—*had* drench'd, the compositor having caught the word *had* from the line above. Corrected in the edition of 1600. MALONE.

[6] *Dumbly she* passions, *frantickly she doteth*,] This verb is again used by our authour in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:
" Madam, 'twas Ariadne, *passioning*
" For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight." MALONE.

Upon

Upon his hurt she looks so stedfastly,
That her sight dazling makes the wound seem three;
And then she reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gashes where no breach should be:
His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled;
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
And yet, quoth she, behold two Adons dead!
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead:
Heavy heart's lead, melt at mine eyes' red fire[7]!
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost!
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?
Whose tongue is musick now[8]? what canst thou boast
Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?
The flowers are sweet*, their colours fresh and trim;
But true-sweet beauty liv'd and dy'd in him.

Bonnet or veil henceforth no creature wear!
Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you[9]:
Having no fair to lose[1], you need not fear;
The sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth hiss you[2]:

But

7 —*mine eyes'* red fire!] The edition of 1596 reads—red *as* fire. In the copy of 1600 *red* is omitted, and *as* retained. MALONE.

8 *Whose* tongue *is* musick *now?*—] So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

" That never *words* were *musick* to thine ear." MALONE.

* The *flowers are sweet*—] I suspect Shakspeare wrote—*Thy* flowers, &c. MALONE.

9 —*nor* wind *will ever strive to kiss you*:] So, in *Othello*:

" The bawdy *wind* that *kisses* all it meets. STEEVENS.

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice*.

" Hugg'd and *embraced* by the strumpet *wind*." MALONE.

1 *Having no* fair *to lose*—] *Fair* was formerly used as a substantive, in the sense of *beauty*. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

" —My decayed *fair*
" A sunny look of his would soon repair."

See also Vol. III. p. 170, n. 6.

It appears from the corresponding rhime, and the jingle in the present line, that the word *fear* was pronounced in the time of Shakspeare as if it were written *fare*. It is still so pronounced in Warwickshire, and by the vulgar in Ireland. MALONE.

2 —*the wind doth* hiss *you*:] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" —the

But when Adonis liv'd, ſun and ſharp air
Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his fair;

And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Under whoſe brim the gaudy ſun would peep;
The wind would blow it off, and, being gone,
Play with his locks [3]; then would Adonis weep:
And ſtraight, in pity of his tender years,
They both would ſtrive who firſt ſhould dry his tears.

To ſee his face, the lion walk'd along
Behind ſome hedge, becauſe he would not fear him [4];
To recreate himſelf when he hath ſung,
The tyger would be tame [5], and gently hear him;
If he had ſpoke, the wolf would leave his prey,
And never fright the ſilly lamb that day.

When he beheld his ſhadow in the brook,
The fiſhes ſpread on it their golden gills;
When he was by, the birds ſuch pleaſure took,
That ſome would ſing, ſome other in their bills
Would bring him mulberries, and ripe red cherries;
He fed them with his ſight, they him with berries.

But this foul, grim, and urchin-ſnouted boar [6],
Whoſe downward eye ſtill looketh for a grave,
Ne'er ſaw the beauteous livery that he wore;
Witneſs the entertainment that he gave:
If he did ſee his face, why then I know,
He thought to kiſs him, and hath kill'd him ſo*.

'Tis

" —— the winds,
" Who, nothing hurt withal, *hiſs'd* him in ſcorn." STEEVENS.

[3] *Play'd with his* locks;] So the octavo, 1596. That of 1600 has—*lokes*. MALONE.

[4] —*becauſe he would not fear him*;] Becauſe he would not terrify him. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II:
" For Warwick was a bug that *fear'd* us all." MALONE.

[5] —*when he hath* ſung,
The tyger would be tame,] So, in *Othello*:
" She would *ſing the ſavageneſs out of a bear*." STEEVENS.

[6] —*urchin-ſnouted boar*,] An urchin is a hedgehog. MALONE.

* *He thought to kiſs him, and hath kill'd him ſo.*] This conceit of the

'Tis true, 'tis true; thus was Adonis slain;
He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,
Who would not whet his teeth at him again,
But by a kiss thought to persuade him there;
And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine
Sheath'd, unaware, his tusk in his soft groin[7].

Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess
With kissing him I should have kill'd him first;
But he is dead, and never did he bless
My youth with his[8]; the more I am accurst.
With this she falleth in the place she stood,
And stains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;
She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,
As if they heard the woeful words she told:
She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
Where lo! two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies[9]:

Two

boar's having killed Adonis inadvertently, when he meant only to kiss him, is found in the 30th Idyllium of Theocritus, but there was no translation of that poet in our authour's time. MALONE.

7 —*the loving swine*
Sheath'd, unaware, his tusk in his soft groin.] So, in *The Sheepheard's Song of Venus and Adonis*, 1600:

"On the ground he lay,
"Blood had left his cheeke;
"For an orped *swine*
"*Smit him in the groyne*;
"Deadly wound his death did bring:
"Which when Venus found,
"She fell in a swound,
"And, awakte, her hands did wring." MALONE.

8 *My* youth *with his*;] Thus the octavo, 1596. The edition of 1636, and the modern copies, read,—my *mouth*; which cannot be right, for Adonis *had* granted her a *kiss*.

"He with her plenty press'd, she faint with dearth,
"*(Their lips together glew'd)* fell to the earth." MALONE.

9 —two lamps, *burnt out, in darkness* lies.] The same want of grammar is discoverable in *Cymbeline*:

"His steeds to water at those *springs*
"On chalic'd flow'rs that *lies*." STEEVENS.

So

Two glaſſes, where herſelf herſelf beheld
A thouſand times, and now no more reflect;
Their virtue loſt, wherein they late excell'd,
And every beauty robb'd of his effect:
Wonder of time, quoth ſhe, this is my ſpite[1],
That, you being dead, the day ſhould yet be light.

Since thou art dead, lo! here I propheſy,
Sorrow on love hereafter ſhall attend;
It ſhall be waited on with jealouſy,
Find ſweet beginning, but unſavoury end;
Ne'er ſettled equally, but high or low[2];
That all love's pleaſure ſhall not match his woe.

It ſhall be fickle, falſe, and full of fraud;
Bud and be blaſted in a breathing-while;
The bottom poiſon, and the top o'er-ſtraw'd *
With ſweets, that ſhall the trueſt ſight beguile:
The ſtrongeſt body ſhall it make moſt weak;
Strike the wiſe dumb, and teach the fool to ſpeak.

It ſhall be ſparing, and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the meaſures[3];
The ſtaring ruffian ſhall it keep in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treaſures:
It ſhall be raging-mad, and ſilly-mild,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

So, alſo, in *K. Richard II.*

" ——there *lies*
" *Two kinſmen* digg'd their graves with weeping eyes."

This inaccuracy may be found in every page of our authour's works, as well as in thoſe of many of his contemporaries and predeceſſors. In a very few places either the metre or the rhimes render it incurable. See Vol. I. p. 46, n. 8, and Vol. II. p. 419, n. 7. MALONE.

[1] —*this is* my *ſpite*,] This is done, purpoſely to vex and diſtreſs *me*. MALONE.

[2] *Ne'er ſettled equally, but* high, *or* low;] So, in *The Midſummer Night's Dream*:

" The courſe of true love never did run ſmooth, &c.
" O croſs! too *high* to be enthrall'd to *low*, &c. STEEVENS.

* —*o'er*-ſtraw'd:] So the old copy, and ſuch perhaps was the pronunciation of o'er-*ſtrew'd* in our authour's time. Formerly, however, our poets often changed the termination of words for the ſake of rhyme. MALONE.

[3] —*to tread the* meaſures;] To dance. See Vol. II. p. 405, n. 4. MALONE.

It ſhall ſuſpect, where is no cauſe of fear;
It ſhall not fear, where it ſhould moſt miſtruſt;
It ſhall be merciful, and too ſevere,
And moſt deceiving, when it ſeems moſt juſt;
Perverſe it ſhall be, when it ſhews moſt toward;
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

It ſhall be cauſe of war[4], and dire events,
And ſet diſſention 'twixt the ſon and ſire;
Subject and ſervile to all diſcontents,
As dry combuſtious matter is to fire;
Sith in his prime death doth my love deſtroy,
They that love beſt, their loves ſhall not enjoy.

By this, the boy that by her ſide lay kill'd,
Was melted like a vapour from her ſight[5],
And in his blood, that on the ground lay ſpill'd,
A purple flower ſprung up, checquer'd with white;
Reſembling well his pale cheeks, and the blood
Which in round drops upon their whiteneſs ſtood.

She bows her head, the new-ſprung flower to ſmell,
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath;
And ſays, within her boſom it ſhall dwell,
Since he himſelf is reft from her by death:
She crops the ſtalk, and in the breach appears
Green dropping ſap, which ſhe compares to tears.

Poor flower, quoth ſhe, this was thy father's guiſe,
(Sweet iſſue of a more ſweet-ſmelling ſire,)

[4] *It ſhall be cauſe of war*, &c.] Several of the effects here predicted of *love*, in *Timon of Athens* are aſcribed to *gold*. STEEVENS.

[5] *Was* melted *like a* vapour—] So, in *Macbeth*:

" —and what ſeem'd corporal, *melted*
" Like *breath* into the wind." STEEVENS.

Again, in *The Tempeſt*:

" ——Theſe our actors,
" As I foretold you, were all ſpirits, and
" Are *melted* into *air*, into thin air." MALONE.

For every little grief to wet his eyes:
To grow unto himſelf was his deſire,
And ſo 'tis thine; but know, it is as good
To wither in my breaſt, as in his blood.

Here was thy father's bed, here in my breaſt[6];
Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right:
Lo! in this hollow cradle take thy reſt,
My throbbing heart ſhall rock thee day and night:
There ſhall not be one minute in an hour,
Wherein I will not kiſs my ſweet love's flower.

Thus weary of the world, away ſhe hies,
And yokes her ſilver doves; by whoſe ſwift aid,
Their miſtreſs mounted through the empty ſkies
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd;
Holding their courſe to Paphos, where their queen
Means to immure herſelf and not be ſeen[7].

[6] —*here* in *my breaſt*;] The old copy reads—here *is* my breaſt. I have received Mr. Theobald's emendation for the reaſons he aſſigns. MALONE.

As Venus ſticks the flower to which Adonis is turned, in her boſom, I think we muſt read againſt all the copies, and with much more elegance:

Here was thy father's bed, here *in* my breaſt—

for it was her breaſt which ſhe would inſinuate to have been Adonis' bed. The cloſe of the preceding ſtanza partly warrants this change:

" ——but know it is as good
" To wither *in* my breaſt, as in his blood."

as the ſucceeding lines in this ſtanza likewiſe do:

" Lo! *in* this hollow cradle take thy reſt." THEOBALD.

7 This poem is received as one of Shakſpeare's undiſputed performances,—a circumſtance which recommends it to the notice it might otherwiſe have eſcaped.

There are ſome excellencies which are leſs graceful than even their oppoſite defects; there are ſome virtues, which being merely conſtitutional, are entitled to very ſmall degrees of praiſe. Our poet might deſign his Adonis to engage our eſteem, and yet the ſluggiſh coldneſs of his diſpoſition is as offenſive as the impetuous forwardneſs of his wanton miſtreſs. To exhibit a young man inſenſible to the careſſes of tranſcendent beauty, is to deſcribe a being too rarely ſeen to be acknowledged as a natural character, and when ſeen, of too little value to deſerve ſuch toil of repreſentation. No elogiums are due to Shakſpeare's hero on the ſcore of mental chaſtity, for he does not pretend to have ſubdued

his desires to his moral obligations. He strives indeed, with Platonick absurdity, to draw that line which was never drawn, to make that distinction which never can be made, to separate the purer from the grosser part of love, assigning limits, and ascribing bounds to each, and calling them by different names; but if we take his own word, he will be found at last only to prefer one gratification to another, the sports of the field to the enjoyment of immortal charms. The reader will easily confess that no great respect is due to the judgment of such a would-be Hercules, with such a choice before him.—In short, the story of Joseph and the wife of Potiphar is the more interesting of the two; for the passions of the former are repressed by conscious rectitude of mind, and obedience to the highest law. The present narrative only includes the disappointment of an eager female, and the death of an unconceptible boy. The deity, from her language, should seem to have been educated in the school of Messalina; the youth, from his backwardness, might be suspected of having felt the discipline of a Turkish seraglio.

It is not indeed very clear whether Shakspeare meant on this occasion, with Le Brun, to recommend continence as a virtue, or to try his hand with Aretine on a licentious canvas. If our poet had any moral design in view, he has been unfortunate in his conduct of it. The shield which he lifts in defence of chastity, is wrought with such meretricious imagery as cannot fail to counterpoise a moral purpose.—Shakspeare, however, was no unskilful mythologist, and must have known that Adonis was the offspring of Cynaras and Myrrha. His judgment therefore would have prevented him from raising an example of continence out of the produce of an incestuous bed.—Considering this piece only in the light of a *jeu d'esprit*, written without peculiar tendency, we shall even then be sorry that our author was unwilling to leave the character of his hero as he found it; for the common and more pleasing fable assures us, that

> " —when bright Venus yielded up her charms,
> " The blest Adonis languish'd in her arms."

We should therefore have been better pleased to have seen him in the situation of Ascanius,

> " —cum gremio fotum dea tollit in altos
> " Idaliæ lucos, ubi mollis amaracus illum
> " Floribus et multa aspirans complectitur umbra;"

than in the very act of repugnance to female temptation, self-denial being rarely found in the catalogue of Pagan virtues.

If we enquire into the poetical merit of this performance, it will do no honour to the reputation of its author. The great excellence of Shakspeare is to be sought in dramatick dialogue, expressing his intimate acquaintance with every passion that sooths or ravages, exalts or debases the human mind. Dialogue is a form of composition which has been known to quicken even the genius of those who in mere uninterrupted narrative have sunk to a level with the multitude of common writers. The smaller pieces of Otway and Rowe have added nothing to their fame.

Let

Let it be remembered too, that a contemporary author, Dr. Gabriel Harvey, points out the *Venus and Adonis* as a favourite only with *the young*, while *graver* readers beſtowed their attention on the *Rape of Lucrece*. Here I cannot help obſerving that the poetry of the Roman legend is no jot ſuperior to that of the mythological ſtory. A tale which Ovid has completely and affectingly told in about one hundred and forty verſes, our author has coldly and imperfectly ſpun out into near two thouſand. The attention therefore of theſe *graver* perſonages muſt have been engaged by the moral tendency of the piece, rather than by the force of ſtyle in which it is related. STEEVENS.

This firſt eſſay of Shakſpeare's Muſe does not appear to me by any means ſo void of poetical merit as it has been repreſented. In what high eſtimation it was held in our authour's life-time, may be collected from what has been already obſerved in the preliminary remark, and from the circumſtances mentioned in a note which the reader will find at the end of *The Rape of Lucrece*.

Gabriel Harvey's words as quoted by Mr. Steevens in a note on *Hamlet*, (not that the judgment of one who thought that Engliſh verſes ought to be conſtructed according to the rules of Latin proſody, is of much value,) are theſe. "The younger ſort *take much delight* in Shakeſpeare's Venus and Adonis: but his Lucrece, and his tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, have in them to pleaſe the wiſer ſort."

To the other elogiums on this piece may be added the concluding lines of a poem entitled *Mirrha the Mother of Adonis; or Luſtes Prodegies*, by William Barkſted, 1607:

"But ſtay, my Muſe, in thine own confines keep,
"And wage not warre with ſo deere-lov'd a neighbor;
"But having ſung thy day-ſong, reſt and ſleep;
"Preſerve thy ſmall fame, and his greater favor.
"His ſong was worthie merit; Shakeſpeare, hee
"Sung the faire bloſſome, thou the wither'd tree:
"Laurel is due to him; his art and wit
"Hath purchas'd it; cyprus thy brows will fit."

"Will you read Virgil?" ſays Carew in his Diſſertation on *The excellencie of the Engliſh tongue*, (publiſhed by Camden in his *Remaines*, 1614,) "take the earl of Surrey;" [he means Surrey's tranſlation of the ſecoud and fourth Æneid.] "*Catullus?* Shakeſpeare, and Marlowe's fragment."

In *A Remembrance of ſome Engliſh poets*, at the end of "The Complaints of Poetry," no date, the authour, after praiſing ſome other writers, thus ſpeaks of our poet:

"And Shakeſpeare, thou, whoſe honey-flowing vaine
"(Pleaſing the world) thy praiſes doth containe;
"Whoſe VENUS and whoſe LUCRECE, ſweet and chaſte,
"Thy name in fame's immortal booke have placte;
"Live ever you, at leaſt in fame live ever!
"Well may the body die, but fame die never."

To theſe teſtimonies I may add that of Edward Phillips, and perhaps that of Milton, his uncle; for it is highly probable that the elogium on

Shakſpeare, given in the *Theatrum Poetarum*, 1674, was either written or reviſed by our great epick poet. In Phillips's account of the modern poets our authour is thus deſcribed:

"WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, the glory of the Engliſh ſtage, whoſe nativity at Stratford upon Avon is the higheſt honour that town can boaſt of. From an actor of tragedies and comedies, he became a *maker*; and ſuch a maker, that though ſome others may perhaps preſerve a more exact *decorum* and *œconomie*, eſpecially in tragedy, never any expreſs'd a more lofty and tragick heighth, never any repreſented nature more purely to the life; and where the poliſhments of art are moſt wanting, (as perhaps his learning was not extraordinary,) he pleaſeth with a certain wild and native elegance; and in *all* his writings hath an unvulgar ſtyle, as well in his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Rape of Lucrece*, and other various poems, as in his dramaticks."

Let us, however, view theſe poems, uninfluenced by any authority.—To form a right judgment of any work, we ſhould always take into our conſideration the means by which it was executed, and the contemporary performances of others. The ſmaller pieces of Otway and Rowe add nothing to the reputation which they have acquired by their dramatick works, becauſe preceding writers had already produced happier compoſitions; and becauſe there were many poets, during the period in which Rowe and Otway exhibited their plays, who produced better poetry, not of the dramatick kind, than theirs: but, if we except Spenſer, what poet of Shakſpeare's age produced poems of equal, or nearly equal, excellence to thoſe before us? Did Turberville? Did Golding? Did Phaer? Did Drant? Did Googe? Did Churchyard? Did Fleming? Did Fraunce? Did Whetſtone? Did Gaſcoigne? Did Sidney? Did Marlowe, Naſhe, Kyd, Harrington, Lilly, Peele, Greene, Watſon, Breton, Chapman, Daniel, Drayton, Middleton or Jonſon? Sackville's *Induction* is the only ſmall piece of that age, that I recollect, which can ſtand in competition with them. If Marlowe had lived to finiſh his *Hero and Leander*, of which he wrote little more than the firſt two Seſtiads, he too perhaps might have conteſted the palm with Shakſpeare.

Concerning the length of theſe pieces, which is, I think, juſtly objected to, I ſhall at preſent only obſerve, that it was the faſhion of the day to write a great number of verſes on a very ſlight ſubject, and our poet in this as in many other inſtances adapted himſelf to the taſte of his own age.

It appears to me in the higheſt degree improbable that Shakſpeare had any *moral view* in writing this poem; Shakſpeare, who, (as Dr. Johnſon has juſtly obſerved,) generally "ſacrifices virtue to convenience, and is ſo much more careful to pleaſe than to inſtruct, that he ſeems to write without any moral purpoſe;"—who "carries his perſons indifferently through right and wrong, and at the cloſe diſmiſſes them without further care, and leaves their examples to operate by chance." As little probable is it, in my apprehenſion, that he departed on any ſettled principles from the mythological ſtory of Venus and Adonis. As well might we ſuppoſe, that in the conſtruction of his plays he deliberately deviated from the rules of Ariſtotle, (of which after the publi-

cation

cation of Sir Philip Sidney's Treatiſe he could not be ignorant,) with a view to produce a more animated and noble exhibition than Ariſtotle or his followers ever knew. His method of proceeding was, I apprehend, exactly ſimilar in both caſes; and he no more deviated from the claſſical repreſentation on any formed and digeſted plan, in the one caſe, than he neglected the unities in the other. He merely (as I conceive,) in the preſent inſtance, as in many others, followed the ſtory as he found it already treated by preceding Engliſh writers; for I am perſuaded that *The Sheepheard's Song of Venus and Adonis*, by Henry Conſtable, preceded the poem before us. Of this, it may be ſaid, no proof has been produced; and certainly I am at preſent unfurniſhed with the means of eſtabliſhing this fact, though I have myſelf no doubts upon the ſubject. But Marlowe, who indiſputably wrote before Shakſpeare, had in like manner repreſented Adonis as "inſenſible to the careſſes of tranſcendent beauty." In his *Hero and Leander* he thus deſcribes the lady's dreſs:

"The outſide of her garments were of lawne;
"The lining purple ſilke, with guilt ſtars drawne *;
"Her wide ſleeves greene, and border'd with a grove,
"Where *Venus in her naked glory ſtrove*
"*To pleaſe the careleſſe and diſdainful eyes*
"*Of proud Adonis*, that before her lies."

See alſo a pamphlet entitled *Never too late*, by Robert Green, A. M. 1590, in which the following madrigal is introduced:

"Sweet *Adon*, dar'ſt not glance thine eye
"*(N'oſeres vous, mon bel amy?)*
"Upon thy Venus that muſt die?
"*Je vous en prie*, pitty me:
"*N'oſeres vous, mon bel, mon bel,*
"*N'oſeres vous, mon bel amy?*

"See, how *ſad* thy Venus lies,
"*(N'oſeres vous, mon bel amy?)*
"Love in hart, and *tears in eyes*;
"*Je vous en prie*, pitty me.
"*N'oſeres vous, mon bel, mon bel,*
"*N'oſeres vous, mon bel amy?*

* * *

"All thy beauties ſting my heart;
"*(N'oſeres vous, mon bel amy?)*
"I muſt die through Cupid's dart;
"*Je vous en prie*, pitty me.
"*N'oſeres vous, mon bel, mon bel,*
"*N'oſeres vous, mon bel amy?*" &c.

I have not been able to aſcertain who it was that firſt gave ſo extra-

* — *with guilt ſtars* drawne;] By *drawne* I ſuppoſe the poet means, that ſtars were here and there *interſperſed*. So, in *Kind-Hartes Dreame*, a pamphlet written in 1592: "—his hoſe pain'd with yellow, *drawn* out with blew." MALONE.

ordinary a turn to this celebrated fable, but I suspect it to have proceeded from some of the Italian poets.

The poem already quoted, which I imagine was written by Henry Constable, being only found in a very scarce miscellany, entitled *England's Helicon*, quarto, 1600, I shall subjoin it. Henry Constable was the author of some sonnets prefixed to Sir Philip Sidney's *Defence of Poesie*, and is "worthily joined (says A. Wood,) with Sir Edward Dyer," some of whose verses are preserved in the *Paradise of Daintie Devises*, 1580.—Constable likewise wrote some sonnets printed in 1594, and some of his verses are cited in a miscellaneous collection entitled *England's Parnassus*, 1600. He was of St. John's college, in Cambridge, and took the degree of bachelor of arts in 1579. Edmund Bolton in his *Hypercritica*, (which appears to have been written after the year 1616, and remained in manuscript till 1722, when it was printed by Hall at the end of *Triveti Annales*,) has taken a view of some of our old English poets, and classes Constable with Gascoigne, Dyer, Warner and Thomas Sackville, earl of Dorset.—"Noble Henry Constable (says he,) was a great master of English tongue, nor had any gentleman of our nation a more pure, quick, or higher delivery of conceit; witness among all other, that sonnet of his before his majesty's *Lepanto*. I have not seen much of Sir Edward Dyer's poetry. Among the lesser late poets George Gascoigne's works may be endured. But the best of *those times*, (if *Albion's England* be not preferred,) is *The Mirrour of Magistrates*, and in that Mirrour, Sackville's *Induction*," &c.

The first eight lines of each stanza of the following poem ought perhaps rather to be printed in four, as the rhymes are in the present mode not so obvious; but I have followed the arrangement of the old copy, which probably was made by the author. MALONE.

THE SHEEPHEARDS SONG

OF

VENUS AND ADONIS.

VENUS faire did ride,
siluer doues they drew her,
By the pleasant lawnds,
ere the sunne did rise:
Vestaes beautie rich
open'd wide to view her;
Philomel records
pleasing harmonies.
Euery bird of spring
Cheerfully did sing,
Paphos' goddesse they salute:

Now

Now loues queene ſo faire
Had of mirth no care,
For her ſonne had made her mute:
In her breaſt ſo tender
He a ſhaft did enter,
When her eyes beheld a boy;
Adonis was he named,
By his mother ſhamed,
Yet he now is Venus' joy.

Him alone ſhe met,
ready bound for hunting;
Him ſhe kindly greets,
and his journey ſtayes:
Him ſhe ſeekes to kiſſe,
no deuiſes wanting;
Him her eyes ſtill wooe,
him her tongue ſtill prayes:
He with bluſhing red,
Hangeth downe the head,
Not a kiſſe can he afford;
His face is turn'd away,
Silence ſay'd her *nay*,
Still ſhe woo'd him for a word:
Speake, ſhee ſaid, thou faireſt,
Beautie thou impaireſt;
See mee, I am pale and wan:
Louers all adore mee,
I for loue implore thee;
Chriſtall teares with that downe ran:

Him heerewith ſhee forc'd
to come ſit downe by her;
Shee his necke embracde,
gazing in his face:
Hee, like one transform'd,
ſtir'd no looke to eye her.
Euery hearbe did wooe him,
growing in that place.
Each bird with a dittie,
Prayed him for pitty,
In behalfe of beauties queene;
Waters' gentle murmour
Craved him to loue her,
Yet no liking could be ſeene.

Boy,

Boy, ſhee ſay'd, looke on mee,
Still I gaze vpon thee;
Speake, I pray thee, my delight:
Coldly hee reply'd,
And in breefe deny'd
To beſtow on her a ſight,

I am now too young
to be wunne by beauty;
Tender are my yeeres;
I am yet a bud:
Fayre thou art, ſhee ſaid;
then it is thy dutie,
Wert thou but a bloſſome,
to effect my good.
Every beauteous flower
Boaſteth in my power,
Byrds and beaſts my lawes effect;
Mirrha, thy faire mother,
Moſt of any other,
Did my louely heſts reſpect.
Be with me delighted,
Thou ſhalt be requited,
Every Nimph on thee ſhall tend;
All the Gods ſhall loue thee,
Man ſhall not reproue thee,
Loue himſelfe ſhall be thy freend.

Wend thee from mee, Venus,
I am not diſpoſed;
Thou wringeſt mee too hard;
pree-thee, let me goe:
Fie! what a paine it is
thus to be encloſed?
If loue begin with labour,
it will end in woe.
Kiſſe mee, I will leaue;—
Heere, a kiſſe receiue;—
A ſhort kiſs I doe it find:
Wilt thou leaue me ſo?
Yet thou ſhalt not goe;
Breathe once more thy balmie wind:

It

It ſmelleth of the Mirh-tree,
That to the world did bring thee;
Neuer was perfume ſo ſweet.
When ſhe had thus ſpoken,
She gave him a token,
And theyr naked boſoms meet.

Now, hee ſayd, let's goe;
harke, the hounds are crying;
Grieſlie boare is vp,
huntsmen follow faſt;
At the name of boare
Venus ſeemed dying;
Deadly-coloured pale
roses ouer-caſt.
Speake, ſayd ſhee, no more
Of following the boare,
Thou unfit for ſuch a chaſe:
Courſe the fearfull hare,
Venſon doe not ſpare,
If thou wilt yeeld Venus grace.
Shun the boare, I pray thee,
Else I ſtill will ſtay thee:
Herein he vow'd to pleaſe her minde;
Then her armes enlarged,
Loth ſhee him diſcharged;
Forth he went as ſwift as winde.

Thetis Phœbus' ſteedes
in the weſt retained;
Hunting ſport was paſt,
Loue her loue did ſeeke:
Sight of him too ſoone
gentle queene ſhee gained;
On the ground he lay,
blood had left his cheeke:
For an orped ſwine
Smit him in the groyne;
Deadly wound his death did bring:
Which when Venus found,
Shee fell in a ſwound,
And, awake, her hands did wring.

Nimphs

Nimphs and Satires skipping
Came together tripping;
Eccho euery cry expreſt:
Venus by her power
Turn'd him to a flower,
Which ſhe weareth in her creaſt *.

H. C.

* —*in her* creaſt.] I ſuſpect this is a miſprint, and that the poet wrote *breaſt*.

The word *orped*, which occurs in this ſtanza, and of which I know not the derivation, is uſed by Golding, (as an anonymous writer has obſerved,) in his tranſlation of Ovid's *Metamorphoſes*, 1587, B. VIII.

" —Yet ſhould this hand of mine,
" Even maugre dame Diana's hart, confound this *orped* ſwine."

Again, in the thirteenth book:

" —the *orped* giant Polypheme."
Terribilem Polyphemum.

Again, in *A Herrings Tale: containing a poetical fiction of diverſe mattters worthy the reading*, quarto, 1598:

" Straight as two launces coucht by *orped* knights at reſt."

Gower uſes the word in like manner in his *Confeſſio Amantis*, 1554, B. I. fol. 22:

" That thei woll gette of their accord
" Some *orped* knight to ſle this lord."

So alſo Gawin Douglas in his tranſlation of *Virgil*, Æn. X.

" And how *orpit* and proudly ruſchis he
" Amid the Trojanis by favour of Mars, quod ſche."
—Turnuſque feratur
Per mediſos inſignis equo *tumiduſque* ſecundo
Marte ruat.

Orped ſeems to have ſignified, proud, ſwelling; and to have included largeneſs of ſize, as well as haughtineſs and fierceneſs of demeanour. Skinner dly enough conjectures that it is derived from *oripeau*, Fr. leaf-braſs, or tinſel; in conſequence of which in Cole's and Kerſey's dictionaries the word has been abſurdly interpreted *gilded*. MALONE.

L U C R E C E.

THE EPISTLE.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL of SOUTHAMPTON, and BARON of TICHFIELD.

THE love I dedicate to your lordſhip is without end; whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a ſuperfluous moiety [1]. The warrant I have of your honourable diſpoſition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it aſſured of acceptance. What I have done is yours; what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would ſhew greater; mean time, as it is, it is bound to your lordſhip, to whom I wiſh long life, ſtill lengthened with all happineſs.

Your lordſhip's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

[1] —*a ſuperfluous* moiety.] *Moiety* in our authour's time did not always ſignify *half*; it was ſometimes uſed indefinitely for a portion or part. See Vol. V, p. 195, n. 1. MALONE.

THE ARGUMENT[a].

Lucius Tarquinius (for his exceſſive pride ſurnamed Superbus) after he had cauſed his own father-in-law, Servius Tullius, to be cruelly murdered, and, contrary to the Roman laws and cuſtoms, not requiring or ſtaying for the people's ſuffrages, had poſſeſſed himſelf of the kingdom; went, accompanied with his ſons and other noblemen of Rome, to beſiege Ardea. During which ſiege, the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's ſon, in their diſcourſes after ſupper every one commended the virtues of his own wife; among whom, Collatinus extolled the incomparable chaſtity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleaſant humour they all poſted to Rome; and intending, by their ſecret and ſudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife (though it were late in the night) ſpinning amongſt her maids; the other ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in ſeveral diſports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius being inflamed with Lucrece' beauty, yet ſmothering his paſſions for the preſent, departed with the reſt back to the camp; from whence he ſhortly after privily withdrew himſelf, and was (according to his eſtate) royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The ſame night, he treacherouſly ſtealeth into her chamber, violently raviſhed her, and early in the morning ſpeedeth

[a] This argument appears to have been written by Shakſpeare, being prefixed to the original edition in 1594; and is a curioſity, this, and the two dedications to the earl of Southampton, being the only proſe compoſitions of our great poet (not in a dramatick form) now remaining.

To the edition of 1616, and that printed by Lintot in 1710, a ſhorter argument is likewiſe prefixed, under the name of *Contents*; which not being the production of our author, nor throwing any light on the poem, is now omitted. MALONE

away.

away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, haſtily diſpatcheth meſſengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius; and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cauſe of her ſorrow. She, firſt taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor, and whole manner of his dealing, and withal ſuddenly ſtabbed herſelf. Which done, with one concent they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins; and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective againſt the tyranny of the king: wherewith the people were ſo moved, that with one concent and a general acclamation the Tarquins were all exiled, and the ſtate government changed from kings to conſuls.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE[1].

FROM the beſieg'd Ardea all in poſt[2],
Borne by the truſtleſs wings of falſe deſire,
Luſt-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman hoſt,
And to Collatium bears the lightleſs fire
Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aſpire,
And girdle with embracing flames the waiſt
Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaſte.

Haply

[1] "A book entitled *The Raviſhment of Lucrece*," was entered on the Stationers' regiſter, by Mr. Harriſon, ſen. May 9, 1594, and the poem was firſt printed in quarto, in the ſame year. It was again publiſhed in ſmall octavo in 1598, 1600, and 1607. I have heard of editions of this piece likewiſe in 1596 and 1602, but I have not ſeen either of them. In 1616 another edition appeared, which in the title-page is ſaid to be *newly reviſed and corrected*. When this copy firſt came to my hands, it occurred to me, that our authour had perhaps an intention of reviſing and publiſhing all his works, (which his fellow-comedians in their preface to his plays ſeem to hint he would have done, if he had lived,) and that he began with this early production of his muſe, but was prevented by death from completing his ſcheme; for he died in the ſame year in which this *corrected* copy of *Lucrece* (as it is called) was printed. But on an attentive examination of this edition, I have not the leaſt doubt that the piece was reviſed by ſome other hand. It is ſo far from being correct, that it is certainly the moſt inaccurate and corrupt of all the ancient copies. In ſome paſſages emendations are attempted merely for the ſake of harmony; in others, a word of an ancient caſt is changed for one ſomewhat more modern; but moſt of the alterations ſeem to have been made, becauſe the reviſer did not underſtand the poet's meaning, and imagined he ſaw errours of the preſs, where in fact there were none. Of this the reader will find inſtances in the courſe of the following notes; for the variations of the editions are conſtantly ſet down. I may alſo add, that this copy (which all the modern editions have followed) appears manifeſtly to have been printed from the edition in 1607, the moſt incorrect of all thoſe that preceded, as being the moſt diſtant from the original, which there is

Haply that name of *chaſte* unhapp'ly ſet
This bateleſs edge on his keen appetite;
When Collatine unwiſely did not let[3]
To praiſe the clear unmatched red and white
Which triumph'd in that ſky of his delight;
Where mortal ſtars[4], as bright as heaven's beauties,
With pure aſpects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,
Unlock'd the treaſure of his happy ſtate;
What priceleſs wealth the heavens had him lent
In the poſſeſſion of his beauteous mate;
Reckoning his fortune at ſuch high-proud rate,

reaſon to ſuppoſe was publiſhed under the authour's immediate inſpection. Had he undertaken the taſk of reviſing and correcting any part of his works, he would ſurely have made his own edition, and not a very inaccurate re-impreſſion of it, the baſis of his improvements.

The ſtory on which this poem is formed, is related by Dion. Halicarnaſſenſis, lib. iv. c. 72; by Livy, lib. i. c. 57, 58; and by Ovid, *Faſt.* lib. ii. Diodorus Siculus and Dion Caſſius have alſo related it. The hiſtorians differ in ſome minute particulars.

The Legend of Lucretia is found in Chaucer. In 1558 was entered on the Stationers' books, "*A ballet* called The grevious complaint of Lucrece," licenſed to John Alde: and in 1569 was licenſed to James Roberts, "A ballad of the death of Lucryſſia." There was alſo a ballad of the legend of Lucrece, printed in 1576. Some of theſe, Mr. Warton thinks, probably ſuggeſted this ſtory to our authour. "Lucretia (he adds,) was the grand example of conjugal fidelity throughout the gothick ages."

Since the former edition, I have obſerved that Painter has inſerted the ſtory of Lucrece in the firſt volume of his *Palace of Pleaſure*, 1567, on which I make no doubt our authour formed his poem. This ſtory is likewiſe told in Lydgate's FALL OF PRINCES. MALONE.

[2] —*all* in poſt,] So, in Painter's Novel:—"Let us take our horſe to prove which of oure wives doth ſurmount. Whereuppon they roode to Rome *in poſt*." MALONE.

[3] —*did not* let] Did not *forbear*. MALONE.

[4] *Where mortal* ſtars,—] i. e. eyes. Our authour has the ſame alluſion in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*:

"—who more engilds the night,
"Than all yon firy o's and *eyes* of light."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"At my poor houſe look to behold this night
"*Earth treading ſtars*, that make dark heaven light."

MALONE.

That

That kings might be eſpouſed to more fame,
But king nor peer to ſuch a peerleſs dame [5].

O happineſs enjoy'd but of a few!
And, if poſſeſs'd, as ſoon decay'd and done [6]
As is the morning's ſilver-melting dew [7]
Againſt the golden ſplendour of the ſun!
An expir'd date, cancel'd ere well begun [8]:
Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,
Are weakly fortreſs'd from a world of harms.

5 *Reckoning his fortune at ſuch* high-proud *rate,*
That kings might be eſpouſed to more fame,
But king nor peer *to ſuch a peerleſs dame.*] Thus the quarto, 1594, and three ſubſequent editions. The octavo, 1616, reads:
——at *ſo* high *a* rate,
and in the next line but one,
But king nor *prince* to ſuch a peerleſs dame.
The alteration in the firſt line was probably made in conſequence of the editor's not being ſufficiently converſant with Shakſpeare's compounded words; (thus, in *All's Well that ends Well*, we find *high*-repented blames; and in *Twelfth Night*, *high* fantaſtical;) in the laſt, to avoid that jingle which the authour ſeems to have conſidered as a beauty, or received as a faſhion. MALONE.

6 —*as ſoon decay'd and* done—] *Done* is frequently uſed by our ancient writers in the ſenſe of *conſumed*. So, in *Venus and Adonis*, p. 49.
" —waſted, thaw'd, and *done*,
" As mountain ſnow melts with the mid-day ſun." MALONE.

7 *As* is *the morning's ſilver-melting-dew,*] The octavo 1616, and the modern editions, read corruptedly:
As *if* the morning's ſilver-melting dew. MALONE.

8 *An expir'd date, cancel'd ere well begun:*] Thus the quarto, 1594, the editions of 1598, 1600, and 1607. That of 1616 reads, apparently for the ſake of ſmoother verſification:
A date expir'd, *and* cancel'd ere begun.
Our authour ſeems to have remembered Daniel's *Complaint of Roſamond*, 1592:
" Thou muſt not thinke thy flowre can always floriſh,
" And that thy *beauty* will be ſtill admir'd,
" But that thoſe rayes which all theſe flames do nouriſh,
" *Cancell'd* with time, will have their *date expir'd.*"
Again, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*:
" Diana's temple is not diſtant far,
" Where you may 'bide untill your *date expire.*" MALONE.
So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
" ——and *expire the term*
" Of a deſpiſed life." STEEVENS.

Beauty itſelf doth of itſelf perſuade
The eyes of men without an orator [9];
What needeth then apology be made,
To ſet forth that which is ſo ſingular?
Or why is Collatine the publiſher
Of that rich jewel he ſhould keep unknown
From thieviſh ears, becauſe it is his own [1]?

Perchance his boaſt of Lucrece' ſovereignty
Suggeſted this proud iſſue of a king [2];
For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be:
Perchance that envy of ſo rich a thing,
Braving compare, diſdainfully did ſting
His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men ſhould vaunt
The golden hap which their ſuperiors want.

But ſome untimely thought did inſtigate
His all-too-timeleſs ſpeed, if none of thoſe:
His honour, his affairs, his friends, his ſtate,

9 *Beauty itſelf doth of itſelf perſuade*
The eyes of men without an orator;] So, Daniel, in his *Roſamond*, 1594:

" ——whoſe power doth move the blood
" More than the words or wiſdom of the wiſe."

Again, in *The Martial Maid*, by B. and Fletcher:

" —ſilent orators, to move beyond
" The honey-tongued rhetorician." STEEVENS.

1 —*why is Collatine the publiſher*
Of that rich jewel he ſhould keep unknown
From thieviſh ears, *becauſe it is his own?*] Thus the old copy. The modern editions read: From thieviſh *cares*—. MALONE.

The conduct of Lucretia's huſband is here made to reſemble that of Poſthumus in *Cymbeline*. The preſent ſentiment occurs likewiſe in *Much ado about Nothing*: " —The flat tranſgreſſion of a ſchool-boy; who being over-joyed with finding a bird's neſt, ſhows it his companion, and he ſteals it." STEEVENS.

2 Suggeſted *this proud iſſue of a king*;] *Suggeſted*, I think, here means *tempted*, prompted, inſtigated. So, in *K. Richard II*:

" What Eve, what ſerpent, hath *ſuggeſted* thee,
" To make a ſecond fall of curſed man?"

Again, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

" Theſe heavenly eyes that look into theſe faults,
" *Suggeſted us to make.*" MALONE.

Neglected all, with swift intent he goes
To quench the coal which in his liver glows [3].
O rash-false heat, wrapt in repentant cold [4],
Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old [5]!

When at Collatium this false lord arriv'd,
Well was he welcom'd by the Roman dame,
Within whose face beauty and virtue striv'd
Which of them both should underprop her fame:
When virtue bragg'd, beauty would blush for shame;

3 —*which in his liver* glows.] Thus the quarto, 1594. Some of the modern editions have *grows*.—The liver was formerly supposed to be the seat of love. MALONE.

4 —*wrapt in* repentant *cold*,] The octavo, 1600, reads:

—wrapt in *repentance* cold,

but it was evidently an errour of the press. The first copy has *repentant*. MALONE.

To quench the coal *which in his liver* glows.

—*wrapt in* repentant cold,] So, in *K. John*:

"There is no malice in this burning *coal*;
"The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
"And strew'd *repentant* ashes on his head" STEEVENS.

5 *Thy hasty spring still* blasts, *and ne'er grows old!*] Like a too early spring, which is frequently checked by *blights*, and never produces any ripened or wholesome fruit, the irregular forwardness of an unlawful passion never gives any solid or permanent satisfaction. So, in a subsequent stanza:

"Unruly *blasts* wait on the tender *spring*."

Again, in *Hamlet*:

"For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
"Hold it a fashion and a toy of blood;
"A violet in the *youth of primy* nature,
"*Forward*, not *permanent*; *sweet*, not *lasting*;
"The perfume and suppliance of a minute:
"No more."

Again, in *King Richard III*:

"*Short summers* lightly have a *forward spring*."

Blasts is here a neutral verb; it is used by Sir W. Raleigh in the same manner, in his poem entitled the *Farewell*:

"Tell age, it daily wasteth;
"Tell honour, how it alters;
"Tell beauty, that *it blasteth*;" &c.

In *Venus and Adonis* we find nearly the same sentiment:

"Love's gentle spring doth alway fresh remain;
"Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done." MALONE.

When

When beauty boasted blushes, in despite
Virtue would stain that o'er with silver white [6].

But beauty, in that white intituled [7],
From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field;
Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,
Which virtue gave the golden age, to gild
Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield;
Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,—
When shame assail'd, the red should fence the white.

[6] *Virtue would stain that* o'er *with silver white.*] The original edition exhibits this line thus:

Virtue would stain that *ore* with silver white.

Ore might certainly have been intended for *o'er*, (as it is printed in the text,) the word *over*, when contracted, having been formerly written *ore*. But in this way the passage is not reducible to grammar. Virtue would stain *that*, i. e. *blushes*, o'er with silver white.—The word intended was, perhaps *or*, i. e. gold, to which the poet compares the deep colour of a *blush*.

Thus in *Hamlet* we find *ore* used by our authour manifestly in the sense of *or* or gold:

"O'er whom his very madness, like some *ore*
"Among a mineral of metals base,
"Shews itself pure."

The terms of heraldry in the next stanza seem to favour this supposition; and the opposition between *or* and the *silver* white of virtue is entirely in Shakspeare's manner. So, afterwards:

"Which virtue gave the *golden* age, to gild
"Their *silver* cheeks—." MALONE.

Shakspeare delights in opposing the colours of *gold* and *silver* to each other. So, in *Macbeth*:

"His *silver* skin lac'd with his *golden* blood."

We meet with a description, allied to the present one, in *Much ado about Nothing*:

"——I have mark'd
"A thousand *blushing* apparitions
"To start into her face; a thousand *innocent* shames
"In angel *whiteness* bear away those *blushes*." STEEVENS.

[7] —*in that white* intituled,] I suppose he means, *that consists in that whiteness*, or takes its *title* from it. STEEVENS.

Our authour has the same phrase in his 37th *Sonnet*:

"For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
"Or any of these all, or all, or more,
"*Intitled* in their parts, do crowned sit,—." MALONE.

This

This heraldry in Lucrece' face was ſeen,
Argued by beauty's red, and virtue's white.
Of either's colour was the other queen,
Proving from world's minority their right:
Yet their ambition makes them ſtill to fight;
The ſovereignty of either being ſo great,
That oft they interchange each other's ſeat.

This ſilent war of lilies and of roſes,
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field[8],
In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloſes[9];
Where, leſt between them both it ſhould be kill'd,
The coward captive vanquiſhed doth yield
To thoſe two armies, that would let him go,
Rather than triumph in ſo falſe a foe.

Now thinks he that her huſband's ſhallow tongue
(The niggard prodigal that prais'd her ſo)
In that high taſk hath done her beauty wrong,

[8] —*in her fair face's* field,] *Field* is here equivocally uſed. The *war* of lilies and roſes requires a *field* of battle; the *heraldry* in the preceding ſtanza demands another field, i. e. the ground or ſurface of a ſhield or eſcutcheon armorial. STEEVENS.

[9] *This ſilent* war *of lilies and of roſes,*
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,
In their *pure* ranks *his traitor eye encloſes;*] There is here much confuſion of metaphor. *War* is, in the firſt line, uſed merely to ſignify the *conteſt* of lilies and roſes for ſuperiority; and in the third, as actuating an *army* which takes Tarquin priſoner, and encloſes his eye in the pure *ranks* of *white* and *red*.

Our authour has the ſame expreſſion in *Coriolanus*:

" ——Our veil'd dames
" Commit the *war* of *white* and *damaſk* in
" Their nicely-gauded cheeks, to the wanton ſpoil
" Of Phœbus' burning kiſſes."

Again, in *Venus and Adonis*:

" To note the *fighting conflict* of her hue,
" How *white and red* each other did deſtroy."— MALONE.

So, in *The Taming of a Shrew*:

" Haſt thou beheld a freſher gentlewoman?
" Such *war of white and red* within her cheeks!"

Again, in *Venus and Adonis*:

" O, what a *war* of looks was then between them!" STEEV.

Which

Which far exceeds his barren ſkill to ſhow:
Therefore that praiſe which Collatine doth owe[1],
Enchanted Tarquin anſwers with ſurmiſe,
In ſilent wonder of ſtill-gazing eyes.

This earthly ſaint, adored by this devil,
Little ſuſpecteth the falſe worſhipper;
For unſtain'd thoughts do ſeldom dream on evil;
Birds never lim'd no ſecret buſhes fear[2]:
So guiltleſs ſhe ſecurely gives good cheer
And reverend welcome to her princely gueſt,
Whoſe inward ill no outward harm expreſs'd:

For that he colour'd with his high eſtate,
Hiding baſe ſin in plaits of majeſty[3];
That nothing in him ſeem'd inordinate,
Save ſometime too much wonder of his eye,
Which, having all, all could not ſatisfy;
But, poorly rich, ſo wanteth in his ſtore,
That cloy'd with much, he pineth ſtill for more.

But ſhe, that never cop'd with ſtranger eyes[4],
Could pick no meaning from their parling looks[5],
Nor read the ſubtle-ſhining ſecrecies
Writ in the glaſſy margents of ſuch books[6];
She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooks;

Nor

1 *Therefore that* praiſe *which Collatine doth owe,*] *Praiſe* here ſignifies *the object of praiſe*, i. e. Lucretia. *To owe* in old language means *to poſſeſs*. See Vol. II. p. 24, n. 1, and p. 160, n. 3. MALONE.

2 Birds *never* lim'd *no ſecret* buſhes fear:] So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III:

"The *bird* that hath been *limed* in a *buſh*,
"With trembling wings *miſdoubteth* every *buſh*." STEEVENS.

3 Hiding *baſe ſin in* plaits of majeſty:] So, in *King Lear*:

"*Robes* and furr'd gowns *hide all*." STEEVENS.

4 —*with ſtranger eyes,*] *Stranger* is here uſed as an adjective. So, in *K. Richard II*:

"And tread the *ſtranger* paths of baniſhment." MALONE.

5 Could pick no meaning from their *parling looks,*] So, Daniel in his *Roſamond*:

"Ah beauty, Syren, fair enchanting good!
"Sweet ſilent *rhetorick* of perſuading *eyes!*" MALONE.

6 *Writ in the glaſſy* margents *of ſuch* books;] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"And

Nor could she moralize his wanton sight[7],
More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame,
Won in the fields of fruitful Italy;
And decks with praises Collatine's high name,
Made glorious by his manly chivalry
With bruised arms and wreaths of victory[8];
Her joy with heav'd-up hand she doth express,
And wordless, so greets heaven for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming thither,
He makes excuses for his being there.
No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather
Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear;
Till sable Night, mother of Dread and Fear,
Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
And in her vaulty prison stows the day[9].

For

" And what obscur'd in this fair *volume* lies,
" Find written in the *margin* of his *eyes*."

Again, in *Hamlet*:

" I knew you must be edified by the *margent*, ere you had done." In all our ancient English books, the comment is printed in the margin. MALONE.

[7] *Nor could she* moralize *his wanton sight*,] To *moralize* here signifies to *interpret*, to investigate the latent meaning of his looks. So, in *Much ado about Nothing*: " You have some *moral* in this Benedictus." Again, in *The Taming of the Shrew*: "—and has left me here to expound the meaning or *moral* of his signs and tokens." See also Vol. VII. p. 529, n. 7. MALONE.

[8] *With* bruised arms *and* wreaths *of* victory:] So, in *K. Richard III*:

" Now are our brows bound with *victorious wreaths*,
" Our *bruised arms* hung up for monuments." MALONE.

[9] *Till sable Night*, mother *of Dread and Fear*,
Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
And in her vaulty prison stows *the day*.] So, Daniel in his *Rosamond*, 1592:

" Com'd was the *night*, *mother* of sleep and *fear*,
" Who with her *sable* mantle friendly covers
" The sweet stolne sports of joyful meeting lovers."

Thus the quarto, 1594, and the three subsequent editions. The octavo, 1616, without any authority, reads thus:

Till sable night, *sad source* of dread and fear,
Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
And in her vaulty prison *shuts* the day. MALONE.

Stows

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,
Intending wearineſs with heavy ſpright[1];
For, after ſupper, long he queſtioned
With modeſt Lucrece[2], and wore out the night:
Now leaden ſlumber[3] with life's ſtrength doth fight;
And every one to reſt himſelf betakes,
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds, that wakes[4].

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving
The ſundry dangers of his will's obtaining;
Yet ever to obtain his will reſolving,
Though weak-built hopes perſuade him to abſtaining:
Deſpair to gain, doth traffick oft for gaining;
And when great treaſure is the meed propos'd,
Though death be adjunct[5], there's no death ſuppos'd.

Stows I believe to be the true, though the leaſt elegant, reading: So, in *Hamlet*, Act IV. ſc. i: "*Safely ſtow'd.*" STEEVENS.

[1] Intending *wearineſs with heavy ſpright*;] *Intending* is *pretending*. See Vol. VII. p. 540, n. 5. MALONE.

[2] *For, after ſupper, long he* queſtioned
With modeſt Lucrece,—] Held a long converſation. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:
"I pray you, think you *queſtion* with the Jew."
Again, in *As you Like it*: "I met the duke yeſterday, and had much *queſtion* with him." MALONE.

[3] —*leaden ſlumber*—] So, in *K. Richard III.*:
"Laſt *leaden ſlumber* peiſe me down to-morrow." STEEVENS.

[4] *And every one to reſt* himſelf betakes,
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds, that wakes.] Thus the quarto. The octavo 1600, reads:—*themſelves betake*, and in the next line:
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds that *wake*.
But the firſt copy was right. This diſregard of concord is not uncommon in our ancient poets. So, in our authour's *Venus and Adonis*:
"—two *lamps* burnt out in darkneſs *lies*."
Again in *the Tempeſt*, 1623:
"—at this hour
"*Lies* at my mercy all mine *enemies*."
See p. 96, n. 9. MALONE.

[5] *Though* death *be* adjunct,] So, in *King John*:
"Though that my *death* were *adjunct* to the act." STEEVENS.

Thoſe

Thoſe that much covet, are with gain ſo fond,
That what they have not, (that which they poſſeſs [6],)
They ſcatter and unlooſe it from their bond,
And ſo, by hoping more, they have but leſs;
Or, gaining more, the profit of exceſs
Is but to ſurfeit, and ſuch griefs ſuſtain,
That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich gain.

The aim of all is but to nurſe the life
With honour, wealth, and eaſe, in waining age;
And in this aim there is ſuch thwarting ſtrife,
That one for all, or all for one we gage;
As life for honour, in fell battles' rage;
Honour for wealth; and oft that wealth doth coſt
The death of all, and all together loſt.

[6] *That* what *they have not, (that which they poſſeſs,)*] Thus the quarto, 1594. The edition of 1616 reads:

Thoſe that much covet, are with gain ſo fond,
That *oft* they have not that which they poſſeſs;
They ſcatter and unlooſe it, &c.

The alteration is plauſible, but not neceſſary. If it be objected to the reading of the firſt copy, that theſe miſers cannot ſcatter *what they have not*, (which they are made to do, as the text now ſtands,) it ſhould be obſerved, that the ſame objection lies to the paſſage as regulated in the latter edition; for here alſo they are ſaid to ſcatter and unlooſe it," &c. although in the preceding line they were ſaid "oft *not to have it.*" Poetically ſpeaking, they may be ſaid to ſcatter *what they have not*, i. e. what they cannot be *truly* ſaid to have; what they do not *enjoy*, though *poſſeſſ'd* of it. Underſtanding the words in this ſenſe, the old reading may remain.

A ſimilar phraſeology is found in Daniel's *Roſamond*, 1592:

"As wedded widows, *wanting* what we *have.*"

Again, in *Cleopatra*, a tragedy, by the ſame authour, 1594:

"—their ſtate thou ill defineſt,
"And liv'ſt to come, in preſent pineſt;
"*For what thou haſt, thou ſtill doſt lacke:*
"O mindes tormentor, bodies wracke:
"Vaine promiſer of that ſweete reſte,
"Which never any yet poſſeſt."

"*Tam avaro deeſt quod habet, quam quod non habet,*" is one of the ſentences of Publius Syrus. MALONE.

So

So that in vent'ring ill[7], we leave to be
The things we are, for that which we expect;
And this ambitious foul infirmity,
In having much, torments us with defect
Of that we have: so then we do neglect
The thing we have; and, all for want of wit,
Make something nothing, by augmenting it[8].

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,
Pawning his honour to obtain his lust;
And, for himself, himself he must forsake:
Then where is truth, if there be no self-trust?
When shall he think to find a stranger just,
When he himself himself confounds *, betrays
To slanderous tongues, and wretched hateful days[9]?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night[1],
When heavy sleep had clos'd up mortal eyes;
No comfortable star did lend his light,
No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries:
Now serves the season that they may surprise.

The

[7] *So that in vent'ring* ill,—] Thus the old copy. The modern editions read:

So that in vent'ring *all*,——

But there is no need of change. *In venturing ill*, means, *from an* evil *spirit of* adventure, *which prompts us to covet what we are not possessed of.* MALONE.

[8] Make *something* nothing, *by* augmenting *it.*] Thus, in *Macbeth*:

" ——so I *lose* no honour
" By seeking to *augment* it," &c. STEEVENS.

* —*himself* confounds,] i. e. destroys. See Vol. V. p. 506, n. 4. MALONE.

[9] —*and wretched hateful* days?] The modern editions read, unintelligibly:

To slanderous tongues, *the* wretched hateful *lays*. MALONE.

[1] *Now stole upon the time the dead of night*, &c.] So, in *Macbeth*:

" ——Now o'er the one half world
" Nature seems *dead*, and wicked *dreams abuse*
" *The curtain'd sleep*: now witchcraft celebrates
" Pale Hecat's offerings; and wither'd *murder*,
" Alarum'd by his sentinel, the *wolf*,
" Whose *howl's* his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
" With Tarquin's ravishing sides, towards his design
" Moves like a ghost." MALONE.

Now

The silly lambs; pure thoughts are dead and still,
While lust and murder wake, to stain and kill.

And now this lustful lord leap'd from his bed,
Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm;
Is madly toss'd between desire and dread;
The one sweetly flatters, the other feareth harm;
But honest Fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul charm,
Doth too too oft betake him to retire[2],
Beaten away by brain-sick rude Desire.

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth,
That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly;
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye[3];
And to the flame thus speaks advisedly:
As from this cold flint I enforc'd this fire,
So Lucrece must I force to my desire[4].

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate
The dangers of his loathsome enterprise,
And in his inward mind he doth debate

What

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,
When heavy sleep *had* clos'd *up mortal* eyes;
No comfortable star *did lend his light*—
——pure thoughts are dead and still,
While lust *and murder* wake—] From this and two following passages in the poem before us, it is hardly possible to suppose but that Mr. Rowe had been perusing it before he sat down to write *The Fair Penitent*:

" Once in a *lone and secret hour of night*,
" When every *eye* was *clos'd*, and the pale moon,
" And silent *stars*—
" Fierceness and pride, *the guardians of her honour*,
" *Were lull'd to rest*, and *love* alone was *waking*." STEEVENS.

[2] *Doth too too oft betake* him *to retire*,] That is, *Fear* betakes *himself* to flight. MALONE.

[3] —lode-star *to his lustful eye*;] So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:
" Your eyes are *lode stars*—" STEEVENS.

[4] *As from this cold flint I enforc'd this fire,*
So Lucrece must I force to my desire.]

What following ſorrow may on this ariſe:
Then looking ſcornfully, he doth deſpiſe
His naked armour of ſtill-ſlaughter'd luſt[5],
And juſtly thus controls his thoughts unjuſt.

Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not
To darken her whoſe light excelleth thine[6]!
And die, unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot
With your uncleanneſs that which is divine!
Offer pure incenſe to ſo pure a ſhrine:
Let fair humanity abhor the deed
That ſpots and ſtains love's modeſt ſnow-white weed[7],

O ſhame to knighthood and to ſhining arms!
O foul diſhonour to my houſhold's grave!
O impious act, including all foul harms!
A martial man to be ſoft fancy's ſlave[8]!
True valour ſtill a true reſpect ſhould have;
Then my digreſſion[9] is ſo vile, ſo baſe,
That it will live engraven in my face.

" Limus ut hic dureſcit, et hæc ut cera liqueſcit,
" Uno eodemque igni; ſic noſtro Daphnis amore.
Virg. Ec. 8. STEEVENS.

5 —*armour of ſtill-ſlaughter'd luſt,*] i. e. ſtill ſlaughtering; unleſs the poet means to deſcribe it as a paſſion that is always a killing, but never dies. STEEVENS.

6 *Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not*
To darken her whoſe light excelleth thine!] In *Othello*, we meet with the ſame play of terms:
" Put out the *light*, and then put out *the light*:—
" If I quench thee," &c. MALONE.

7 —*love's modeſt ſnow-white* weed.] *Weed*, in old language, is *garment*. MALONE.

8 —*ſoft* fancy's *ſlave!*] *Fancy* for *love* or *affection*. So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*:
" Wiſhes and tears, poor *fancy's* followers." MALONE.

9 *Then my* digreſſion—] My deviation from virtue. So, in *Love's Labour's Leſt*: " I will have that ſubject newly writ o'er, that I may example my *digreſſion* by ſome mighty precedent." MALONE.
Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
" Thy noble ſhape is but a form in wax,
" *Digreſſing* from the valour of a man." STEEVENS.

Yea,

Yea, though I die, the ſcandal will ſurvive,
And be an eye-ſore in my golden coat;
Some loathſome dath the herald will contrive[1],
To cipher me, how fondly I did dote;
That my poſterity, ſham'd with the note,
Shall curſe my bones, and hold it for no ſin
To wiſh that I their father had not been.

What win I, if I gain the thing I ſeek?
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy.
Who buys a minute's mirth, to wail a week[2]?
Or ſells eternity, to get a toy?
For one ſweet grape who will the vine deſtroy?
Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,
Would with the ſceptre ſtraight be ſtrucken down?

If Collatinus dream of my intent,
Will he not wake, and in a deſperate rage
Poſt hither, this vile purpoſe to prevent?
This ſiege that hath engirt his marriage,
This blur to youth, this ſorrow to the ſage,
This dying virtue, this ſurviving ſhame,
Whoſe crime will bear an ever-during blame?

[1] —*the ſcandal will ſurvive,*
And be an eye-ſore in my golden coat;
Some loathſome dath *the herald will contrive,*] In the books of heraldry a particular mark of diſgrace is mentioned, by which the eſcutcheons of thoſe perſons were anciently diſtinguiſhed, who "*diſcourteouſly uſed a widow, maid, or wife, againſt her will.*" There were likewiſe formerly marks of diſgrace for him "*that reuoked a challenge, or went from his word; for him who fled from his colours,* &c. In the preſent inſtance our authour ſeems to allude to the mark firſt mentioned. MALONE.
Some loathſome dath *the herald will contrive,*] So, in *King John*:
" To look into the *blots* and ſtains of right."
Again, in Drayton's *Epiſtle from Sym. Iſabel to King Richard II*:
" No baſtard's *mark* hath blur my conqu'ring ſhield."
This diſtinction, whatever it was, was called in ancient heraldry a *blot* or difference. STEEVENS.

[2] *Who buys a minute's mirth, to wail a week?*] So, in *K. Rich. III*:
" Eighty odd years of ſorrow have I ſeen,
" And each hour joy wreck'd with *a week of teen.*" STEEV.
Again, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*:
" Whoſe heavy *more* for a minute's eaſe." MALONE.

O, what excuſe can my invention make,
When thou ſhalt charge me with ſo black a deed?
Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints ſhake?
Mine eyes forego their light, my falſe heart bleed?
The guilt being great, the fear doth ſtill exceed;
And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,
But coward-like with trembling terrour die.

Had Collatinus kill'd my ſon or ſire,
Or lain in ambuſh to betray my life,
Or were he not my dear friend, this deſire
Might have excuſe to work upon his wife;
As in revenge or quittal of ſuch ſtrife:
But as he is my kinſman, my dear friend[3],
The ſhame and fault finds no excuſe nor end.

Shameful it is;—ay, if the fact be known[4]:
Hateful it is;—there is no hate in loving:
I'll beg her love;—*but ſhe is not her own:*
The worſt is but denial, and reproving:
My will is ſtrong, paſt reaſon's weak removing:
Who fears a ſentence, or an old man's ſaw,
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe[5].

Thus, graceleſs, holds he diſputation
'Tween frozen conſcience and hot burning will,
And with good thoughts makes diſpenſation,

3 *But* as he is my kinſman, *my dear friend,*] So, in *Macbeth*:
"Firſt, *as I am his kinſman,* and his ſubject,
"Strong both againſt the deed;—." STEEVENS.

4 *Shameful it is*;—ay, *if the fact be known:*] Thus all the editions before that of 1616, which reads:
Shameful it is; if *once* the fact be known.
The words in Italicks in the firſt three lines of this ſtanza, are ſuppoſed to be ſpoken by ſome airy monitor. MALONE.

5 *Who fears a ſentence, or an old man's ſaw,*
Shall by a painted cloth *be kept in awe.*] In the old tapeſtries or *painted cloths* many moral ſentences were wrought. So, in *If this be not a good Play, the Devil is in't*, by Decker, 1612:
"What *ſays* the prodigal child in the *painted cloth?*"
See Vol. III. p. 179, n. 9. MALONE.

Urging

Urging the worſer ſenſe for vantage ſtill;
Which in a moment doth confound and kill
All pure effects [6], and doth ſo far proceed,
That what is vile ſhows like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he, ſhe took me kindly by the hand,
And gaz'd for tidings in my eager eyes;
Fearing ſome hard news [7] from the warlike band
Where her beloved Collatinus lies.
O, how her fear did make her colour riſe!
Firſt red as roſes that on lawn we lay [8],
Then white as lawn, the roſes took away [9].

And how her hand, in my hand being lock'd [1],
Forc'd it to tremble with her loyal fear!
Which ſtruck her ſad, and then it faſter rock'd,
Until her huſband's welfare ſhe did hear;
Whereat ſhe ſmiled with ſo ſweet a cheer,
That had Narciſſus ſeen her as ſhe ſtood,
Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

Why hunt I then for colour or excuſes?
All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth;
Poor wretches have remorſe in poor abuſes;

6 *All pure* effects,—] Perhaps we ſhould read *affects*. So, in *Othello*:
" —the young *affects*
" In me *defunct*—". STEEVENS.

7 *Fearing ſome* hard *news*—] So, *in the Deſtruction of Troy*, tranſlated by W. Caxton, 5th edit. 1617: " Why, is there any thing (ſaid Deyanira)? what tydings? Lycos aunſwered, *hard tydings*."
MALONE.

8 So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
" —this is *ſtiff* news."
The modern editors read—*bad* news. STEEVENS.

9 —*red as roſes that on lawn we lay*,] So, in *Venus and Adonis*:
" —a ſudden pale,
" Like *lawn* being *laid* upon the bluſhing *roſe*." MALONE.

9 —*the roſes* took away.] The roſes *being taken away*. MALONE.

1 *And* how *her hand, in my hand being lock'd*,] Thus all the editions before that of 1616, which has:
And *now* her hand, &c. MALONE.

Love thrives not in the heart that ſhadows dreadeth:
Affection is my captain, and he leadeth;
And when his gawdy banner is diſplay'd[2],
The coward fights, and will not be diſmay'd.

Then childiſh fear, avaunt! debating, die!
Reſpect and reaſon, wait on wrinkled age![3]
My heart ſhall never countermand mine eye:
Sad pauſe and deep regard beſeem the ſage[4];
My part is youth, and beats theſe from the ſtage[5]:
Deſire my pilot is, beauty my prize;
Then who fears ſinking, where ſuch treaſure lies?

As corn o'er-grown by weeds, ſo heedful fear
Is almoſt chok'd by unreſiſted luſt[6].
Away he ſteals with open liſtening ear,

Full

2 *And when* his *gaudy banner is diſplay'd,*] Thus the quarto, 1594. The edition of 1616 reads—*this* gawdy banner; and in the former part of the ſtanza, *pleads* and *dreads*, inſtead of *pleadeth* and *dreadeth*. MALONE.

3 *Then childiſh fear, avaunt! debating, die!*
Reſpect *and reaſon, wait on wrinkled age,* &c.] So, in *K. Rich. III*:
" —I have learn'd that fearful commenting
" Is leaden ſervitor to dull delay;—
" Then firy expedition be my guide!"
Reſpect means, cautious prudence, that coolly weighs all conſequences. So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*, Act II. ſc. i:
" ——reaſon and *reſpect*
" Make livers pale, and luſtihood deject."
See p. 57, n. *. MALONE.

4 Sad *pauſe and deep regard beſeem the ſage;*] *Sad*, in ancient language, is *grave*. So, in *Much ado about Nothing*:
" The conference was *ſadly* borne." MALONE.

5 My part *is youth, and beats theſe from the* ſtage:] The poet ſeems to have had the conflicts between the Devil and the *Vice* of the old moralities, in his thoughts. In theſe, the *Vice* was always victorious, and drove the Devil roaring off the ſtage. MALONE.

My part is youth,—] Probably the poet was thinking on that particular interlude intitled *Luſty Juventus*. STEEVENS.

6 ——*heedful fear*
Is almoſt chok'd *by unreſiſted luſt.*] Thus the old copy. So, in *K. Henry IV*:
" And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd
" *Chok'd* the reſpect of likely peril *fear'd*."

Full of foul hope, and full of fond miſtruſt;
Both which, as ſervitors to the unjuſt,
So croſs him with their oppoſite perſuaſion,
That now he vows a league, and now invaſion.

Within his thought her heavenly image ſits,
And in the ſelf-ſame ſeat ſits Collatine:
That eye which looks on her, confounds his wits;
That eye which him beholds, as more divine,
Unto a view ſo falſe will not incline;
But with a pure appeal ſeeks to the heart,
Which once corrupted, takes the worſer part;

And therein heartens up his ſervile powers,
Who, flatter'd by their leader's jocund ſhow,
Stuff up his luſt, as minutes fill up hours[7];
And as their captain, ſo their pride doth grow,
Paying more ſlaviſh tribute than they owe.
By reprobate deſire thus madly led,
The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed[8].

The locks between her chamber and his will,
Each one by him enforc'd, retires his ward[9];
But as they open, they all rate his ill,

So alſo, Dryden:

"No fruitful crop the ſickly fields return,
"But docks and darnel *choke* the riſing corn."

The modern editions erroneouſly read:

——*cloak'd* by unreſiſted luſt. STEEVENS.

[7] *Stuff up his luſt, as* minutes fill up hours;] So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III:

"——to ſee the *minutes* how they run,
"How many make the *hour* full-complete." MALONE.

[8] *The Roman lord* marcheth *to Lucrece' bed.*] Thus the quarto 1594. The edition of 1616 reads—*doth march.* MALONE.

[9] —retires *his ward*;] Thus the quarto, and the editions 1598 and 1600. That of 1616, and the modern copies, read, unintelligibly:

Each one by one enforc'd, *recites* his ward.

Retires is *draws back.* Retirer, Fr. So, in *K. Richard II:*

"That he, our hope, might have *retir'd* his power."
MALONE.

Which drives the creeping thief to ſome regard[1]:
The threſhold grates the door to have him heard[2];
Night-wandering weeſels[3] ſhriek, to ſee him there;
They fright him, yet he ſtill purſues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,
Through little vents and crannies of the place
The wind wars with his torch, to make him ſtay,
And blows the ſmoke of it into his face,
Extinguiſhing his conduct in this caſe[4];
But his hot heart, which fond deſire doth ſcorch,
Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch:

And being lighted, by the light he ſpies
Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle ſticks;
He takes it from the ruſhes where it lies[5];
And griping it, the neeld his finger pricks[6]:
As who ſhould ſay, this glove to wanton tricks

Is

[1] *Which drives the creeping thief* to ſome regard:] Which makes him pauſe, and *conſider* what he is about to do. So before:

"Sad pauſe and deep *regard* beſeem the ſage." MALONE.

[2] —*to have him heard*;] That is, to diſcover him; to proclaim his approach. MALONE.

[3] *Night wandring* weeſels *ſhriek*, &c.] The property of the *weeſel* is to *ſuck eggs*. To this circumſtance our author alludes in *As you like it*: "I ſuck melancholy out of a ſong, as a *weeſel ſucks eggs*." Again, in *King Henry V.*

"For once the eagle England being in prey,
"To her unguarded neſt the *weeſel* Scot
"Comes ſneaking, and ſo *ſucks* her princely *eggs*."

Perhaps the poet meant to intimate, that even animals intent on matrimonial plunder, gave the alarm at ſight of a more powerful invader of the nuptial bed. But this is mere idle conjecture. STEEVENS.

[4] *Extinguiſhing his* conduct *in this caſe*;] *Conduct* for *conductor*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act V. ſc. i:

"Come, bitter *conduct*, come, unſavoury guide—." MALONE.

[5] *He takes it from the* ruſhes *where it lies*,] The apartments in England being ſtrewed with ruſhes in our author's time, he has given Lucretia's chamber the ſame covering. The contemporary poets, however, were equally inattentive to propriety. Thus Marlowe in his *Hero and Leander*:

"She fearing on the *ruſhes* to be flung,
"Striv'd with redoubled ſtrength." MALONE.

[6] *And griping it, the* neeld *his finger pricks*:] *Neeld* for *needle*. Our author has the ſame abbreviation in his *Pericles*:

"Deep

Is not inur'd; return again in haſte;
Thou ſeeſt our miſtreſs' ornaments are chaſte."

But all theſe poor forbiddings could not ſtay him;
He in the worſt ſenſe conſtrues their denial:
The doors, the wind, the glove, that did delay him,
He takes for accidental things of trial;
Or as thoſe bars which ſtop the hourly dial;
Who with a ling'ring ſtay his courſe doth let [7],
Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

So, ſo, quoth he, theſe lets attend the time,
Like little froſts that ſometime threat the ſpring,
To add a more rejoicing to the prime [8],
And give the ſneaped birds more cauſe to ſing [9].
Pain pays the income of each precious thing;
Huge rocks, high winds, ſtrong pirates, ſhelves and ſands,
The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands.

Now is he come unto the chamber-door,
That ſhuts him from the heaven of his thought [1],
Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,
Hath barr'd him from the bleſſed thing he ſought.
So from himſelf impiety hath wrought,

" Deep clerks ſhe dumbs, and with her *neeld* compoſes
" Nature's own ſhape—."

Again, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream:*

" Have with our *neelds* created both one flower." MALONE.

7 —*his courſe doth* let,] To *let*, in ancient language, is *to obſtruct*, to retard. So, in *Hamlet:*

" ——I'll make a ghoſt of him that *lets* me." MALONE.

8 *To add a* more *rejoicing* to the *prime*,] That is, a *greater* rejoicing. So, in *K. Richard II:*

" To make a *more* requital of your loves."

The *prime* is the *ſpring*. MALONE.

9 *And give the* ſneaped *birds*] *Sneaped* is *checked*. So, Falſtaff, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II: " My lord, I will not undergo this *ſneap* without reply." MALONE.

1 *That ſhuts him from the* heaven *of his thought*,] So, in *The Comedy of Errors:*

" My food, my fortune, and my ſweet hope's aim,
" My ſole earth's *heaven*—:" MALONE.

That

That for his prey to pray he doth begin[2],
As if the heavens ſhould countenance his ſin.

But in the midſt of his unfruitful prayer,
Having ſolicited the eternal power
That his foul thoughts might compaſs his fair fair[3],
And they would ſtand auſpicious to the hour[4],
Even there he ſtarts:—quoth he, I muſt deflower;
The powers to whom I pray, abhor this fact,
How can they then aſſiſt me in the act?

Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide!
My will is back'd with reſolution:
Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried,
The blackeſt ſin is clear'd with abſolution[5];
Againſt love's fire fear's froſt hath diſſolution.
The eye of heaven is out[6], and miſty night
Covers the ſhame that follows ſweet delight.

2 *That for his* prey *to* pray *he doth begin,*] A jingle not leſs diſguſting occurs in Ovid's narration of the ſame event:

"*Hoſtis* ut *hoſpes* init penetralia Collatina." STEEVENS.

Prey was formerly always ſpelt *pray*. MALONE.

3 —*might compaſs his fair fair,*] His fair beauty. *Fair*, it has been already obſerved, was anciently uſed as a ſubſtantive. MALONE.

4 *And* they *would ſtand auſpicious to the hour,*] This falſe concord perhaps owes its introduction to the rhime. In the ſecond line of the ſtanza *one* deity only is invoked; in the fourth line he talks of more. We muſt therefore either acknowledge the want of grammar, or read:

And *he* would ſtand auſpicious to the hour, &c. STEEVENS.

The ſame inaccuracy is found in *King Richard III:*

"Richard yet lives, *hell's* black intelligencer,
"Only reſerv'd *their* factor, to buy ſouls,
"And ſend them thither."

Again, in the ſame play, Act I. ſc. iii:

"If *heaven* have any grievous plague in ſtore,
"O, let *them* keep it till thy ſins be ripe. MALONE.

5 The blackeſt *ſin* is *clear'd with abſolution*;] The octavo, 1616, and the modern editions, read:

Black ſin is clear'd with abſolution.

Our authour has here rather prematurely made Tarquin a diſciple of modern Rome. MALONE.

6 *The* eye of heaven—] So, in *K. Richard II:*

"All places that the *eye of heaven* viſits." STEEVENS.

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"Now ere the *ſun* advance his burning *eye*—". MALONE.

This

This said, his guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,
And with his knee the door he opens wide:
The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will catch:
Thus treason works ere traitors be espy'd.
Who sees the lurking serpent, steps aside;
But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,
Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks[7],
And gazeth on her yet-unstained bed.
The curtains being close, about he walks,
Rolling his greedy eye-balls in his head:
By their high treason is his heart misled;
Which gives the watch-word to his hand full soon[8],
To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.

Look, as the fair and fiery-pointed sun[9],
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight;
Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun
To wink, being blinded with a greater light:
Whether it is, that she reflects so bright,
That dazzleth them, or else some shame supposed;
But blind they are, and keep themselves enclosed.

7 *Into the chamber wickedly he* stalks,] That the poet meant by the word *stalk* to convey the notion, not of a boisterous, but quiet, movement, appears from a subsequent passage:

" For in the dreadful dark of deep midnight,
" With shining falchion in my chamber came
" A *creeping* creature, with a flaming light,
" And softly cry'd——."

Thus also, in a preceding stanza:

" Which drives the *creeping* thief to some regard."

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

" —Our Tarquin thus
" Did *softly press the rushes*, ere he waken'd
" The chastity he wounded."

A person apprehensive of being discovered, naturally takes *long* steps, the sooner to arrive at his point, whether he is approaching or retiring, and thus shorten the moments of danger. MALONE.

8 *Which gives the watch-word to his hand* full *soon*,] The octavo, 1616, reads—*too* soon. MALONE.

9 —firy-pointed *sun*,] I would read:—fire-ypointed. So, Milton:

" Under a *star-ypointing* pyramid." STEEVENS.

I suppose the old reading to be right, because in Shakspeare's edition the word is spelt *fierie*-pointed. MALONE.

O, had,

O, had they in that darkſome priſon died,
Then had they ſeen the period of their ill!
Then Collatine again, by Lucrece' ſide,
In his clear bed [1] might have repoſed ſtill:
But they muſt ope, this bleſſed league to kill;
And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their ſight
Muſt ſell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

Her lily hand her roſy cheek lies under [2],
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiſs [3];
Who, therefore angry, ſeems to part in ſunder,
Swelling

1 *In his* clear *bed*—] *Clear* is pure ſpotleſs. See Vol. VIII. p. 61, n. 9. MALONE.

2 —*her roſy* cheek *lies under*,] Thus the firſt copy. The edition of 1600 and the ſubſequent impreſſions have *cheeks*. MALONE.

3 *Her lily hand her roſy cheek lies under,*
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiſs;] Among the poems of Sir John Suckling, (who is ſaid to have been a great admirer of our authour,) is one entitled. *A Supplement of an imperfect Copy of Verſes of Mr. William Shakeſpeare*; which begins with theſe lines, ſomewhat varied. We can hardly ſuppoſe that Suckling would have called a paſſage extracted from a regular poem *an* imperfect *copy of verſes* Perhaps Shakſpeare had written the lines quoted below (of which Sir John might have had a manuſcript copy) on ſome occaſion previous to the publication of his *Lucrece*, and afterwards uſed them in this poem, with ſome variation. In a ſubſequent page the reader will find ſome verſes that appear to have been written before *Venus and Adonis* was compoſed, of which, in like manner, the leading thoughts were afterwards employed in that poem. This ſuppoſed fragment is thus ſupplied by Suckling.—The variations are diſtinguiſhed by Italick characters.

I.

" *One of her hands one of her cheeks lay* under,
" Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiſs;
" *Which* therefore *ſwell'd, and ſeem'd* to part *aſunder*,
" *As angry to be robb'd of ſuch a* bliſs:
" *The one look'd pale, and for revenge did long,*
" *While t'other bluſh'd 'cauſe it had done the wrong.*"

II.

" *Out of* the bed *the* other fair hand was,
" On *a* green *ſattin quilt*; whoſe perfect white
" *Look'd* like a daiſy *in a field of* graſs *,
" And ſhew'd like unmelt ſnow unto the ſight:
" There lay this pretty perdue, ſafe to keep
" The reſt o' the body that lay faſt aſleep.

* *That far* (ſays Suckling) *Shakeſpeare.*

III.

Swelling on either side, to want his bliss;
Between whose hills her head intombed is:
Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies[4],
To be admir'd of lewd unhallow'd eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,
On the green coverlet; whose perfect white
Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night[5].
Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd their light;
And, canopied in darkness, sweetly lay[6],
Till they might open to adorn the day.

III.

" Her eyes (and therefore it was night) close laid,
" Strove to imprison beauty till the morn;
" But yet the doors were of such fine stuff made,
" That it broke through and shew'd itself in scorn;
" Throwing a kind of light about the place,
" Which turn'd to smiles, still as't came near her face.

IV.

" Her beams, which some dull men call'd hair, divided
" Part with her cheeks, part with her lips, did sport;
" But these, as rude, her breath put by still; some *
" Wiselier downward sought; but falling short,
" Curl'd back in rings, and seem'd to turn again,
" To bite the part so unkindly held them in." MALONE.

4 *Where, like a virtuous* monument, *she lies,*] On our ancient monuments the heads of the persons represented are commonly reposed on *pillows*. Our author has nearly the same image in *Cymbeline:*

" And be her sense *but as a monument,*
" Thus in a chapel lying." STEEVENS.

Again, in *All's well that ends well:*

" You are no woman, but a *monument.*

See Vol. III. p. 436, n. 9. MALONE.

5 *With pearly* sweat, *resembling* dew of night.] So, Dryden:

" And sleeping flow'rs beneath *the night dews sweat.* STEEV.

6 *Her* eyes, *like marigolds, had sheath'd their light,*
And, canopied *in darkness, sweetly lay,* &c.] So, in *Cymbeline:*

" ——The flame o' the taper
" Bows toward her, and would underpeep her lids,
" To see the enclosed *lights,* now *canopied*
" Under these windows." MALONE.

* Suckling probably wrote *divide* in the former line; and here,

" But these, as rude, by her breath put still aside,—"

Her

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her breath;
O modeſt wantons! wanton modeſty!
Showing life's triumph[7] in the map of death[8],
And death's dim look in life's mortality:
Each in her ſleep themſelves ſo beautify,
As if between them twain there were no ſtrife[9],
But that life liv'd in death, and death in life.

Her breaſts, like ivory globes circled with blue,
A pair of maiden worlds unconquered[1],
Save of their lord, no bearing yoke they knew[2],
And him by oath they truly honoured[3].
Theſe worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred;
Who, like a foul uſurper, went about
From this fair throne to heave the owner out[4].

7 Showing *life's triumph*—] The octavo, 1616, reads *Showring*. MALONE.

8 —*in the* map *of death*,] So, in *King Richard II:*
" Thou *map* of honour." STEEVENS.

9 *As if between them twain there were no* ſtrife,
But that life *liv'd* in death, *and* death *in* life.] So, in *Macbeth*;
" That *death* and *nature* do *contend* about them,
" Whether they *live* or *die*." STEEVENS.
Again, in *All's well that ends well*;
" —Nature and ſickneſs
" Debate it at their leiſure." MALONE.

1 *A pair of* maiden worlds *unconquered*,] *Maiden worlds!* How happeneth this, friend Collatine, when Lucretia hath ſo long lain by thy ſide? Verily, it inſinuateth thee of coldneſs. AMNER.

2 *Save of their lord, no bearing yoke they knew*,] So, Ovid, deſcribing Lucretia in the ſame ſituation:
" Effugiet? poſitis urgetur pectora palmis,
" *Nunc primum extenâ pectora tacta manu*." MALONE.

3 *And him* by oath *they truly honoured*.] Alluding to the ancient practice of ſwearing domeſticks into ſervice. So, in *Cymbeline*:
" Her *ſervants* are all *ſworn* and honourable." STEEVENS.
The *matrimonial* oath was, I believe, alone in our author's thoughts. MALONE.

4 —*to* heave *the owner out*.] So, in a ſubſequent ſtanza:
" My ſighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to *heave* thee."
The octavo, 1616, and the modern editions, read:
——to *have* the owner out. MALONE.

What

What could he ſee, but mightily he noted?
What did he note, but ſtrongly he deſir'd?
What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,
And in his will his wilful eye he tir'd[5].
With more than admiration he admir'd
Her azure veins, her alabaſter ſkin,
Her coral lips, her ſnow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,
Sharp hunger by the conqueſt ſatisfied,
So o'er this ſleeping ſoul doth Tarquin ſtay
His rage of luſt, by gazing qualified[6];
Slack'd, not ſuppreſs'd; for ſtanding by her ſide,
His eye, which late this mutiny reſtrains,
Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins:

And they, like ſtraggling ſlaves for pillage fighting,
Obdurate vaſſals, fell exploits effecting[7],
In bloody death and raviſhment delighting,

5 *And* in *his will his wilful eye he* tir'd.] This may mean—*He glutted his luſtful eye in the imagination of what he had reſolved to do.* To *tire* is a term in falconry. So, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*: "Muſt with keen fang *tire* upon thy fleſh." Perhaps we ſhould read—And *on* his will, &c. STEEVENS.

6 —*by gazing* qualified;] i. e. ſoftened, abated, diminiſhed. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"——I have heard
"Your grace hath ta'en great pains to *qualify*
"His rigorous courſes." STEEVENS.

Again, in *Othello*: "I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily *qualified* too." MALONE.

7 —*fell exploits* effecting,] Perhaps we ſhould read—*affecting*. STEEVENS.

The preceding line, and the two that follow, ſupport, I think, the old reading. Tarquin only *expects* the onſet; but the ſlaves here mentioned do not *affect* or meditate fell exploits, they are ſuppoſed to be actually *employed* in carnage:

"——for pillage *fighting*,
"Nor children's tears, nor mothers' groans *reſpecting*."

The ſubſequent line,

"Swell'in their pride, the onſet ſtill *expecting*,—"

refers, not to the *ſlaves*, but to Tarquin's *veins*. MALONE.

Nor

Nor children's tears, nor mothers' groans reſpecting,
Swell in their pride, the onſet ſtill expecting:
Anon his beating heart, alarum ſtriking,
Gives the hot charge [8], and bids them do their liking.

His drumming heart chears up his burning eye,
His eye commends the leading to his hand [9];
His hand, as proud of ſuch a dignity,
Smoking with pride, march'd on to make his ſtand
On her bare breaſt, the heart of all her land [1];
Whoſe ranks of blue veins, as his hand did ſcale,
Left their round turrets deſtitute and pale.

They muſtering to the quiet cabinet
Where their dear governeſs and lady lies,
Do tell her ſhe is dreadfully beſet,
And fright her with confuſion of their cries:
She, much amaz'd, breaks ope her lock'd-up eyes,
Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,
Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and controll'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night
From forth dull ſleep by dreadful fancy waking,
That thinks ſhe hath beheld ſome gaſtly ſprite,

[8] Gives the *hot* charge,—] So, in *Hamlet*:
" ———proclaim no ſhame,
" When the compulſive ardour *gives the charge*." STEEVENS.

[9] *His eye* commends *the leading to his hand*;] To *commend* in our authour's time ſometimes ſignified to *commit*, and has that ſenſe here. So, in *the Winter's Tale*:
" —*commend* it ſtrangely to ſome place,
" Where chance may nurſe, or end it."
Again, in *King Richard II*:
" His glittering arms he will *commend* to ruſt."
See Vol. V. p. 65, n. *. MALONE.

[1] *On her bare breaſt, the* heart *of all her land*;] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
" —the very *heart of loſs*."
Again, in *Hamlet*:
" ———I will wear him
" In my heart's core; ay, in my *heart* of heart." MALONE.

Whoſe

Whoſe grim aſpect ſets every joint a ſhaking;
What terrour 'tis! but ſhe, in worſer taking,
From ſleep diſturbed, heedfully doth view
The ſight which makes ſuppoſed terror true[2].

Wrapp'd and confounded in a thouſand fears,
Like to a new-kill'd bird ſhe trembling lies[3];
She dares not look; yet, winking, there appears
Quick-ſhifting anticks, ugly in her eyes:
Such ſhadows are the weak brain's forgeries[4];
Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights[5],
In darkneſs daunts them with more dreadful ſights.

His hand, that yet remains upon her breaſt,
(Rude ram, to batter ſuch an ivory wall!)
May feel her heart (poor citizen!) diſtreſs'd,
Wounding itſelf to death, riſe up and fall,
Beating her bulk, that his hand ſhakes withal[6].
This moves in him more rage, and leſſer pity,
To make the breach, and enter this ſweet city[7].

Firſt,

2 *The ſight which makes ſuppoſed terror* true.] The octavo, 1616, and the modern editions, read:

—which makes ſuppoſed terror *true*. MALONE.

3 *Wrapp'd and confounded in a thouſand fears,*
Like to a new-kill'd bird ſhe trembling *lies*;] So Ovid, deſcribing Lucretia in the ſame ſituation:

"Illa nihil; neque enim vocem vireſque loquendi
"Aut aliquid toto pectore mentis habet.
"Sed *tremit*—." MALONE.

4 *Such ſhadows are the weak brain's* forgeries;] So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*:

"Theſe are the *forgeries* of jealouſy." STEEVENS.

Again, in *Hamlet*:

"This is the very *coinage* of your *brain*:
"This *bodileſs* creation ecſtacy
"Is very cunning in." MALONE.

5 —*the eyes fly from their lights*,] We meet with this conceit again in *Julius Cæſar*:

"His coward *lips* did from their *colour fly*." STEEVENS.

6 *Beating her* bulk, *that his hand ſhakes withal.*] *Bulk* is frequently uſed by our authour, and other ancient writers, for *body*. So, in *Hamlet*:

"As it did ſeem to ſhatter all his *bulk*,
"And end his being."

See alſo Vol. VI. p. 488, n. 3. MALONE.

7 *To make the breach, and enter this ſweet city.*] So, in our authour's *Lover's Complaint*:

Firſt, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin
To ſound a parley to his heartleſs foe;
Who o'er the white ſheet peers her whiter chin[8],
The reaſon of this raſh alarm to know,
Which he by dumb demeanour ſeeks to ſhow;
But ſhe with vehement prayers urgeth ſtill,
Under what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies: The colour in thy face[9]
(That even for anger makes the lily pale,
And the red roſe bluſh at her own diſgrace[1],)
Shall plead for me, and tell my loving tale:
Under that colour am I come to ſcale
Thy never-conquer'd fort *; the fault is thine,
For thoſe thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

" And long upon theſe terms I held my *city*,
" Till thus he 'gan *beſiege* me."

Again, in *All's well that ends well*, Vol. III. p. 359: "—marry, in blowing him down again, with the *breach* yourſelves made, you loſe your *city*." MALONE.

8 —*o'er the white ſheet peers her whiter chin,*] So, in *Cymbeline*:

" ——freſh lily,
" And *whiter than the ſheets*." MALONE.

So, Otway, in *Venice Preſerved*:

" —in virgin ſheets,
" White as her boſom." STEEVENS.

9 *Under what* colour *he commits this ill.*
Thus he replies: The colour *in thy face*—] The ſame play on the ſame words occurs in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:

" —this that you heard, was but a *colour*.
Shal." A *colour*, I fear, that you will die in, ſir John." STEEV.

1 *And the red roſe* bluſh at her own diſgrace,] A thought ſomewhat ſimilar occurs in May's *Supplement to Lucan*:

" —— labra rubenus
" Non roſea æquaret, niſi primo victa fuiſſet,
" Et pudor augeret quem dat natura ruborem." STEEVENS.

* *Under that colour am I come to ſcale*
Thy never-conquer'd fort:] So, in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*:

" —every limb did, as a ſouldier ſtout,
" Defend the *fort*, and keep the foe-man out;
" For though the riſing ivory mount he *ſcal'd*,
" Which is with azure circling lines empal'd,
" Much like a globe," &c.

We have had in a former ſtanza—

" Her *breaſts*, like *ivory globes circled* with *blue*." MALONE.

Thus

Thus I foreſtall thee, if thou mean to chide:
Thy beauty hath enſnar'd thee to this night,
Where thou with patience muſt my will abide;
My will that marks thee for my earth's delight [2],
Which I to conquer ſought with all my might;
But as reproof and reaſon beat it dead,
By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.

I ſee what croſſes my attempt will bring;
I know what thorns the growing roſe defends;
I think the honey guarded with a ſting [3];
All this, beforehand, counſel comprehends:
But will is deaf, and hears no heedful friends;
Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,
And dotes on what he looks *, 'gainſt law or duty.

I have debated [4], even in my ſoul,
What wrong, what ſhame, what ſorrow I ſhall breed;
But nothing can affection's courſe control,
Or ſtop the headlong fury of his ſpeed.
I know repentant tears enſue the deed;
Reproach, diſdain, and deadly enmity;
Yet ſtrive I to embrace mine infamy.

This ſaid, he ſhakes aloft his Roman blade,
Which, like a faulcon towering in the ſkies,
Coucheth the fowl below with his wings' ſhade [5],

Whoſe

[2] —*my earth's delight,*] So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:
" My ſole *earth's* heaven." STEEVENS.

[3] I think *the honey guarded with a ſting*;] *I am aware* that the honey is guarded with a ſting. MALONE.

* —*on what he looks,*] i. e. on what he looks *on*.—Many inſtances of this inaccuracy are found in our authour's plays. See Vol. VIII. p. 104, n. 7. MALONE.

[4] *I ſee what croſſes*——
I have debated, &c.] On theſe ſtanzas Dr. Young might have founded the lines with which he diſmiſſes the prince of Egypt, who is preparing to commit a ſimilar act of violence, at the end of the third act of *Buſiris*:
" Deſtruction full of tranſport! Lo I come
" Swift on the wing to meet my certain doom:
" I know the danger, and I know the ſhame;
" But, like our phœnix, in ſo rich a flame

" I plunge

Whose crooked beak threats, if he mount he dies:
So under his insulting falchion lies
  Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells,
  With trembling fear, as fowl hear faulcons' bells[6].

Lucrece, quoth he, this night I must enjoy thee:
If thou deny, then force must work my way,
For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee;
That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll slay,
To kill thine honour with thy life's decay;
  And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,
  Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him.

So thy surviving husband shall remain
The scornful mark of every open eye[7];
Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,
Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy[8]:
And thou, the authour of their obloquy,
  Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhimes[9],
  And sung by children in succeeding times[1].

" I plunge triumphant my devoted head,
" And dote on death in that luxurious bed." STEEVENS.

5 —*like a* faulcon *towering in the skies*,
Coucheth *the* fowl *below*—] So, in *Measure for Measure*:
" Nips youth i' th' head, and follies doth enmew
" As *faulcon* doth the *fowl*."

I am not certain but that we should read—*Cov'reth*. To *couch* the fowl may, however, mean, to *make it couch*; as to *brave* a man, in our author's language, signifies either to *insult* him, or to *make him brave*, i. e. fine. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*: "—thou hast *brav'd* many men; *brave* not me," Petruchio is speaking to the taylor. STEEV.

6 —*as* fowl *hear* faulcons' bells.] So, in *King Henry VI.* P. III:
" —not he that loves him best
" Dares stir a wing, if Warwick *shake his bells*." STEEVENS.

7 The scornful mark *of every open eye*;] So, in *Othello*:
" A *fixed figure* for the time of *scorn*." STEEVENS.

8 *Thy issue blurr'd with* nameless *bastardy*:] So, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*: " That's as much as to say *bastard* virtues, that indeed know not their father's names, and therefore have *no names*." The poet calls bastardy *nameless*, because an illegitimate child has no name by inheritance, being considered by the law as *nullius filius*. MALONE.

9 *Shalt have thy* trespass cited *up in rhimes*,] So, in *K. Hen. IV.* P. I:
" He made a blushing *cital* of his *faults*."
Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:
" —for we *cite* our *faults*." STEEVENS.

But

But if thou yield, I reſt thy ſecret friend:
The fault unknown is as a thought unacted;
A little harm, done to a great good end,
For lawful policy remains enacted.
The poiſonous ſimple ſometimes is compacted
In a pure compound[2]; being ſo applied,
His venom in effect is purified.

Then for thy huſband and thy children's ſake,
Tender my ſuit[3]: bequeath not to their lot
The ſhame that from them no device can take,
The blemiſh that will never be forgot;
Worſe than a ſlaviſh wipe[4], or birth-hour's blot[5]:

For

2 *Shall have thy treſpaſs* cited up *in* rhimes,
And ſung *by children in ſucceeding times.*] So, in *King Richard III*:
" —Thence we looked towards England,
" And *cited up* a thouſand heavy times."
Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
" ——Saucy lictors
" Will catch at us like ſtrumpets, and ſcald *rhimers*
" *Ballad* us out o'tune."
Qui me commôrit, (melius non tangere, clamo,)
Flebit, et inſignis tota cantabitur urbe." *Hor.*
Thus elegantly imitated by Pope:
" Whoe'er offends, at ſome unlucky time
" Slides into verſe, and hitches in a rhime;
" Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
" And the ſad burthen of ſome merry ſong." MALONE.

2 *In* a pure *compound*—] Thus the quarto. The edition of 1616 reads:
In *pureſt compounds*— MALONE.
A thought ſomewhat ſimilar occurs in *Romeo and Juliet*:
" Within the infant rind of this ſmall flower
" *Poiſon* hath reſidence, and *medicine* power." STEEVENS.

3 Tender *my ſuit*:—] Cheriſh, regard my ſuit. So, in *Hamlet*:
" *Tender* yourſelf more dearly." MALONE.

4 *Worſe than a* ſlaviſh wipe,] More diſgraceful than the brand with which ſlaves were marked. MALONE.

5 —*or birth-hour's* blot:] So, in *King John*:
" If thou that bid'ſt me be content, wert grim,
" Ugly and ſlanderous to thy *mother's womb*,
" Full of unpleaſing *blots*, and ſightleſs ſtains,—
" Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending marks,
" I would not care."

For marks deſcried in men's nativity
Are nature's faults, not their own infamy[6].

Here with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye[7],
He rouſeth up himſelf, and makes a pauſe;
While ſhe, the picture of pure piety,
Like a white hind under the grype's ſharp claws[8],
Pleads in a wilderneſs, where are no laws,
To the rough beaſt that knows no gentle right,
Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite.

It appears that in Shakſpeare's time the arms of baſtards were diſtinguiſhed by ſome kind of *blot*. Thus, in the play above quoted:

" To look into the *blots* and ſtains of *right*."

But in the paſſage now before us, thoſe corporal blemiſhes with which children are ſometimes born, ſeem alone to have been in our authour's contemplation. MALONE.

[6] *For* marks *deſcried in men's* nativity
Are nature's *faults*, not their own infamy.] So, in *Hamlet*:

" That for ſome vicious *mole* of *nature* in them,
" As, in their birth *(wherein they are not guilty)*—. STEEV.

[7] —*with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye*,] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" From the *death-darting eye of cockatrice*." STEEVENS.

[8] *Like a white hind* under *the* grype's *ſharp claws*,] So, in *King Richard III*:

" Ah me! I ſee the ruin of my houſe;
" *The tyger now hath ſeiz'd the gentle kind*."

All the modern editions read:

——*beneath* the *gripe's* ſharp claws.

The quarto, 1594, has:

Like a white hinde *under* the *grype's* ſharp claws—

The *gryphon* was meant, which in our authour's time was uſually written *grype*, or *gripe*. MALONE.

The *gripe* is properly the *griffin*. See Cotgrave's *Dictionary*, and Mr. Reed's improved edition of *Dodſley's old Plays*, Vol. I. p. 124, where *gripe* ſeems to be uſed for *vultur*:

" —Ixion's wheele,
" Or cruell *gripe* to gnaw my growing harte."
Ferrex and Porrex.

It was alſo a term in the hermetick art. Thus, in B. Jonſon's *Alchemiſt*:

" —let the water in glaſs E be filter'd,
" And put into the *gripe's* egg."

As *griffe* is the French word for a claw, perhaps anciently thoſe birds which are remarkable for *griping* their prey in their talons, were occaſionally called *gripes*. STEEVENS.

Look,

Look, when a black-fac'd cloud the world doth threat [9],
In his dim mist the aspiring mountains hiding,
From earth's dark womb some gentle gust doth get,
Which blows these pitchy vapours from their biding,
Hindering their present fall by this dividing;
So his unhallow'd haste her words delays,
And moody Pluto winks while Orpheus plays.

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally,
While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse panteth:
Her sad behaviour feeds his vultur folly [1],
A swallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth:
His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth
No penetrable entrance to her plaining:
Tears harden lust, though marble wear with raining.

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fix'd
In the remorseless wrinkles of his face [2];
Her modest eloquence with sighs is mix'd,
Which to her oratory adds more grace.
She puts the period often from his place;
And 'midst the sentence so her accent breaks,
That twice she doth begin, ere once she speaks [3].

9 Look, *when a black-fac'd cloud the world doth threat,*] The quarto, 1594, reads: *But* when, &c. For the emendation I am responsible. *But* was evidently a misprint; there being no opposition whatsoever between this and the preceding passage. We had before:

"*Look*, as the fair and firy-pointed sun,—
"Even *so*——"

Again, in a subsequent stanza, we have:

"*Look*, as the full-fed hound, &c.
"*So* surfeit-taking Tarquin—"

Again, in *Venus and Adonis*:

"*Look*, how the world's poor people are amaz'd,—
"*So* she with fearful eyes.—" MALONE.

1 —*his vultur* folly,] *Folly* is used here, as it is in the sacred writings, for *depravity of mind*. So also, in *Othello*:

"She turn'd to *folly*, and she was a whore." MALONE.

2 *In the* remorseless *wrinkles of his face*;] *Remorseless* is *pitiless*. See Vol. II. p. 37, n. 5; and Vol. IV. p. 295, n. 2. MALONE.

She cónjures him by high almighty Jove,
By knighthood, gentry, and ſweet friendſhip's oath,
By her untimely tears, her huſband's love,
By holy human law, and common troth,
By heaven and earth, and all the power of both,
That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,
And ſtoop to honour, not to foul deſire.

Quoth ſhe, reward not hoſpitality[4]
With ſuch black payment as thou haſt pretended[5];
Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee;
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended;
End thy ill aim, before thy ſhoot be ended[6]:

He

3 *She* puts the period often from his place,
And 'midſt the ſentence *ſo her* accent breaks,
That twice ſhe doth begin,] So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream:*
" Make *periods in the mi ſt of ſentences,*
" Throttle their practis'd *accent* in their fears,
" And in concluſion dumbly have *broke* off, &c. STEEVENS.

4 —*reward not* hoſpitality, &c.] So, in *King Lear:*
" —my *hoſpitable* favours
" You ſhould not ruffle thus." STEEVENS.

5 —*pretended*;] i. e. propoſed to thyſelf. So, in *Macbeth:*
" —Alas the day!
" What good could they *pretend?*" STEEVENS.

6 *End thy ill aim, before thy* ſhoot *be ended:*] It is manifeſt from the context, that the author intended the word *ſhoot* to be taken in a double ſenſe; *ſuit* and *ſhoot* being in his time pronounced alike. So, in *The London Prodigal*, 1605:
" But there's the other black-browes, a ſhrood girl,
" She hath wit at will, and *ſhuters* two or three."
Again, in *The Puritan*, a Comedy, 1607:
" Enter the *Sutors.*
" Are not theſe *archers?*—what do you call them,—*ſhooters*," &c.
Again, in Lilly's *Euphues and his England*, 1580: " There was a lady in Spaine, who after the death of her father had three *ſuters*, and yet never a good *archer*," &c. See alſo Vol. II. p. 362, n. 8. MALONE.

I adhere to the old reading, nor apprehend the leaſt equivoque. A ſentiment nearly parallel occurs in *Macbeth:*
" —the murd'rous ſhaft that's ſhot,
" Hath not yet lighted."
He is no wood-man that doth *bend his bow*,
very ſtrongly ſupports my opinion. STEEVENS.

There is no doubt that *ſhoot* was *one* of the ideas intended to be conveyed. It is, in my apprehenſion, equally clear, that the *ſuit* or ſolicitation

He is no wood-man, that doth bend his bow
To ſtrike a poor unſeaſonable doe.

My huſband is thy friend, for his ſake ſpare me;
Thyſelf art mighty, for thine own ſake leave me;
Myſelf a weakling, do not then enſnare me:
Thou look'ſt not like deceit; do not deceive me:
My ſighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to heave thee.
If ever man were mov'd with woman's moans,
Be moved with my tears, my ſighs, my groans;

All which together, like a troubled ocean,
Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threat'ning heart,
To ſoften it with their continual motion;
For ſtones diſſolv'd to water do convert.
O, if no harder than a ſtone thou art,
Melt at my tears, and be compaſſionate!
Soft pity enters at an iron gate[7].

In Tarquin's likeneſs I did entertain thee:
Haſt thou put on his ſhape to do him ſhame?
To all the hoſt of heaven I complain me,
Thou wrong'ſt his honour, wound'ſt his princely name.
Thou art not what thou ſeem'ſt; and if the ſame,
Thou ſeem'ſt not what thou art, a god, a king;
For kings like gods ſhould govern every thing.

How will thy ſhame be ſeeded in thine age,
When thus thy vices bud before thy ſpring[8]?
If in thy hope thou dar'ſt do ſuch outrage,

What

tion of a lover was alſo in our authour's thoughts. *Shoot* (the pronunciation of the two words being granted to be the ſame) ſuggeſts both ideas. —The paſſage quoted from *Macbeth*, in the preceding note, does not, as I conceive, prove any thing. The word *ſhot* has *there* its uſual ſignification, and no double meaning *could* have been intended. MALONE.

[7] *Soft pity enters at an* iron gate.] Meaning, I ſuppoſe, the *gates of a priſon*. STEEVENS.

[8] *How will thy ſhame be* ſeeded *in thine age,*
When thus thy vices bud before thy ſpring?] This thought is more amplified in our author's *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"—the

What dar'ſt thou not, when once thou art a king[9]?
O, be remember'd[1], no outrageous thing
From vaſſal actors can be wip'd away;
Then kings' miſdeeds cannot be hid in clay[2].

This deed will make thee only lov'd for fear,
But happy monarchs ſtill are fear'd for love:
With foul offenders thou perforce muſt bear,
When they in thee the like offences prove:
If but for fear of this, thy will remove;
For princes are the glaſs, the ſchool, the book,
Where ſubjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look[3].

And wilt thou be the ſchool where Luſt ſhall learn?
Muſt he in thee read lectures of ſuch ſhame?
Wilt thou be glaſs, wherein it ſhall diſcern
Authority for ſin, warrant for blame,
To privilege diſhonour in thy name?

" ——the *ſeeded* pride,
" That hath to its maturity grown up
" In rank Achilles, muſt or now be cropt,
" Or, ſhedding, breed a nurſery of evil,
" To over-bulk us all." STEEVENS.

9 *If in thy hope thou dar'ſt do ſuch outrage,*
What dar'ſt thou not when thou art once a king?] This ſentiment reminds us of King Henry IV.th's queſtion to his ſon:
" When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
" What wilt thou do, when riot is thy care?" STEEVENS.

1 *O, be remember'd,*] Bear it in your mind. So, in *K. Richard II:*
" ——joy being wanting,
" It doth *remember* me the more of ſorrow." MALONE.

2 *Then kings' miſdeeds cannot be* hid in clay.] The memory of the ill actions of kings will remain even after their death. So, in *The Paradiſe of Dainty Deviſes*, 1580:
" Mine owne good father, thou art gone; thine ears are *ſtopp'd* with *clay*."
Again, in Kendal's *Flowers of Epigrams*, 1577:
" The *corps* clapt faſt in clotted *clay*,
" That here *engrav'd* doth lie." MALONE.

3 *For princes are the* glaſs, *the ſchool, the* book,
Where ſubjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.] So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:
" He was the mark and *glaſs*, copy and *book*,
" That faſhion'd others."
Regis ad exemplum totus componitur orbis. *Claud.* MALONE.

Thou back'ſt reproach againſt long-lived laud,
And mak'ſt fair reputation but a bawd.

Haſt thou command? by him that gave it thee,
From a pure heart command thy rebel will:
Draw not thy ſword to guard iniquity,
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.
Thy princely office how canſt thou fulfill,
When, pattern'd by thy fault *, foul Sin may ſay,
He learn'd to ſin, and thou didſt teach the way?

Think but how vile a ſpectacle it were,
To view thy preſent treſpaſs in another.
Men's faults do ſeldom to themſelves appear;
Their own tranſgreſſions partially they ſmother:
This guilt would ſeem death-worthy in thy brother.
O, how are they wrapp'd in with infamies,
That from their own miſdeeds aſkaunce their eyes!

To thee, to thee, my heav'd-up hands appeal,
Not to ſeducing luſt, thy raſh relier [4];
I ſue for exil'd majeſty's repeal [5];
Let him return, and flattering thoughts retire:
His true reſpect will 'priſon falſe deſire,
And wipe the dim miſt from thy doting eyne,
That thou ſhalt ſee thy ſtate, and pity mine.

Have done, quoth he; my uncontrolled tide
Turns not, but ſwells the higher by this let.
Small lights are ſoon blown out, huge fires abide [6],

* —pattern'd *by thy fault*,] Taking thy fault for a pattern or example. So, in the Legend of Lord Haſtings, *Mirrour for Magiſtrates*, 1587:

"By this my *pattern*, all ye peers, beware." MALONE.

4 *Not to ſeducing luſt, thy raſh* relier;] Thus the firſt copy. The edition of 1616 has—thy raſh *reply*. Dr. Sewel, without authority, reads:

Not to ſeducing luſt's *outrageous fire*. MALONE.

5 —*for exil'd majeſty's* repeal;] For the *recall* of exiled majeſty. So, in one of our authour's plays:

"——if the time thruſt forth
"A cauſe for thy *repeal*—." MALONE.

6 Small lights *are* ſoon blown out, *huge fires abide*,] So, in *K. Hen. VI*:

"*A little fire* is *quickly trodden out*," &c. STEEVENS.

And

And with the wind in greater fury fret[7]:
The petty ſtreams that pay a daily debt
To their ſalt ſovereign, with their freſh falls' haſte,
Add to his flow, but alter not his taſte[8].

Thou art, quoth ſhe, a ſea, a ſovereign king;
And lo, there falls into thy boundleſs flood
Black luſt, diſhonour, ſhame, miſgoverning,
Who ſeek to ſtain the ocean of thy blood.
If all theſe petty ills ſhall change thy good,
Thy ſea within a puddle's womb is herſed[9],
And not the puddle in thy ſea diſperſed:

So ſhall theſe ſlaves be king, and thou their ſlave[1];
Thou nobly baſe, they baſely dignified;
Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave:
Thou loathed in their ſhame, they in thy pride:
The leſſer thing ſhould not the greater hide;
The cedar ſtoops not to the baſe ſhrub's foot,
But low ſhrubs wither at the cedar's root.

So let thy thoughts, low vaſſals to thy ſtate—
No more, quoth he, by heaven, I will not hear thee;
Yield to my love; if not, enforced hate,

[7] *And with the* wind *in greater fury* fret:] So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"When they are *fretted* with the *guſts* of heaven." STEEVENS.

[8] *Add to* his *flow*, *but alter not* his *taſte*.] The octavo 1616, reads:

Add to *this* flow, but alter not *the* taſte. MALONE.

[9] *Thy ſea within a puddle's womb is* herſed,] Thus the quarto. The octavo 1616, reads, unintelligibly:

Thy ſea within a *puddle* womb is *herſed*.

Dr. Sewel, not being able to extract any meaning from this, reads:

Thy ſea within a *puddle*-womb is *burſt*,
And not the puddle in thy ſea *diſpers'd*.

Our authour has again uſed the verb to *herſe* in *Hamlet*:

"Why thy canoniz'd bones, *herſed* in death,
"Have burſt their excrements." MALONE.

[1] *So ſhall theſe* ſlaves *be* kings, *and thou their ſlave*;] In *King Lear* we meet with a ſimilar alluſion:

"—it ſeem'd ſhe was a *queen*
"Over her *paſſion*, who, moſt rebel-like,
"Sought to be king o'er her." MALONE.

Inſtead

Inſtead of love's coy touch [2], ſhall rudely tear thee;
That done, deſpitefully I mean to bear thee
Unto the baſe bed of ſome raſcal groom,
To be thy partner in this ſhameful doom.

This ſaid, he ſets his foot upon the light,
For light and luſt are deadly enemies:
Shame folded up in blind concealing night,
When moſt unſeen, then moſt doth tyrannize.
The wolf hath ſeiz'd his prey, the poor lamb cries [3];
Till with her own white fleece her voice controll'd
Entombs her outcry in her lips' ſweet fold:

For with the nightly linen that ſhe wears [4],
He pens her piteous clamours in her head;
Cooling his hot face in the chaſteſt tears
That ever modeſt eyes with ſorrow ſhed.
O, that prone luſt ſhould ſtain ſo pure a bed [5]!
The ſpots whereof could weeping purify,
Her tears ſhould drop on them perpetually.

2 —*love's* coy touch,—] i. e. the delicate, the reſpectful approach of love. STEEVENS.

3 *The wolf hath ſeiz'd his prey, the poor lamb cries*;]

" Illa nihil:——
" Sed tremit, ut quondam ſtabulis deprenſa relictis,
" Parva ſub infeſto cum jacet agna lupo." *Ovid.*

I have never ſeen any tranſlation of the *Faſti* ſo old as the time of Shakſpeare; but Mr. Coxeter in his manuſcript notes mentions one printed about the year 1570. MALONE.

4 *For with the* nightly *linen that ſhe wears*,] Thus the firſt quarto. The octavo, 1616, reads, unintelligibly:

For with the *mighty* linen, &c. MALONE.

5 *O, that* prone *luſt ſhould ſtain ſo pure a bed!*] Thus the firſt quarto. The edition of 1600 inſtead of *prone* has *proud*. That of 1616 and the modern copies *foul*. *Prone* is headſtrong, forward, prompt. In *Meaſure for Meaſure* it is uſed in ſomewhat a ſimilar ſenſe:

" ——in her youth
" There is a *prone* and ſpeechleſs dialect." MALONE.

Thus, more appoſitely, in *Cymbeline*: " Unleſs a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never ſaw one ſo *prone*."
STEEVENS.

But

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life[6],
And he hath won what he would lose again.
This forced league doth force a further strife;
This momentary joy breeds months of pain;
This hot desire converts to cold disdain:
  Pure chastity is rifled of her store,
  And lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look, as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,
Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight,
Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk
The prey wherein by nature they delight;
So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night:
  His taste delicious, in digestion souring,
  Devours his will, that liv'd by foul devouring.

O deeper sin than bottomless conceit
Can comprehend in still imagination!
Drunken desire must vomit his receipt[7],
Ere he can see his own abomination.
While lust is in his pride, no exclamation
  Can curb his heat, or rein his rash desire,
  Till, like a jade, self-will himself doth tire[8].

And then with lank and lean discolour'd cheek,
With heavy eye, knit-brow, and strengthless pace,
Feeble desire, all recreant, poor, and meek,
Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case:
The flesh being proud, desire doth fight with grace,
  For there it revels; and when that decays,
  The guilty rebel for remission prays.

[6] *But she hath lost*, &c.] Shakspeare has in this instance practised the delicacy recommended by Vida;

"Speluncam Dido dux et Trojanus eandem
"Deveniant, pudor ulterius nihil addere curet." STEEVENS.

[7] *Drunken* desire *must* vomit *his receipt*,] So, in *Cymbeline*:
"To make *desire vomit* emptiness." STEEVENS.

[8] *Till, like a jade, self-will himself doth tire.*] So, in *K. Henry VIII*:
"——Anger *is like*
"*A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,*
"*Self-mettle tires him.*" STEEVENS.

So

So fares it with this faultful lord of Rome,
Who this accomplishment so hotly chas'd;
For now against himself he sounds this doom,—
That through the length of times he stands disgrac'd:
Besides, his soul's fair temple is defac'd[9];
To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,
To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection
Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,
And by their mortal fault brought in subjection
Her immortality, and made her thrall
To living death, and pain perpetual:
Which in her prescience she controlled still,
But her fore-sight could not fore-stall their will.

Even in this thought, through the dark night he stealeth,
A captive victor, that hath lost in gain[1];
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
The scar that will, despite of cure, remain;
Leaving his spoil[2] perplex'd in greater pain.
She bears the load of lust he left behind,
And he the burthen of a guilty mind.

He, like a thievish dog, creeps sadly thence,
She like a wearied lamb lies panting there;
He scowls, and hates himself for his offence,
She desperate, with her nails her flesh doth tear;
He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear;

[9] —*his soul's fair temple is defac'd;*] So, in *Macbeth*:
"*Murther* sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
"The lord's anointed *temple*, and stole thence
"The life of the building." MALONE.

[1] —*that hath lost in gain;*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
"—*teach me how to lose a winning match*—" STEEVENS.

[2] *Leaving his spoil*—] That is, *Lucrece*. So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:
"——*See them down*
"*For sluttish spoils* of opportunity,
"*And daughters of the game.*" MALONE.

She

She ſtays, exclaiming on the direful night;
He runs, and chides his vaniſh'd, loath'd, delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite [3],
She there remains a hopeleſs caſt-away [4]:
He in his ſpeed looks for the morning light,
She prays ſhe never may behold the day:
For day, quoth ſhe, night's ſcapes doth open lay [5];
And my true eyes have never practis'd how
To cloke offences with a cunning brow.

They think not but that every eye can ſee
The ſame diſgrace which they themſelves behold;
And therefore would they ſtill in darkneſs be [6],
To have their unſeen ſin remain untold;
For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,
And grave, like water that doth eat in ſteel,
Upon my cheeks what helpleſs ſhame I feel.

Here ſhe exclaims againſt repoſe and reſt,
And bids her eyes hereafter ſtill be blind [7].
She wakes her heart by beating on her breaſt,

And

3 *He thence departs a heavy* convertite,] A *convertite* is a *convert*. Our authour has the ſame expreſſion in *King John*:

" But, ſince you are a gentle *convertite*,
" My tongue ſhall huſh again this ſtorm of war." MALONE.

4 —*a hopeleſs* caſt-away:] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" That ever I ſhould call thee *caſt-away!*" STEEVENS.

5 *For* day, *quoth ſhe*, night's ſcapes *doth open lay*;] So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II.

" The gaudy, *blabbing*, and remorſeful day." STEEVENS.

A paſſage in *The Winter's Tale* may ſerve to aſcertain the meaning of *night's ſcapes* here: " Mercy on's, a barne! a very pretty barne!—Sure ſome *ſcape*: though I am not very bookiſh, I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the *ſcape*."

Eſcapium is a barbarous Latin word, ſignifying what comes by chance or accident. MALONE.

6 —*in darkneſs* be,] The octavo 1616, and the modern editions, read, without authority:

—they ſtill in darkneſs *lie*. MALONE.

7 *Here ſhe exclaims againſt* repoſe *and* reſt,
And bids her eyes *hereafter ſtill be* blind.] This paſſage will ſerve to

And bids it leap from thence, where it may find
Some purer cheſt, to cloſe ſo pure a mind[8].
Frantick with grief thus breathes ſhe forth her ſpite
Againſt the unſeen ſecrecy of night.

O, comfort-killing night, image of hell[9]!
Dim regiſter and notary of ſhame!
Black ſtage for tragedies and murders fell[1]!
Vaſt ſin-concealing chaos! nurſe of blame!
Blind muffled bawd! dark harbour for defame!
Grim cave of death, whiſpering conſpirator
With cloſe-tongu'd treaſon and the raviſher!

O, hateful, vaporous, and foggy night,
Since thou art guilty of my cureleſs crime,
Muſter thy miſts to meet the eaſtern light,
Make war againſt proportion'd courſe of time!
Or if thou wilt permit the ſun to climb
His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,
Knit poiſonous clouds about his golden head.

With rotten damps raviſh the morning air;
Let their exhal'd unwholeſome breaths make ſick
The life of purity, the ſupreme fair[2],

Ere

to confirm the propriety of Dr. Johnſon's emendation in *Cymbeline*, Act III. ſc. iv.

" I'll *wake* mine eye-balls *blind* firſt." STEEVENS.

8 *She wakes her* heart *by beating on her* breaſt,
And bids it leap from thence, where it may find
Some purer cheſt, *to cloſe ſo pure a mind.*"] So in *King Richard II.*

" A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up *cheſt*
" Is a bold *ſpirit* in a loyal *breaſt*." MALONE.

9 *O comfort-killing* night! image of hell!] So, in *King Henry V:*

" Never ſees horrid *night*, the *child of hell*." STEEVENS.

1 Black *ſtage for tragedies*—] In our authour's time, I believe, the ſtage was hung with black, when tragedies were performed. The hanging however was, I ſuppoſe, no more than one piece of black baize placed at the back of the ſtage, in the room of the tapeſtry which was the common decoration when comedies were acted. See the *Account of the Ancient Engliſh Theatres*, Vol. I. MALONE.

2 *Let their* exhal'd unwholeſome breaths *make ſick*
The life of purity, the ſupreme fair,] So, in *King Lear:*

" —*infect*

Ere he arrive his weary noon-tide prick [3];
And let thy misty vapours march so thick [4],
That in their smoky ranks his smother'd light
May set at noon, and make perpetual night.

Were Tarquin night, (as he is but night's child [5],)
The silver-shining queen he would distain [6];
Her twinkling handmaids [7] too, by him defil'd,
Through night's black bosom should not peep again [8]:
So should I have copartners in my pain:
And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage [9],
As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage [1].

Where

" ——*infect* her beauty,
" Ye *fen-suck'd fogs*,——." STEEVENS.

3 —*noon-tide prick*;] So, in one of our authour's plays:
" And make an evening at the noon-tide *prick*."
i. e. the *point* of noon. Again, in *Damon and Pythias*, 1571:
" It *pricketh* fast upon noon." STEEVENS.
Again, in *Acolastus his After-witte*, 1600:
" Scarce had the sun attain'd his noon-tide *prick*." MALONE.

4 *And let thy* misty *vapours march so thick*,] The quarto, by an evident error of the press, reads—*musty*. The subsequent copies have—*misty*. So, before:
" Muster thy *mists* to meet the eastern light."
Again:
" ——*misty* night
" Covers the shame that follows such delight." MALONE.

5 —(*as he is but* night's child,)] The wicked, in scriptural language, are called the *children of darkness*. STEEVENS.

6 —*he would* distain;] Thus all the copies before that of 1616, which reads:
The silver-shining queen he would *disdain*.
Dr. Sewell, unwilling, to print nonsense, altered this to—
—*him* would *disdain*. MALONE.

7 *Her twinkling* handmaids—] That is, *the stars*. So in *Troilus and Cressida*:
" By all Diana's *waiting-women* yonder,
" And by herself, I will not tell you whose." MALONE.

8 *Through* night's black bosom *should not* peep *again*:] So, in *Macbeth*:
" Nor heaven *peep through* the blanket of *the dark*,
" To cry, *hold, hold*." MALONE.

9 *And* fellowship *in* woe *doth woe assuage*,] So, in *King Lear*:
" But then the mind much *sufferance* doth *o'er-skip*,
" When *grief* hath *mates*, and bearing *fellowship*."

Where now [2] I have no one to blush with me,
To cross their arms, and hang their heads with mine,
To mask their brows *, and hide their infamy;
But I alone, alone must sit and pine,
Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine [3];
Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with groans,
Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

O night, thou furnace of foul-reeking smoke,
Let not the jealous day behold that face
Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak
Immodestly lies martyr'd with disgrace!
Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"—or if four woe delight in fellowship—."

So Chaucer, *Troilus and Creseide*, B. I.

"Men saie, to wretch is consolation,
"To have another fellow in his paine." MALONE.

Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.

I believe this is a line of Cato's distichs. It is found in a common school book; *Synopsis communium locorum*. STEEVENS.

[1] *As palmers'* chat *makes short their pilgrimage.*] This is the reading of the quarto, 1594. The octavo, 1616, and all the modern editions, read, unintelligibly:

As palmers *that make* short their pilgrimage. MALONE.

As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage.] So, in *K. Richard II*:

"——rough uneven ways
"Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome:
"And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
"Making the hard way sweet and delectable."

Again, ibid:

"——wanting your company,
"Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd
"The tediousness and process of my travel." STEEVENS.

[2] Where *now*—] *Where* for *whereas*. See Vol. VI. p. 195, n. 4. MALONE.

* *To cross their arms, and* hang their heads *with mine,*
To mask their brows,—] So, in *Macbeth*:

"What, man! ne'er *pull your hat upon your brows*;
"Give sorrow words." MALONE.

[3] *Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine*;] So, in Shakspeare's *Lover's Complaint*:

"Laund'ring the silken figures in the *brine*,
"Which *season'd* woe had pelleted in tears."

Again, in *All's well that ends well*: "—*tears*,—the best *brine* a maiden can *season* her praise in." MALONE.

That all the faults which in thy reign are made,
May likewiſe be ſepúlcher'd in thy ſhade[4]!

Make me not object to the tell-tale day!
The light will ſhew, charácter'd[5] in my brow,
The ſtory of ſweet chaſtity's decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlock's vow:
Yea, the illiterate that know not how
To 'cipher what is writ in learned books,
Will quote[6] my loathſome treſpaſs in my looks.

The nurſe, to ſtill her child, will tell my ſtory,
And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's name[7];
The orator, to deck his oratory,
Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's ſhame:
Feaſt-finding minſtrels[8], tuning my defame,
Will tie the hearers to attend each line,
How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatine.

4 *May likewiſe be* ſepúlcher'd *in thy ſhade!*] The word *ſepulcher'd* is thus accented by Milton, in his Verſes on our authour:

"And ſo ſepúlcher'd in ſuch pomp does lie,

"That kings for ſuch a tomb would wiſh to die." MALONE.

5 —charácter'd *in my* brow,] So, in one of Daniel's *Sonnets*, 1592:

"And if a *brow* with care's *charácters* painted—"

This word was, I ſuppoſe, thus accented when our authour wrote, and is at this day pronounced in the ſame manner by the common people of Ireland, where, I believe, much of the pronunciation of queen Elizabeth's age is yet retained. MALONE.

6 *Will* quote—] Will *mark* or *obſerve*. So, in *Hamlet*:

"I am ſorry that with better heed and judgment

"I had not *quoted* him:"

See alſo Vol. I. p. 130, n. 2; and Vol. II. p. 378, n. 6, and p. 432, n. 6. MALONE.

7 *And* fright her crying babe *with* Tarquin's name;] The power with which the poet here inveſts the name of Tarquin, has been attributed to the famous John Talbot earl of Shrewſbury, and to our King Richard I. See Vol. VI. p. 24, n. 8. MALONE.

Thus, in Dryden's *Don Sebaſtian*:

"Nor ſhall *Sebaſtian's* formidable *name*

"Be longer us'd to *ſtill the crying babe*." STEEVENS.

8 *Feaſt-finding minſtrels.*—] Our ancient minſtrels were the conſtant attendants on feaſts. I queſtion whether Homer's *Demodocus* was a higher character. STEEVENS.

Let

Let my good name, that ſenſeleſs reputation,
For Collatine's dear love be kept unſpotted:
If that be made a theme for diſputation,
The branches of another root are rotted;
And undeſerv'd reproach to him allotted,
That is as clear from this attaint of mine,
As I, ere this, was pure to Collatine.

O unſeen ſhame! inviſible diſgrace!
O unfelt ſore! creſt-wounding, private ſcar!
Reproach is ſtamp'd in Collatinus' face,
And Tarquin's eye may read the mot afar[9],
How he in peace is wounded, not in war.
Alas, how many bear ſuch ſhameful blows,
Which not themſelves, but he that gives them, knows!

If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,
From me by ſtrong aſſault it is bereft.
My honey loſt, and I, a drone-like bee,
Have no perfection of my ſummer left,
But robb'd and ranſack'd by injurious theft:
In thy weak hive a wandering waſp hath crept,
And ſuck'd the honey which thy chaſte bee kept.

Yet am I guiltleſs of thy honour's wreck[1];
Yet for thy honour did I entertain him;
Coming from thee, I could not put him back,

For

9 —*may read the* mot *afar,*] The *motto*, or *word*, as it was ſometimes formerly called. So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

"*The* word, *lux tua vita mihi.*"

Again, in the title of Naſh's *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596: "—The *mott* or pœeſie, inſtead of *omne tulit punctum, pacis fiducia nunquam.*"

The modern editions read unintelligibly:

—may read the *mote* afar. MALONE.

1 *Yet am I* guiltleſs *of thy honour's wreck*;] The old copy reads, I think, corruptedly:

Yet am I *guilty* of thy honour's wreck;

Dr. Sewell has endeavoured to make ſenſe by a different punctuation:

Yet, am I guilty of thy honour's wreck?

But this does not correſpond with the next verſe, where the words are arranged as here, and yet are not interrogatory, but affirmative. *Guilty*

For it had been diſhonour to diſdain him:
Beſides of wearineſs he did complain him,
And talk'd of virtue:—O, unlook'd for evil,
When virtue is prophan'd in ſuch a devil!

Why ſhould the worm intrude the maiden bud[2]?
Or hateful cuckows hatch in ſparrows' neſts?
Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud?
Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breaſts[3]?
Or kings be breakers of their own beheſts?
But no perfection is ſo abſolute[4],
That ſome impurity doth not pollute.

The aged man that coffers up his gold,
Is plagu'd with cramps, and gouts, and painful fits;
And ſcarce hath eyes his treaſure to behold,

was, I am perſuaded, a miſprint. Though the firſt quarto ſeems to have been printed under our authour's inſpection, we are not therefore to conclude that it is entirely free from typographical faults. Shakſpeare was probably not a very diligent corrector of his ſheets; and however attentive he might have been, I am ſorry to be able to obſerve, that, notwithſtanding an editor's beſt care, ſome errors will happen at the preſs.

If the preſent emendation be not juſt, and the authour wrote *guilty*, then undoubtedly there was ſome errour in the ſubſequent line. Shakſpeare might have written—

" Yet am I guilty of thy honour's wreck?
" *No*; for thy honour did I entertain him."

The compoſitor's eye might have glanced a ſecond time on the firſt line, and thus the word *Yet* might have been inadvertently repeated.

MALONE.

[2] *Why ſhould the* worm *intrude the maiden* bud?] So, in *Twelfth Night*:

" But let concealment, like a *worm i' the bud*,
" Feed on her damaſk cheek." MALONE.

[3] *Or tyrant* folly *lurk in* gentle *breaſts?*] Folly is, I believe, here uſed as in ſcripture, for wickedneſs. *Gentle* is *well born*. MALONE.

[4] *But no perfection is ſo* abſolute,] So complete. So, in *Pericles*:

" ——ſtill ſhe vies
" With *abſolute* Marina."

Perhaps *But* has here the force of—But *that*. MALONE.

—— *no* perfection *is ſo abſolute*,
That ſome impurity *doth not pollute.*] So, in *Othello*:

" —Where's that *palace*, where into *foul* things
" Sometimes intrude not?" STEEVENS.

But

But like ſtill-pining Tantalus he ſits,
And uſeleſs barns the harveſt of his wits [5];
Having no other pleaſure of his gain,
But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

So then he hath it, when he cannot uſe it,
And leaves it to be maſter'd by his young [6];
Who in their pride do preſently abuſe it:
Their father was too weak, and they too ſtrong,
To hold their curſed-bleſſed fortune long.
The ſweets we wiſh for turn to loathed ſours,
Even in the moment that we call them ours.

Unruly blaſts wait on the tender ſpring;
Unwholeſome weeds take root with precious flowers;
The adder hiſſes where the ſweet birds ſing;
What virtue breeds, iniquity devours:
We have no good that we can ſay is ours,
But ill annexed opportunity
Or kills his life, or elſe his quality.

O, Opportunity! thy guilt is great:
'Tis thou that execut'ſt the traitor's treaſon;
Thou ſet'ſt the wolf where he the lamb may get;
Whoever plots the ſin, thou 'point'ſt the ſeaſon;
'Tis thou that ſpurn'ſt at right, at law, at reaſon;
And in thy ſhady cell, where none may ſpy him,
Sits Sin, to ſeize the ſouls that wander by him.

[5] *And uſeleſs* barns *the harveſt of his wits*;] Thus all the copies before that of 1616, which reads:

And uſeleſs *bans* the harveſt of his wits.

This has been followed in all the modern editions. MALONE.

[6] *So then he hath it, when he cannot uſe it,*
And leaves it to be maſter'd by his young; &c.] So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

"—Thou haſt nor youth nor age,
"But, as it were, an after-dinner's ſleep,
"Dreaming on both: for all thy bleſſed youth
"Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
"Of palſied eld: and when thou art *old* and *rich*,
"*Thou haſt neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,*
"*To make thy riches pleaſant.*" MALONE.

Thou mak'ſt the veſtal violate her oath[7];
Thou blow'ſt the fire when temperance is thaw'd;
Thou ſmother'ſt honeſty, thou murder'ſt troth;
Thou foul abettor! thou notorious bawd!
Thou planteſt ſcandal, and diſplaceſt laud:
Thou raviſher, thou traitor, thou falſe thief,
Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief!

Thy ſecret pleaſure turns to open ſhame,
Thy private feaſting to a publick faſt;
Thy ſmoothing titles to a ragged name[8];
Thy ſugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taſte[9]:
Thy violent vanities can never laſt[1].
How comes it then, vile Opportunity,
Being ſo bad, ſuch numbers ſeek for thee?

7 *Thou mak'ſt the* veſtal violate her oath;] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" ——women are not
" In their beſt fortunes ſtrong; but want will *perjure*
" The ne'er-touch'd *veſtal*." STEEVENS.

8 *Thy* ſmoothing *titles to a* ragged *name*;] Thy *flattering* titles. So, in *King Lear*:

" —Such ſmiling rogues as theſe—
" ——*ſmooth* ev'ry paſſion
" That in the nature of their lords rebels."

Again, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

" ——The ſinful father
" Seem'd not to ſtrike, but *ſmooth*."

The edition of 1616, and all afterwards, read without authority:

Thy *ſmoth'ring* titles—.

A ragged name means a contemptible, ignominious name. See Vol. V. p. 286, n. 4. MALONE.

9 *Thy* ſugar'd *tongue to* bitter wormwood *taſte*:] So, in *Othello*: " —the food that to him now is *luſcious* as locuſts, ſhall be to him ſhortly as *bitter* as *coloquintida*." STEEVENS.

1 *Thy violent vanities can never laſt.*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" Theſe *violent delights* have *violent ends*,
" And in their triumph die."

Again, in *Othello*: " —it was a *violent commencement* in her, and thou ſhalt ſee an *anſwerable ſequeſtration*." MALONE.

Fierce vanities is an expreſſion in *King Henry VIII*: Scene I. STEEVENS.

When

When wilt thou be the humble ſuppliant's friend,
And bring him where his ſuit may be obtain'd?
When wilt thou ſort an hour[2] great ſtrifes to end?
Or free that ſoul which wretchedneſs hath chain'd?
Give phyſick to the ſick, eaſe to the pain'd?
The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee;
But they ne'er meet with opportunity.

The patient dies while the phyſician ſleeps;
The orphan pines while the oppreſſor feeds;
Juſtice is feaſting while the widow weeps;
Advice is ſporting while infection breeds[3];
Thou grant'ſt no time for charitable deeds:
Wrath, envy, treaſon, rape, and murder's rages,
Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.

When Truth and Virtue have to do with thee,
A thouſand croſſes keep them from thy aid;
They buy thy help: but Sin ne'er gives a fee,
He gratis comes; and thou art well appay'd[4]
As well to hear as grant what he hath ſaid.
My Collatine would elſe have come to me
When Tarquin did, but he was ſtay'd by thee.

Guilty thou art of murder and of theft;
Guilty of perjury and ſubornation;
Guilty of treaſon, forgery, and ſhift;

[2] *When wilt thou* ſort *an hour*—] When wilt thou *chooſe out* an hour. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

"Let us into the city preſently

"To *ſort* ſome gentlemen well-ſkill'd in muſick." MALONE.

Again, in *King Richard III:*

"But I will *ſort a pitchy day* for thee." STEEVENS.

[3] Advice *is ſporting while infection breeds*;] While infection is ſpreading, the grave rulers of the ſtate, that ought to guard againſt its further progreſs, are careleſs and inattentive.—*Advice* was formerly uſed for *knowledge* and *deliberation*. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

"How ſhall I dote on her with more *advice*,

"That thus without *advice* begin to love her?" MALONE.

This idea was probably ſuggeſted to Shakſpeare by the rapid progreſs of the *plague* in London. STEEVENS.

[4] —*and thou art well* appay'd,] *Appay'd* is *pleaſed*. The word is now obſolete. MALONE.

Guilty

Guilty of inceſt, that abomination:
An acceſſary by thine inclination
To all ſins paſt, and all that are to come,
From the creation to the general doom.

Miſhapen Time, copeſmate[5] of ugly night,
Swift ſubtle poſt, carrier of griſly care;
Eater of youth, falſe ſlave to falſe delight,
Baſe watch of woes, ſin's pack-horſe, virtue's ſnare;
Thou nurſeſt all, and murdereſt all that are.
O hear me then, injurious, ſhifting Time!
Be guilty of my death, ſince of my crime.

Why hath thy ſervant, Opportunity,
Betray'd the hours thou gav'ſt me to repoſe?
Cancel'd my fortunes, and enchained me
To endleſs date of never-ending woes?
Time's office is, to fine the hate of foes[6];
To eat up errours by opinion bred[7],
Not ſpend the dowry of a lawful bed.

Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmaſk falſhood, and bring truth to light,
To ſtamp the ſeal of time in aged things,
To wake the morn, and ſentinel the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right[8];

To

5 —*copeſmate*—] i. e. companion. So, in *Hubbard's Tale:*
" Till that the foe his *copeſmate* he had found." STEEVENS.

6 *Time's office is, to* fine *the hate of foes*;] It is the buſineſs of time to ſoften and *refine* the animoſities of men; to ſooth and reconcile enemies. The modern editions read, without authority or meaning:
—to *find* the hate of foes. MALONE.

" To *fine* the hate of foes," is to *bring it to an end.* So, in *All's Well that ends Well:*
" ——ſtill the *fine's* the crown,
" Whate'er the courſe, the end is the renown."
The ſame thought has already occurred in the poem before us:
" When wilt thou ſort an hour *great ſtrifes to end?*" STEEV.

7 *To* eat up errours *by opinion bred,*] This likewiſe is repreſented as the office of Time in the chorus to the *Winter's Tale:*
" —that make and *unfold error.*" STEEVENS.

8 *To* wrong *the wronger till he render right*;] To *puniſh* by the *compunctions*

To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours [9],
And smear with dust their glittering golden towers:

To fill with worm-holes stately monuments [1],
To feed oblivion with decay of things,
To blot old books, and alter their contents [2],
To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,
To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs [3];

To

punctions visiting of conscience the person who has done an injury to another, till he has made compensation. The *wrong* done in this instance by Time, must be understood in the sense of *damnum sine injuria*; and in this light serves to illustrate and support Mr. Tyrwhitt's explanation of a passage in *Julius Cæsar*, even supposing that it stood as Ben Jonson has maliciously represented it:—"Know, Cæsar, doth not *wrong*, but with *just cause*, &c." See Vol. VII. p. 358, n. 1.

Dr. Farmer very elegantly would read:

To *wring* the wronger till he render right. MALONE.

9 *To ruinate proud buildings with* thy hours,] As we have here no invocation to *time*, I suspect the two last words of this line to be corrupted, and would read:

To ruinate proud buildings with *their bowers*. STEEVENS.

Hours is surely the true reading. In the preceding address to *Opportunity* the same words are employed:

"Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's rages,
"*Thy* heinous *hours* wait on them as their pages."

So, in our authour's 19th *Sonnet*:

"Devouring *Time*—
"O, carve not *with thy hours* my love's fair brow."

Again, in Davison's Poems, 1621:

"*Time's* young *bowres* attend her still."

To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours—is, to destroy buildings by thy slow and unperceived progress. It were easy to read—with *his* hours; but the poet having made Lucretia address Time personally in the two preceding stanzas, and again a little lower—

Why work'st *thou* mischief in thy pilgrimage—

probably was here inattentive, and is himself answerable for the present inaccuracy. MALONE.

1 *To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,*] So, in the induction to *King Henry IV.* P. II.

"Between the royal field of Shrewsbury,
"And this *worm-eaten* hold of ragged stone." MALONE.

2 *To blot old books, and alter their contents,*] Our authour probably little thought, when he wrote this line, that his own compositions would afford a more striking example of this species of devastation than any that has appeared since the first use of types. MALONE.

3 *To dry the old oak's sap, and* cherish springs;] The last two words,

if

To ſpoil antiquities of hammer'd ſteel[4],
And turn the giddy round of fortune's wheel:

To

if they make any ſenſe, it is ſuch as is directly contrary to the ſentiment here advanced; which is concerning the *decays*, and not the *repairs*, of time. The poet certainly wrote:

To dry the old oak's ſap, and *tariſh* ſprings;

i. e. to dry up ſprings, from the French *tarir*, or *tariſſement*, *exarefacere*, *exſiccatio*: theſe words being peculiarly applied to ſprings or rivers.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Johnſon thinks Shakſpeare wrote:

——and *periſh* ſprings;

And Dr. Farmer has produced from the *Maid's Tragedy* a paſſage in which the word *periſh* is uſed in an active ſenſe.

If change were neceſſary, that word might perhaps have as good a claim to admiſſion as any other; but I know not why the text has been ſuſpected of corruption. The operations of Time, here deſcribed, are not all uniform; nor has the poet confined himſelf ſolely to its *deſtructive* qualities. In ſome of the inſtances mentioned, its *progreſs* only is adverted to. Thus we are told, his glory is—

"To wake the morn, and ſentinel the night—
"And turn the giddy round of fortune's wheel."

In others, its ſalutary effects are pointed out:

"To cheer the ploughman with increaſeful crops,—
"To unmaſk falſehood, and bring truth to light,—
"To wrong the wronger till he render right."

Where then is the difficulty of the preſent line, even ſuppoſing that we underſtand the word *ſprings* in its common acceptation? It is the office of Time (ſays Lucretia) to dry up the ſap of the oak, and to furniſh ſprings with a perpetual ſupply; to deprive the one of that moiſture which ſhe liberally beſtows upon the other. In the next ſtanza the employment of Time is equally various and diſcordant:

"To make the child a man, the man a child—"

to advance the infant to the maturity of man, and to reduce the aged to the imbecillity of childhood.

By *ſprings* however may be underſtood (as has been obſerved by Mr. Tollet) the *ſhoots* of young trees; and then the meaning will be,—It is the office of Time, on the one hand, to deſtroy the ancient oak, by drying up its ſap; on the other, to *cheriſh* young *plants*, and to bring them to maturity. So, in our authour's 15th *Sonnet*:

"When I perceive that men, as *plants*, increaſe,
"*Cheered* and check'd even by the ſelf-ſame ſky—."

I believe this to be the true ſenſe of the paſſage. *Springs* have this ſignification in many ancient Engliſh books; and the word is again uſed in the ſame ſenſe in *The Comedy of Errors*:

"Even in the ſpring of love thy love-*ſprings* rot."

Again,

To ſhew the beldame daughters of her daughter,
To make the child a man, the man a child,
To ſlay the tyger that doth live by ſlaughter,
To tame the unicorn and lion wild;
To mock the ſubtle, in themſelves beguil'd;
To cheer the ploughman with increaſeful crops,
And waſte huge ſtones with little water-drops.

Why work'ſt thou miſchief in thy pilgrimage,
Unleſs thou could'ſt return to make amends?
One poor retiring minute in an age[5]
Would purchaſe thee a thouſand thouſand friends,
Lending him wit, that to bad debtors lends:
O, this dread night, would'ſt thou one hour come back,
I could prevent this ſtorm, and ſhun thy wreck!

Thou ceaſeleſs lackey to eternity,
With ſome miſchance croſs Tarquin in his flight:
Deviſe extremes beyond extremity[6],
To make him curſe this curſed crimeful night:
Let ghaſtly ſhadows his lewd eyes affright;

Again, in *Venus and Adonis:*

"This canker, that eats up love's tender *ſpring*." MALONE.

In Holinſhed's *Deſcription of England*, both the conteſted words in the latter part of the verſe, occur. "We have manie woods, forreſts, and parks, which *cheriſh* trees abundantlie, beſide infinit numbers of hedge-rowes, groves, and *ſprings*, that are mainteined," &c. TOLLET.

[4] *To ſpoil antiquities of hammer'd ſteel.*] The poet was here, I believe, thinking of the coſtly monuments erected in honour of our ancient kings and ſome of the nobility, which were frequently made of caſt iron, or copper, wrought with great nicety; many of which had probably even in his time begun to decay. There are ſome of theſe monuments yet to be ſeen in Weſtminſter-abbey, and other old cathedrals. MALONE.

[5] *One poor* retiring *minute in an age*] *Retiring* here ſignifies *returning*, coming back again. MALONE.

[6] —*extremes* beyond extremity,] So, in *King Lear:*

"—to make much more,
"And *top extremity*." STEEVENS.

And

And the dire thought of his committed evil
Shape every buſh a hideous ſhapeleſs devil [7].

Diſturb his hours of reſt with reſtleſs trances [8],
Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans;
Let there bechance him pitiful miſchances,
To make him moan; but pity not his moans:
Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than ſtones [9];
And let mild women to him loſe their mildneſs,
Wilder to him than tygers in their wildneſs.

Let him have time to tear his curled hair [1],
Let him have time againſt himſelf to rave,
Let him have time of Time's help to deſpair,

Let

7 *Shape every* buſh *a hideous ſhapeleſs* devil.] So, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream:*

" How eaſy is a *buſh* ſuppos'd a *bear?*

Again, in *King Henry VI.* P. III:

" The thief doth fear each *buſh* an *officer.*" STEEVENS.

8 *Let ghaſtly ſhadows his lewd eyes affright,—*

Diſturb his hours of reſt with reſtleſs trances, &c.] Here we find in embryo that ſcene of *King Richard III.* in which he is terrified by the ghoſts of thoſe whom he had ſlain. MALONE.

9 *—with harden'd hearts, harder than ſtones;*] So in *Othello:*

" —my heart is turn'd to ſtone;
" I ſtrike it, and it hurts my hand."

Again in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" ——*throw* my *heart*
" Againſt the flint and hardneſs of my fault,
" Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
" And finiſh all foul thoughts." MALONE.

1 *Let him have time to tear his* curled *hair,* &c.] This now common faſhion is always mentioned by Shakſpeare as a diſtinguiſhing characteriſtick of a perſon of rank. So, in *Othello:*

" The wealthy *curled* darlings of our nation—."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" If ſhe firſt meet the *curled* Antony,—."

This and the next ſtanza, and many other paſſages both of the preſent performance and *Venus and Adonis*, are inſerted with very ſlight variations, in a poem entitled *Acciaſtus his After-witte*, by S. Nicholſon, 1600; a circumſtance which I ſhould hardly have thought worth mentioning, but that in the ſame poem is alſo found a line taken from *The Third Part of Henry VI.* and a paſſage evidently copied from *Hamlet*; from

Let him have time to live a loathed ſlave,
Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave;
And time to ſee one that by alms doth live,
Diſdain to him diſdained ſcraps to give.

Let him have time to ſee his friends his foes,
And merry fools to mock at him reſort:
Let him have time to mark how ſlow time goes
In time of ſorrow, and how ſwift and ſhort
His time of folly, and his time of ſport:
And ever let his unrecalling crime[2]
Have time to wail the abuſing of his time.

O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,
Teach me to curſe him that thou taught'ſt this ill!
At his own ſhadow let the thief run mad,
Himſelf himſelf ſeek every hour to kill!
Such wretched hands ſuch wretched blood ſhould ſpill:
For who ſo baſe would ſuch an office have
As ſlanderous death's-man to ſo baſe a ſlave[3]?

The baſer is he, coming from a king,
To ſhame his hope with deeds degenerate.
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing

from whence we may, I think, conclude with certainty, that there was an edition of that tragedy (probably before it was enlarged) of an earlier date than any yet diſcovered. MALONE.

Surely a paſſage ſhort as the firſt of theſe referred to, might have been carried away from the play-houſe by an auditor of the weakeſt memory. Of Hamlet's addreſs to the ghoſt, the idea, not the language, is preſerved. Either of them, however, might have been caught during repreſentation. STEEVENS.

[2] *And ever let his* unrecalling crime—] His crime which cannot be unacted. *Unrecalling* for *unrecalled*, or rather for *unrecallable*. This licentious uſe of the participle is common in the writings of our authour and his contemporaries.

The edition of 1616, which has been followed by all ſubſequent, reads:—his unrecalling *time*. MALONE.

[3] *As ſlanderous* death's-man *to ſo baſe a ſlave?*] i. e. executioner. So, in one of our authour's plays:

" —he's dead; I am only ſorry
" He had no other *death's-man*." STEEVENS.

That

That makes him honour'd, or begets him hate;
For greateſt ſcandal waits on greateſt ſtate.
The moon being clouded preſently is miſs'd,
But little ſtars may hide them when they liſt.

The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,
And unperceiv'd fly with the filth away;
But if the like the ſnow-white ſwan deſire,
The ſtain upon his ſilver down will ſtay.
Poor grooms are ſightleſs night[4], kings glorious day.
Gnats are unnoted whereſoe'er they fly,
But eagles gaz'd upon with every eye.

Out, idle words[5], ſervants to ſhallow fools!
Unprofitable ſounds, weak arbitrators!
Buſy yourſelves in ſkill-contending ſchools;
Debate where leiſure ſerves with dull debaters;
To trembling clients be you mediators:
For me, I force not argument a ſtraw[6],
Since that my caſe is paſt the help of law.

In vain I rail at opportunity,
At time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful night[7];
In vain I cavil with mine infamy,

4 —ſightleſs *night*,—] So, in *King John*:
" —thou and *eyeleſs* night
" Have done me ſhame." STEEVENS.

5 Out, *idle words*,—] Thus the quarto. The octavo, 1607, has *Our* idle words,—which has been followed by that of 1616. Dr. Sewell reads without authority: *O*, idle words—. *Out* is an exclamation of abhorrence or contempt yet uſed in the north. MALONE.

6 *For me, I* force *not argument a ſtraw*,] I do not *value* or *eſteem* argument. So, in *The Tragicall Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:
" But when he, many monthes, hopeleſs of his recure,
" Had ſerved her, who *forced* not what paynes he did endure—."
Again, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:
" Your oath broke once, you *force* not to forſwear." MALONE.

7 *At time, at Tarquin, and* uncheerful *night*;] The octavo, 1607, and all the ſubſequent copies, have;—*unfearchful* night. *Uncheerful* is the reading of the quarto, 1594. MALONE.

In

In vain I ſpurn at my confirm'd deſpite:
This helpleſs ſmoke of words[8] doth me no right.
The remedy indeed to do me good,
Is to let forth my foul, defiled, blood.

Poor hand, why quiver'ſt thou at this decree?
Honour thyſelf to rid me of this ſhame;
For if I die, my honour lives in thee,
But if I live, thou liv'ſt in my defame;
Since thou could'ſt not defend thy loyal dame,
And waſt afear'd to ſcratch her wicked foe,
Kill both thyſelf and her for yielding ſo.

This ſaid, from her be-tumbled couch ſhe ſtarteth,
To find ſome deſperate inſtrument of death:
But this no-ſlaughter-houſe no tool imparteth,
To make more vent for paſſage of her breath;
Which, thronging through her lips, ſo vaniſheth
As ſmoke from Ætna, that in air conſumes,
Or that which from diſcharged cannon fumes.

In vain, quoth ſhe, I live, and ſeek in vain
Some happy mean to end a hapleſs life.
I fear'd by Tarquin's falchion to be ſlain,
Yet for the ſelf-ſame purpoſe ſeek a knife:
But when I fear'd, I was a loyal wife;
So am I now:—O no, that cannot be;
Of that true type hath Tarquin rifled me.

O! that is gone, for which I ſought to live,
And therefore now I need not fear to die.
To clear this ſpot by death, at leaſt I give
A badge of fame to ſlander's livery[9];
A dying life to living infamy:

[8] *This helpleſs* ſmoke of words—] So, in *King John*:
"They ſhoot but calm *words* folded up in *ſmoke*." STEEVENS.

[9] *A* badge *of fame to ſlander's* livery;] In our authour's time the ſervants of the nobility all wore ſilver *badges* on their *liveries*, on which the arms of their maſters were engraved. MALONE.

Poor helpleſs help, the treaſure ſtolen away,
To burn the guiltleſs caſket where it lay!

Well, well, dear Collatine, thou ſhalt not know
The ſtained taſte of violated troth;
I will not wrong thy true affection ſo,
To flatter thee with an infringed oath;
This baſtard graff ſhall never come to growth[1]:
He ſhall not boaſt, who did thy ſtock pollute,
That thou art doting father of his fruit.

Nor ſhall he ſmile at thee in ſecret thought,
Nor laugh with his companions at thy ſtate;
But thou ſhalt know thy intereſt was not bought
Baſely with gold, but ſtolen from forth thy gate.
For me, I am the miſtreſs of my fate;
And with my treſpaſs never will diſpenſe,
Till life to death acquit my forc'd offence.

I will not poiſon thee with my attaint,
Nor fold my fault in cleanly-coin'd excuſes;
My ſable ground of ſin I will not paint,
To hide the truth of this falſe night's abuſes:
My tongue ſhall utter all; mine eyes, like ſluices,
As from a mountain-ſpring that feeds a dale,
Shall guſh pure ſtreams to purge my impure tale.

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended
The well-tun'd warble of her nightly ſorrow,
And ſolemn night with ſlow-ſad gait deſcended
To ugly hell; when lo, the bluſhing morrow
Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow:
But cloudy Lucrece ſhames herſelf to ſee,
And therefore ſtill in night would cloiſter'd be.

[1] *This baſtard* graff *ſhall never come to growth:*] The edition of 1616, and all the moderns, have—This baſtard *graſs*.—The true reading was ſupplied by the earlieſt copy. MALONE.

This ſentiment is adopted from the *Wiſdom of Solomon*, ch. 4, v. 3: "But the multiplying brood of the ungodly ſhall not thrive, nor take deep rooting from *baſtard ſlips*, nor lay any faſt foundation." The ſame alluſion is employed in one of our author's hiſtorical plays. STEEVENS.

Revealing day through every cranny ſpies,
And ſeems to point her out where ſhe ſits weeping;
To whom ſhe ſobbing ſpeaks: O eye of eyes,
Why pry'ſt thou through my window? leave thy peeping;
Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are ſleeping:
Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,
For day hath nought to do what's done by night.

Thus cavils ſhe with every thing ſhe ſees:
True grief is fond and teſty as a child[2],
Who wayward once, his mood with nought agrees.
Old woes, not infant ſorrows, bear them mild;
Continuance tames the one; the other wild,
Like an unpractiz'd ſwimmer plunging ſtill,
With too much labour drowns for want of ſkill.

So ſhe, deep-drenched in a ſea of care,
Holds diſputation with each thing ſhe views,
And to herſelf all ſorrow doth compare;
No object but her paſſion's ſtrength renews;
And as one ſhifts, another ſtraight enſues:
Sometime her grief is dumb, and hath no words;
Sometime 'tis mad, and too much talk affords[3].

The little birds that tune their morning's joy,
Make her moans mad with their ſweet melody[4]:
For mirth doth ſearch the bottom of annoy;

Sad

[2] *True grief is* fond *and teſty as a child,*] *Fond,* in old language, is *fooliſh.* See Vol. III. p. 66, n. 5. MALONE.

[3] *Sometime* her grief is dumb, and hath no words;
Sometime 'tis mad, *and* too much talk affords.] Thus, Lothario ſpeaking of Caliſta:

"At firſt *her rage was dumb, and wanted words*;
"But when the ſtorm found way, *'twas wild and loud,*
"*Mad* as the prieſteſs of the Delphick god," &c. STEEVENS.

[4] *The little birds that tune their morning's joy,*
Make her moans mad *with their ſweet* melody:] So the unhappy king Richard II. in his confinement exclaims:

"This *muſick mads* me, let it ſound no more;
"For though it have holpe madmen to their wits,
"In me it ſeems it will make wiſe men mad."

Sad ſouls are ſlain in merry company[5];
Grief beſt is pleas'd with grief's ſociety:
True ſorrow then is feelingly ſuffic'd,
When with like ſemblance it is ſympathiz'd.

'Tis double death to drown in ken of ſhore;
He ten times pines, that pines beholding food;
To ſee the ſalve doth make the wound ake more;
Great grief grieves moſt at that would do it good:
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
Who, being ſtopp'd, the bounding banks o'er-flows;
Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows.

You mocking birds, quoth ſhe, your tunes entomb
Within your hollow-ſwelling feather'd breaſts!
And in my hearing be you mute and dumb[6]!
(My reſtleſs diſcord loves no ſtops * nor reſts;
A woeful hoſteſs brooks not merry gueſts[7]:)

Shakſpeare has here (as in all his writings) ſhewn an intimate acquaintance with the human heart. Every one that has felt the preſſure of grief will readily acknowledge that "mirth doth ſearch the bottom of annoy." MALONE.

[5] *Sad ſouls are* ſlain *in* merry company;] So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*: "Oh, I am *ſtabb'd* with *laughter*." STEEVENS.

[6] *And in my hearing be you* mute and dumb!] The ſame pleonaſm of expreſſion is found in *Hamlet*:

"Or given my heart a working *mute and dumb*."

The editor of the octavo in 1616, to avoid the tautology, reads without authority:

And in my hearing be you *ever* dumb. MALONE.

You mocking birds, quoth ſhe, your tunes entomb
Within your hollow-ſwelling feather'd breaſts,
And in my hearing be you mute and dumb!
(My reſtleſs diſcord loves no ſtops nor reſts;
A woeful hoſteſs brooks not merry gueſts:)] Thus, Caliſta:

"*Be dumb for ever, ſilent as the grave,*
"Nor let thy fond officious love diſturb
"*My ſolemn ſadneſs with the ſound of joy.*" STEEVENS.

* —*no* ſtops,] This word is uſed here in a muſical ſenſe. So, in the Prologue to *King Henry IV.* P. II.

"Rumour is a pipe—
"And of ſo eaſy and ſo plain a *ſtop*,—." MALONE.

[7] *A woeful hoſteſs brooks not merry gueſts:)*] So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"A woeful Creſſid 'mongſt the merry Greeks." STEEVENS.

Reliſh

Reliſh your nimble notes to pleaſing ears[8];
Diſtreſs likes dumps[9] when time is kept with tears.

Come, Philomel, that ſing'ſt of raviſhment,
Make thy ſad grove in my diſhevel'd hair.
As the dank earth weeps at thy languiſhment,
So I at each ſad ſtrain will ſtrain a tear,
And with deep groans the diapaſon bear:
For burthen-wiſe I'll hum on Tarquin ſtill,
While thou on Tereus deſcant'ſt, better ſkill[1].

And whiles againſt a thorn thou bear'ſt thy part,
To keep thy ſharp woes waking, wretched I,
To imitate thee well, againſt my heart

8 Reliſh *your nimble notes to pleaſing ears*;] The quarto and all the other editions till that of 1616, read *raliſh*, which was either uſed in the the ſame ſenſe as *reliſh*, or was a different mode of ſpelling the ſame word. *Reliſh* is uſed by Daniel in his 52d *Sonnet* in the ſame manner as here:

"If any pleaſing *reliſh* here I uſe,
"Then judge the world, her beauty gives the ſame.
"O happy ground that makes the *muſick* ſuch—"

If *ears* be right, *pleaſing*, I think, was uſed by the poet for *pleaſed*. In *Othello* we find *delighted* for *delighting*:

"If virtue no *delighted* beauty lack—." MALONE.

9 *Diſtreſs likes* dumps—] A *dump* is a melancholy ſong. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"—to their inſtruments
"Tune a deploring *dump*." MALONE.

1 *While thou on Tereus deſcant'ſt*, better ſkill.] Philomel, the daughter of Pandion king of Athens, was raviſh'd by Tereus, the huſband of her ſiſter Progne.—According to the fable, ſhe was turned into a nightingale, Tereus into a lapwing, and Progne into a ſwallow.

There ſeems to be ſomething wanting to complete the ſenſe:—*with* better ſkill,—but this will not ſuit the metre In a preceding line, however, the prepoſition *with*, though equally wanting to complete the ſenſe, is omitted as here:

"For day hath nought to do what's done by night."

All the copies have:

While thou on Tereus *deſcants* better ſkill.

This kind of error (*deſcants* for *deſcant'ſt*) occurs in almoſt every page of our authour's plays. MALONE.

Perhaps the author wrote, (I ſay *perhaps*, for in Shakſpeare's licentious grammar nothing is very certain:)

—I'll hum on Tarquin's *ill*,
While thou on Tereus' deſcant'ſt better *ſtill*. STEEVENS.

Will fix a ſharp knife, to affright mine eye;
Who, if it wink[2], ſhall thereon fall and die.
These means, as frets upon an inſtrument,
Shall tune our heart-ſtrings to true languiſhment.

And for, poor bird, thou ſing'ſt not in the day[3],
As ſhaming any eye ſhould thee behold,
Some dark deep deſert, ſeated from the way,
That knows not parching heat nor freezing cold,
Will we find out[4]; and there we will unfold
To creatures ſtern ſad tunes, to change their kinds;
Since men prove beaſts, let beaſts bear gentle minds.

As the poor frighted deer, that ſtands at gaze,
Wildly determining which way to fly,
Or one encompaſs'd with a winding maze,
That cannot tread the way out readily;
So with herſelf is ſhe in mutiny,
To live or die which of the twain were better[5],
When life is ſham'd, and death reproaches debtor[6].

[2] Who, *if* it *wink*,—] Shakſpeare ſeldom attends to the laſt antecedent. The conſtruction is—*Which* heart, *if the* eye *wink*, *ſhall fall*, &c. MALONE.

[3] —*thou* ſing'ſt not in the day,] So, in *the Merchant of Venice*:

"The *nightingale, if ſhe ſhould ſing by day*,
"When every gooſe is cackling, would be thought
"No better a muſician than the wren." MALONE.

[4] *Some dark deep deſert*, ſeated from the way, &c.
Will we find out—] Thus, *Caliſta*:

"—my ſad ſoul
"Has form'd a diſmal melancholy ſcene,
"Such a retreat *as I would wiſh to find*,
"An *unfrequented* vale." STEEVENS.

[5] *To live or die which of the twain were better*,] So, *Hamlet*:

"To be, or not to be, that is the queſtion." STEEVENS.

[6] *When life is ſham'd, and death* reproaches *debtor*.] *Reproaches* is here, I think, the Saxon genitive caſe:—When death is the debtor of *reproach*. So, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream*:

"I do wander every where
"Swifter than the *moones* ſphere."

She debates whether ſhe ſhould not rather deſtroy herſelf than live; life being diſgraceful in conſequence of her violation, and her death being a *debt* which ſhe *owes* to the *reproach* of her conſcience. MALONE.

To

To kill myſelf, quoth ſhe, alack! what were it,
But with my body my poor ſoul's pollution?
They that loſe half, with greater patience bear it,
Than they whoſe whole is ſwallow'd in confuſion.
That mother tries a mercileſs concluſion[7],
Who, having two ſweet babes, when death takes one,
Will ſlay the other, and be nurſe to none.

My body or my ſoul, which was the dearer?
When the one pure, the other made divine.
Whoſe love of either to myſelf was nearer?
When both were kept for heaven and Collatine.
Ah me! the bark peel'd from the lofty pine,
His leaves will wither, and his ſap decay;
So muſt my ſoul, her bark being peel'd away.

Her houſe is ſack'd[8], her quiet interrupted,
Her manſion batter'd by the enemy;
Her ſacred temple ſpotted, ſpoil'd, corrupted,
Groſsly engirt with daring infamy:
Then let it not be call'd impiety,
If in this blemiſh'd fort I make ſome hole[9],
Through which I may convey this troubled ſoul.

Yet die I will not, till my Collatine
Have heard the cauſe of my untimely death;
That he may vow, in that ſad hour of mine,
Revenge on him that made me ſtop my breath[1].
My ſtained blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath,

7 *That mother tries a mercileſs* concluſion,] A mercileſs practice; a cruel *experiment*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
" —ſhe hath aſſay'd
" *Concluſions* infinite to die." MALONE.

8 *Her* houſe is ſack'd,—] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
" —tell me, that I may *ſack*
" The hated *manſion*." STEEVENS.

9 *If in this blemiſh'd* fort I make ſome hole, &c.] So, in *K. Rich. II.*:
" ——with a little pin
" *Bores* through his *caſtle* wall, and—farewel king." STEEV.

1 *Revenge on him that made me* ſtop *my* breath.] So, in *Othello*:
" —There lies your niece,
" Whoſe *breath* indeed theſe hands have newly *ſtopp'd*." MALONE.

Which by him tainted, ſhall for him be ſpent[2],
And as his due, writ in my teſtament.

My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife
That wounds my body ſo diſhonoured.
'Tis honour to deprive diſhonour'd life;
The one will live, the other being dead:
So of ſhame's aſhes ſhall my fame be bred;
For in my death I murder ſhameful ſcorn:
My ſhame ſo dead, mine honour is new-born.

Dear lord of that dear jewel I have loſt,
What legacy ſhall I bequeath to thee?
My reſolution, love, ſhall be thy boaſt,
By whoſe example thou reveng'd may'ſt be,
How Tarquin muſt be us'd, read it in me:
Myſelf, thy friend, will kill myſelf, thy foe,
And, for my ſake, ſerve thou falſe Tarquin ſo.

This brief abridgment of my will I make:
My ſoul and body to the ſkies and ground;
My reſolution, huſband, do thou take;
Mine honour be the knife's, that makes my wound;
My ſhame be his that did my fame confound;
And all my fame that lives, diſburſed be
To thoſe that live, and think no ſhame of me.

Thou, Collatine, ſhalt overſee this Will[3];
How was I overſeen that thou ſhalt ſee it!
My blood ſhall waſh the ſlander of mine ill;

My

[2] *Which* by *him tainted, ſhall for him be ſpent,*] The firſt copy has, by an apparent error of the preſs:

Which *for* him tainted—

The correction was made in the octavo, 1598. MALONE.

[3] Thou, *Collatine, ſhalt overſee this Will*;] Thus the quarto. The edition of 1616 has:

Then Collatine, &c. MALONE.

The *overſeer* of a will was, I ſuppoſe, deſigned as a check upon executors. Our author appoints John Hall and his wife for his *executors*, and Thomas Ruſſel and Francis Collins as his *overſeers*. STEEVENS.

Overſeers

My life's foul deed, my life's fair end ſhall free it.
Faint not, faint heart, but ſtoutly ſay, *ſo be it*.
Yield to my hand; my hand ſhall conquer thee;
Thou dead, both die, and both ſhall victors be.

This plot of death when ſadly ſhe had laid,
And wip'd the briniſh pearl from her bright eyes,
With untun'd tongue ſhe hoarſely call'd her maid,
Whoſe ſwift obedience to her miſtreſs hies;
For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies[4].
Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid ſeem ſo
As winter meads, when ſun doth melt their ſnow.

Her miſtreſs ſhe doth give demure good-morrow,
With ſoft-ſlow tongue, true mark of modeſty[5];
And ſorts a ſad look to her lady's ſorrow[6],
(For why? her face wore ſorrow's livery:)
But durſt not aſk of her audaciouſly
Why her two ſuns were cloud-eclipſed ſo,
Nor why her fair cheeks over-waſh'd with woe.

Overſeers were frequently added in Wills from the ſuperabundant caution of our anceſtors; but our law acknowledges no ſuch perſons, nor are they (as contradiſtinguiſhed from executors,) inveſted with any legal rights whatſoever. In ſome old Wills the term *overſeer* is uſed inſtead of *executor*. Sir Thomas Bodley, the founder of the Bodleian Library in Oxford, not content with appointing two executors and two *overſeers*, has likewiſe added three *ſupervifors*. MALONE.

[4] —*with* thought's feathers *flies*.] So, in *King John*:

" —ſet *feathers* to thy heels,
" And fly like *thought*." STEEVENS.

[5] *With* ſoft-ſlow tongue, *true mark of modeſty*;] So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

" Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
" With *ſoft-low tongue* and lowly courteſy."

In *King Lear* the ſame praiſe is beſtowed on Cordelia:

" —Her *voice* was ever *ſoft*,
" *Gentle* and *low*:—an excellent thing in woman."
MALONE.

[6] *And* ſorts *a ſad look to her lady's ſorrow*,] To *ſort* is to chooſe out. So before:

" When wilt thou *ſort* an hour great ſtrifes to end. MALONE.

But

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set[7],
Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye[8];
Even so the maid with swelling drops 'gan wet
Her circled eyne, enforc'd by sympathy
Of those fair suns, set in her mistress sky,
Who in a salt-wav'd ocean quench their light,
Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night[9].

A pretty while[1] these pretty creatures stand,
Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling[2]:
One justly weeps; the other takes in hand
No cause, but company, of her drops spilling:
Their gentle sex to weep are often willing;
Grieving themselves to guess at others' smarts,
And then they drown their eyes, or break their hearts:

For men have marble, women waxen, minds,
And therefore are they form'd as marble will[3];
The weak oppress'd, the impression of strange kinds

7 —*as the earth* doth weep, the sun being set, &c.] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" When *the sun sets*, the air doth *drizzle dew*." STEEVENS.

8 *Each* flower *moistened like a* melting eye;] So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

" The moon, methinks, looks with a *watry eye*;
" And when she *weeps*, weeps every little *flower*." STEEVENS.

9 *Which makes the maid* weep like the dewy night. So, in Dryden's *Oedipus*:

" Thus *weeping* blind *like dewy night* upon thee." STEEVENS.

1 *A* pretty *while*—] *Pretty* seems formerly to have sometimes had the signification of *petty*,—as in the present instance. So also in Shelton's translation of Don Quixote, 4to, 1612, Vol. I. p. 407: " The admiration and tears joined, indured in them all for a *pretty* space." MALONE.

2 *Like ivory* conduits *coral cisterns filling*:] So in *As you Like it*: " I will weep for nothing, like *Diana* in the *fountain*." Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" How now? a *conduit*, girl? What? still in tears?
" Ever more weeping," MALONE.

So, in *Titus Andronicus*:

" As from a *conduit* with their issuing spouts." STEEVENS.

3 *And therefore are they form'd as marble will*;] Hence do they [women] receive whatever impression their marble-hearted associates [men] choose. The expression is very quaint. MALONE.

Is

Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or ſkill:
Then call them not the authours of their ill,
No more than wax ſhall be accounted evil,
Wherein is ſtamp'd the ſemblance of a devil [4].

Their ſmoothneſs, like a goodly champaign plain,
Lays open all the little worms that creep;
In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain
Cave-keeping evils that obſcurely ſleep:
Through cryſtal walls each little mote will peep:
Though men can cover crimes with bold ſtern looks,
Poor women's faces are their own faults' books [5].

No man inveigh againſt the wither'd flower [6],
But chide rough winter that the flower hath kill'd!
Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,
Is worthy blame. O, let it not be hild [7]
Poor women's faults, that they are ſo fulfill'd

4 *Then call them not the authours of their ill,*
No more than wax ſhall be accounted evil,
Wherein is ſtamp'd the ſemblance of a devil.] So, in *Twelfth Night*:
" How eaſy is it for the proper falſe
" In *women's waxen hearts* to ſet their forms!
" Alas, *our frality is the cauſe, not we,*
" For, ſuch as we are made of, ſuch we be."
Again, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:
" Women! help Heaven! *men their creation mar*
" In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail,
" For we are as *ſoft* as our complexions are,
" *And credulous to falſe prints.*" MALONE.

5 —*women's* faces *are their own faults'* books.] So, in *Macbeth*:
" Your *face*, my thane, is as a *book*, where men
" May read ſtrange matters." STEEVENS.
Our authour has advanced a contrary ſentiment in another poem:
" The wiles and guiles that women work,
" Diſſembled with an outward ſhew,
" The tricks and toys that in them lurk,
" The cock that treads them ſhall not know." MALONE.

6 *No man* inveigh *againſt the wither'd flower,*
But chide—] Thus the quarto. All the other copies have *inveighs* and *chides*. MALONE.

7 —*O, let it not be* hild] Thus the quarto, for the ſake of the rhime. Spenſer, in imitation of the Italian poets, often takes the ſame liberty. See p. 165, n. 2. MALONE.

With

With men's abuſes[8]: thoſe proud lords, to blame,
Make weak-made women tenants to their ſhame.

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view,
Aſſail'd by night, with circumſtances ſtrong
Of preſent death, and ſhame that might enſue
By that her death, to do her huſband wrong;
Such danger to reſiſtance did belong,
That dying fear through all her body ſpread;
And who cannot abuſe a body dead[9]?

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece ſpeak
To the poor counterfeit of her complaining[1];
My girl, quoth ſhe, on what occaſion break
Thoſe tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are raining?
If thou doſt weep for grief of my ſuſtaining,
Know, gentle wench, it ſmall avails my mood:
If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

But tell me, girl, when went—(and there ſhe ſtay'd
Till after a deep groan) Tarquin from hence?
Madam, ere I was up, reply'd the maid,
The more to blame my ſluggard negligence:
Yet with the fault I thus far can diſpenſe;
Myſelf was ſtirring ere the break of day,
And, ere I roſe, was Tarquin gone away.

8 —*that they are ſo* fulfill'd
With men's abuſes;] *Fulfilled* had formerly the ſenſe of *filled*. It is ſo uſed in our liturgy. MALONE.

Fulfilled means completely filled, till there be no room for more. The word, in this ſenſe, is now obſolete. So, in the Prologue to *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"And correſponſive and *fulfilling* bolts." STEEVENS.

9 —*abuſe a body dead?*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"—to do ſome villainous ſhame
"On the *dead bodies*—." STEEVENS.

1 *To the poor* counterfeit *of her complaining*:] To her maid, whoſe countenance exhibited an image of her miſtreſs's grief. A *counterfeit*, in ancient language, ſignified a *portrait*. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"What have we here? fair Portia's *counterfeit?*" MALONE.

But

But lady, if your maid may be ſo bold,
She would requeſt to know your heavineſs.
O peace! quoth Lucrece; if it ſhould be told,
The repetition cannot make it leſs;
For more it is than I can well expreſs:
And that deep torture may be call'd a hell,
When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen,—
Yet ſave that labour, for I have them here.
What ſhould I ſay?—One of my huſband's men
Bid thou be ready, by and by, to bear
A letter to my lord, my love, my dear;
Bid him with ſpeed prepare to carry it:
The cauſe craves haſte, and it will ſoon be writ.

Her maid is gone, and ſhe prepares to write,
Firſt hovering o'er the paper with her quill:
Conceit and grief an eager combat fight;
What wit ſets down, is blotted ſtraight with will;
This is too curious-good, this blunt and ill:
Much like a preſs of people at a door,
Throng her inventions, which ſhall go before[2].

At laſt ſhe thus begins: "Thou worthy lord
Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,
Health to thy perſon! next vouchſafe to afford
(If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt ſee,)
Some preſent ſpeed, to come and viſit me:
So I commend me from our houſe in grief[3];
My woes are tedious, though my words are brief."

Here

[2] *Much like a* preſs of people *at a door,*
Throng *her* inventions, *which ſhall go before.*] So, in *K. John:*
"—legions of ſtrange *fantaſies,*
"Which, in their *throng* and *preſs* to that laſt hold,
"*Confound themſelves.*"
Again, in *King Henry VIII:*
"—which forc'd ſuch way,
"That many maz'd *conſiderings* did *throng,*
"And *preſs* in with this caution." MALONE.

[3] *So I commend me* from our houſe in grief;] Shakſpeare has here cloſely

Here folds she up the tenour of her woe,
Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.
By this short schedule Collatine may know
Her grief, but not her grief's true quality:
She dares not thereof make discovery,
Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,
Ere she with blood had stain'd her stain'd excuse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion
She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear her;
When sighs and groans and tears may grace the fashion
Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her
From that suspicion which the world might bear her.
To shun this blot, she would not blot the letter
With words, till action might become them better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them told[4];
For then the eye interprets to the ear
The heavy motion that it doth behold[5],
When every part a part of woe doth bear,
'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear:
Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords[6],
And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.

Her

closely followed the practice of his own times. Thus, Anne Bullen concluding her pathetick letter to her savage murderer: "*From my doleful prison in the Tower*, this 6th of May."

So also Gascoigne the poet ends his address *to the Youth of England*, prefixed to his works: "*From my poor house at* Walthamstowe in the Forest, the second of February, 1575."

See also Vol. II. p. 218, n. 2. MALONE.

4 *To see sad sights moves more than hear them told:*]

"Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem
"Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus." *Hor.* MALONE.

5 *For then the eye* interprets *to the ear*
The heavy motion *that it doth behold,*] Our authour seems to have been thinking of those *heavy motions* called *Dumb-shows*, which were exhibited on the stage in his time. *Motion*, in old language, signifies a *puppet show*; and the person who spoke for the puppets was called an *interpreter*. So, in *Timon of Athens*:

"—to the *dumbness* of the *gesture*
"One might *interpret*." MALONE.

6 *Deep* sounds *make lesser noise than shallow fords,*] Thus the quarto, 1594,

Her letter now is ſeal'd, and on it writ,
At Ardea to my lord, with more than haſte[7]:
The poſt attends, and ſhe delivers it,
Charging the four-fac'd groom to hie as faſt
As lagging fowls before the northern blaſt[8].
Speed more than ſpeed but dull and ſlow ſhe deems:
Extremity ſtill urgeth ſuch extremes.

1594, and all the ſubſequent copies. The authour probably wrote:
Deep *floods* make leſſer noiſe, &c.
So, before:
"*Deep woes* roll forward like a gentle *flood*." MALONE.

The old reading is perhaps the true one. A *ſound*, in naval language, is ſuch a part of the ſea as may be *ſounded*. We have all heard of Plymouth *ſound*, the *depth* of which is ſufficient to carry veſſels that draw the moſt water. The contradiction in terms is of little moment. We ſtill talk of the *back front* of a houſe; and every *ford*, or *ſound*, is comparatively *deep*. STEEVENS.

As a meaning may be extracted from the reading of the old copy, I have not diſturbed it, though I ſuſpect that Shakſpeare wrote not *ſounds* but *floods*, for theſe reaſons:

1. Becauſe there is ſcarce an Engliſh poet that has not compared real ſorrow to a deep water, and loquacious and counterfeited grief to a bubbling ſhallow ſtream. The compariſon is always between a *river* and a brook; nor have I obſerved the *ſea* once mentioned in the various places in which this trite thought is expreſſed. Shakſpeare, we ſee, has it in this very poem in a preceding paſſage, in which deep woes are compared to a gentle *flood*.

2. Becauſe, ſuppoſing the poet to have had the ſea in his contemplation, ſome reaſon ought to be aſſigned why he ſhould have choſen thoſe parts of it which are called *ſounds*. To give force to the preſent ſentiment, they muſt be ſuppoſed to be peculiarly ſtill; whereas the truth I believe is, that all parts of the ocean are equally boiſterous; at leaſt thoſe which are called *ſounds* are not leſs ſo than others.

Laſtly, becauſe thoſe parts of the ſea which are denominated *ſounds*, ſo far from deſerving the epithet *deep*, are expreſsly defined to be "*ſhallow* ſeas; ſuch as may be ſounded." MALONE.

[7] —*and on it writ,*
At Ardea to my lord, with more than haſte:] Shakſpeare ſeems to have begun early to confound the cuſtoms of his own country, with thoſe of other nations. About a century and a half ago, all our letters that required ſpeed were ſuperſcribed—*With poſt poſt haſte*. STEEVENS.

[8] *As lagging* fowls] Thus the quarto. All the modern editions have —*ſouls*. The quarto reads—*blaſts*, which the rhyme ſhews to have been a miſprint, and which I ſhould not mention but that it proves that even in Shakſpeare's own edition there were ſome errors. See the preceding note, and p. 119, n. 9. MALONE.

The

The homely villein[9] court'ſies to her low;
And bluſhing on her, with a ſtedfaſt eye
Receives the ſcroll, without or yea or no,
And forth with baſhful innocence doth hie.
But they whoſe guilt within their boſoms lie,
Imagine every eye beholds their blame;
For Lucrece thought he bluſh'd to ſee her ſhame.

When, ſilly groom! God wot, it was defect
Of ſpirit, life, and bold audacity.
Such harmleſs creatures have a true reſpect
To talk in deeds[1], while others ſaucily
Promiſe more ſpeed, but do it leiſurely:
Even ſo, this pattern of the worn-out age[2]
Pawn'd honeſt looks, but lay'd no words to gage.

His kindled duty kindled her miſtruſt,
That two red fires in both their faces blaz'd;
She thought he bluſh'd, as knowing Tarquin's luſt,
And, bluſhing with him, wiſtly on him gaz'd;
Her earneſt eye did make him more amaz'd:
The more ſhe ſaw the blood his cheeks repleniſh,
The more ſhe thought he ſpy'd in her ſome blemiſh.

9 *The homely* villein *court'ſies to her low*;] *Villein* has here its ancient legal ſignification; that of a *ſlave*. The term *court'ſy* was formerly applied to men as well as to women. See Vol. V. p. 206, n. 7. MALONE.

1 *To* talk *in* deeds—] So, in *Hamlet*:

"As he, in his peculiar act and force,
"May give his *ſaying deed*."

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"*Speaking in deeds*, and deedleſs in his tongue." MALONE.

Again, in *Julius Cæſar*:

"*Caſca. Speak hands* for me." STEEVENS.

2 —*this* pattern *of the* worn-out age—] This example of antient ſimplicity and virtue. So in *King Richard III*:

"Behold this *pattern* of thy butcheries."

See alſo p. 123, n. *.

We meet with nearly the ſame expreſſion in our authour's 68th *Sonnet*:

"Thus is his cheek the *map of days out-worn*." MALONE.

So, in *As you like it*:

"—how well in thee appears
"The conſtant ſervice of the *antique world*." STEEVENS.

But

But long she thinks till he return again,
And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone.
The weary time she cannot entertain,
For now 'tis stale to sigh, to weep, and groan:
So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan,
That she her plaints a little while doth stay,
Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece
Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy;
Before the which is drawn [3] the power of Greece,
For Helen's rape [4] the city to destroy,
Threatening cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy [5];
Which the conceited painter drew so proud [6],
As heaven (it seem'd) to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,
In scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life:
Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear [7],

3 *Before* the which *is* drawn—] That is, before Troy. MALONE.

Drawn, in this instance, does not signify *delineated*, but *drawn out into the field*, as armies are. So, in *King Henry IV:*

"He cannot *draw his power* these fourteen days." STEEVENS.

4 *For Helen's rape*—] *Rape* is used by all our old poets in the sense of *raptus*, or carrying away by force. It sometimes also signifies the person forcibly carried away. MALONE.

5 *Threatening* cloud kissing *Ilion with annoy*;] So, in *Pericles:*

"Whose towers bore heads so high they *kiss'd* the *clouds*."

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida:*

"Yon towers, whose wanton tops do *buss* the *clouds*."

Again, in *Hamlet:*

"—like the herald Mercury,
"New-lighted on a *heaven-kissing* hill." MALONE.

6 *Which the* conceited *painter drew so proud*,] *Conceited*, in old language, is *fanciful, ingenious*. MALONE.

7 *Many a* dry *drop seem'd a weeping tear*,] Thus the quarto. The variation made in this line, in the edition of 1616, which is said in the title-page to be *newly revised and corrected*, would alone prove it not to have been prepared by our authour. The editor, knowing that all drops are wet, and not observing that the poet is here speaking of a picture, discarded the old reading, and gave, instead of it,

Many a *dire* drop seem'd a weeping tear;

which has been followed in all the subsequent copies. Had he been at all acquainted with Shakspeare's manner, he never would have made this alteration, or have adopted it, if made before. MALONE.

Shed for the ſlaughter'd huſband by the wife:
The red blood reek'd, to ſhow the painter's ſtrife;
And dying eyes gleam'd forth their aſhy lights,
Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights[9].

There might you ſee the labouring pioneer
Begrim'd with ſweat, and ſmeared all with duſt;
And from the towers of Troy there would appear
The very eyes of men through loop-holes thruſt,
Gazing upon the Greeks with little luſt:
Such ſweet obſervance in this work was had,
That one might ſee thoſe far-off eyes look ſad.

In great commanders grace and majeſty
You might behold, triumphing in their faces;
In youth, quick bearing and dexterity;
And here and there the painter interlaces
Pale cowards, marching on with trembling paces;
Which heartleſs peaſants did ſo well reſemble,
That one would ſwear he ſaw them quake and tremble.

In Ajax and Ulyſſes, O, what art
Of phyſiognomy might one behold!
The face of either 'cipher'd either's heart;
Their face their manners moſt expreſsly told:
In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd;
But the mild glance that ſly Ulyſſes lent,
Show'd deep regard and ſmiling government[1].

Their pleading might you ſee grave Neſtor ſtand,
As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight;
Making ſuch ſober action with his hand,

9 *And dying eyes gleam'd forth their* aſhy lights,
Like dying coals burnt out *in tedious nights.*] Perhaps Milton had theſe lines in his thoughts when he wrote:
"Where glowing *embers* through the room
"Teach *light* to counterfeit a *gloom.*"
It is probable he alſo remembered theſe of Spenſer:
"—his gliſtering armour made
"A little *glooming light* much like a *ſhade.*" MALONE.

1 —*deep regard and ſmiling government.*] Profound wiſdom, and the complacency ariſing from the paſſions being under the command of reaſon. The former word [*regard*] has already occurred more than once in the ſame ſenſe. MALONE.

That

That it beguil'd attention, charm'd the ſight:
In ſpeech, it ſeem'd, his beard, all ſilver white,
Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
Thin winding breath, which purl'd up to the ſky[2].

About him were a preſs of gaping faces[3],
Which ſeem'd to ſwallow up his ſound advice[4];
All jointly liſtening, but with ſeveral graces,
As if ſome mermaid[5] did their ears entice;
Some high, ſome low; the painter was ſo nice,
The ſcalps of many, almoſt hid behind,
To jump up higher ſeem'd, to mock the mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,
His noſe being ſhadow'd by his neighbour's ear;
Here one, being throng'd, bears back, all boll'n and red[6];
Another

[2] *In ſpeech, it ſeem'd, his* beard, all ſilver white,
Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
Thin winding breath, *which* purl'd *up to the ſky.*] So, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

" —and ſuch again
" As venerable Neſtor, hatch'd in *ſilver*,
" Should with a bond of *air* (ſtrong as the axle-tree
" On which heaven rides) knit all the Greekiſh ears
" To his experienc'd tongue." MALONE.

I ſuppoſe we ſhould read—*curl'd.* Thus, Pope:

" While *curling* ſmoaks from village tops are ſeen."

Again, in *Cymbeline:*

" And let our *crooked* ſmoaks climb to their noſtrils." STEEV.

There is no need of change, for *purling* had formerly the ſame meaning, being ſometimes uſed to denote the *curling* of water, without any reference to ſound. So, in Drayton's *Mortimeriados*, 4to, no date:

" Whoſe ſtream an easie breath doth ſeem to blow;
" Which on the ſparkling gravel runs in *purles*,
" As though the waves had been of ſilver *curles.*"

This ſenſe of the word is unnoticed in Dr. Johnſon's Dictionary. MALONE.

[3] *About him were a preſs of gaping faces,* &c.] Had any engraving, or account, of Raphael's celebrated picture of *The School of Athens* reached England in the time of our authour, one might be tempted by this deſcription to think that he had ſeen it. MALONE.

[4] *Which ſeem'd to* ſwallow *up his ſound advice;*] So, in *King John:*

" With open mouth, *ſwallowing* a taylor's news." STEEVENS.

[5] *As if ſome mermaid*—] See p. 33, n. 5. MALONE.

[6] —*all* boll'n *and red;*] Thus the old copy. In the former edition,

Another, ſmother'd, ſeems to pelt and ſwear [7];
And in their rage ſuch ſigns of rage they bear,
As, but for loſs of Neſtor's golden words,
It ſeem'd they would debate with angry ſwords [8].

For much imaginary work was there;
Conceit deceitful, ſo compact, ſo kind [9],
That for Achilles' image ſtood his ſpear,

when I was leſs cautious than I am at preſent, I ſubſtituted *blown* for *boll'n*, which I conceived to be a miſprint; but ſcarcely had the book iſſued from the preſs, when I diſcovered my miſtake. The reader will, I truſt, find no inſtances of ſimilar temerity in the preſent edition of our authour's works.

Boll'n means *ſwollen*, and is uſed by Golding in his tranſlation of Ovid's *Metamorphoſes*, 1567:

"Her leanneſſe made her joynts *bolne* big, and knee-pannes,
for to ſwell."
Auxerat articulos macies, genuumque rigebat
Orbis—.

Again, (as an anonymous writer has obſerved,) in Phaer's tranſlation of the tenth book of Virgil's Æneid:

"—with what bravery *bolne* in pride
"King Turnus proſperous rides."
—tumiduſque ſecundo
Marte ruat.

Gawin Douglas tranſlating the ſame paſſage uſes the words "*orpit* and proudly." See p. 78 of this volume.

Skinner ſuppoſes the word to be derived from *bouillier*, Fr. to bubble. But Mr. Tyrwhitt in his accurate Gloſſary to Chaucer, (as has likewiſe been obſerved by the ſame anonymous writer,) ſays, it is the part. pa. of *bolge*, v. Sax. MALONE.

[7] *Another, ſmother'd, ſeems to* pelt *and ſwear*;] To *pelt* meant, I think, to be clamorous, as men are in a paſſion. So, in an old collection of tales, entitled *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1614: "The young man, all in a *pelting* chafe,—." MALONE.

[8] —debate *with angry ſwords*.] i. e. *fall to contention*. *Bate* is an ancient word ſignifying *ſtrife*. So, in the old play of *Acolaſtus*, 1540:

"We ſhall not fall to *bate*, or ſtryve for this matter." STEEV.

Debate has here, I believe, its uſual ſignification. They ſeemed ready to *argue* with their *ſwords*. So, in *Julius Cæſar*: "*Speak hands* for me."

Again, in *Hamlet*:

"I will *ſpeak daggers* to her, but uſe none."

Again, more appoſitely, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"*Speaking* in *deeds*, and deedleſs in his tongue." MALONE.

[9] *Conceit deceitful, ſo compact, ſo* kind,] An artful delineation, ſo nicely and *naturally* executed. *Kind* and nature, in old language, were ſynonymous. See Vol. III. p. 164, n. 8, and p. 210, n. 6. MALONE.

Grip'd

Grip'd in an armed hand; himself, behind,
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind [1]:
A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong-besieged Troy
When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd to field,
Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy
To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield;
And to their hope they such odd action yield,
That, through their light joy, seemed to appear
(Like bright things stain'd) a kind of heavy fear.

And, from the strond of Dardan where they fought,
To Simois' reedy banks the red blood ran,
Whose waves to imitate the battle sought
With swelling ridges; and their ranks began
To break upon the galled shore, and than [2]
Retire again, till meeting greater ranks
They join, and shoot their foam at Simois' banks.

To

[1] *Was left unseen, save to* the eye of mind:] We meet with the same expression in *Hamlet*, and in one of our authour's *Sonnets*. Again, in *King Richard II*:

" —with *the eyes of* heavy *mind*
" I see thy glory." MALONE.

[2] *To break upon the galled shore, and* than—] *Than* for *then*. This licence of changing the termination of words is sometimes used by our ancient poets, in imitation of the Italian writers. Thus, Daniel, in his *Cleopatra*, 1594:

" And now wilt yield thy streames
" A prey to other *reames*;"

i. e. realms. Again, in his *Complaint of Rosamond*, 1592:

" When cleaner thoughts my weakness 'gan *upbray*,
" Against myself, and shame did force me say,—."

Again, in Hall's *Satires*, 1599:

" As frozen dunghills in a winter's morne,
" That voyd of vapours seemed all *beforne*,
" Soone as the sun," &c.

Again, *ibid*:

" His bonnet vail'd, or ever he could thinke,
" The unruly winde blowes off his *periwinke*."

Again, in *Godrey of Bulloigne*, translated by Fairfax, 1600:

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,
To find a face where all distress is stêl'd[3].
Many she sees, where cares have carved some,
But none where all distress and dolour dwell'd,
Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,
Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,
Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies[4].

In her the painter had anatomiz'd
Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim care's reign;
Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were disguis'd;
Of what she was, no semblance did remain:
Her blue blood chang'd to black in every vein,

" Time was, (for each one hath his doting time,
" These silver locks were golden tresses *than*,)
" That countrie life I hated as a crime,
" And from the forrest's sweet contentment ran."

Again, in Drayton's *Mortemeriados*, sign. Q. 1. 4to, no date:

" Out of whose top the fresh springs trembling downe,
" Duly keep time with their harmonious *sowne*."

Again, in *Songes and Sonnetes* by the earle of *Surrey* and others, edit. 1567, f. 81:

" —half the paine had never man
" Which had this woful Troyan *than*."

Many other instances of the same kind might be added. See the next note. MALONE.

Reames, in the first instance produced, is only the French *royaumes* affectedly anglicized. STEEVENS.

In Daniel's time the French word was usually written *royaulme*. MALONE.

[3] *To find a face where all distress is* stêl'd.] Thus the quarto, and all the subsequent copies.—In our authour's twenty-fourth *Sonnet* we find these lines:

" Mine eye hath play'd the *painter*, and hath *steel'd*
" Thy beauty's form in table of my heart."

This therefore I suppose to have been the word intended here, which the poet altered for the sake of rhime. So before—*bild* for *held*, and *than* for *then*. He might, however, have written:

——where all distress is *spell'd*.

i. e. *written*. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

" And careful hours with time's deformed hand
" Have *written* strange defeatures in my face." MALONE.

[4] Which *bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies*.] Dr. Sewell unnecessarily reads—*Who* bleeding, &c. The neutral pronoun was anciently often used for the personal. It still remains in the Liturgy. *Which*, however, may refer to *wounds*, notwithstanding the false concord which such a construction produces. See p. 66, n. 9. MALONE.

Wanting

Wanting the ſpring that thoſe ſhrunk pipes had fed,
Shew'd life impriſon'd in a body dead.

On this ſad ſhadow Lucrece ſpends her eyes[5],
And ſhapes her ſorrow to the beldame's woes,
Who nothing wants to anſwer her but cries,
And bitter words, to ban her cruel foes:
The painter was no God to lend her thoſe;
And therefore Lucrece ſwears he did her wrong,
To give her ſo much grief, and not a tongue.

Poor inſtrument, quoth ſhe, without a ſound,
I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue:
And drop ſweet balm in Priam's painted wound,
And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong,
And with my tears quench Troy, that burns ſo long;
And with my knife ſcratch out the angry eyes
Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.

Show me the ſtrumpet that began this ſtir,
That with my nails her beauty I may tear.
Thy heat of luſt, fond Paris, did incur
This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear;
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here:
And here in Troy, for treſpaſs of thine eye,
The fire, the ſon, the dame, and daughter, die.

Why ſhould the private pleaſure of ſome one
Become the publick plague of many mo[6]?
Let ſin, alone committed, light alone
Upon his head that hath tranſgreſſed ſo;
Let guiltleſs ſouls be freed from guilty woe:
For one's offence why ſhould ſo many fall,
To plague a private ſin in general?

5 *On this ſad ſhadow Lucrece* ſpends her eyes,] Fixes them earneſtly; gives it her whole attention. Hounds are ſaid *to ſpend their tongues*, when they join in full cry. MALONE.

6 —*the plague of many* mo?] *Mo* for *more*. The word is now obſolete. See Vol. III. p 195, n. 9. MALONE.

Lo, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swounds[7];
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,
And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds[8],
And one man's lust these many lives confounds*:
Had doting Priam check'd his son's desire,
Troy had been bright with fame, and not with fire.

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes:
For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,
Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes;
Then little strength rings out the doleful knell:
So Lucrece set a-work, sad tales doth tell
To pencil'd pensiveness and colour'd sorrow;
She lends them words, and she their looks doth borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painting, round[9],
And whom she finds forlorn, she doth lament:
At last she sees a wretched image bound,
That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent;
His face, though full of cares, yet show'd content:

7 *Here manly Hector faints, here* Troilus swounds;] In the play of *Troilus and Cressida*, his name is frequently introduced in the same manner as here, as a dissyllable. The mere English reader still pronounces the word as, I believe, Shakspeare did.

Swounds is *swoons*. *Swoon* is constantly written *sound* or *swound* in the old copies of our authour's plays; and from this stanza it is probable that the word was anciently pronounced as it is here written. So also Drayton in his *Mortimeriados*, 4to, no date:

"Thus with the pangs out of this traunce areysed,
"As water sometime wakeneth from a *swound*,—
"As when the bloud is cold, we feele the wound." MALONE.

8 *And friend to friend gives* unadvised wounds,] *Advice*, it has been already observed, formerly meant *knowledge*. *Friends wound friends*, not knowing *each other*. It should be remembered that Troy was sacked in the night. MALONE.

* —*confounds*:] i. e. destroys.—See Vol. VII. p. 502, n. 2. MALONE.

9 *She throws her eyes about the* painting, *round*,] i. e. she throws her eyes round about, &c. The octavo, 1616, and all the subsequent copies, read:—about the *painted* round. MALONE.

Onward to Troy with the blunt ſwains he goes,
So mild, that Patience ſeem'd to ſcorn his woes[1].

In him the painter labour'd with his ſkill
To hide deceit, and give the harmleſs ſhow[2]
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing ſtill,
A brow unbent, that ſeem'd to welcome woe;
Cheeks, neither red nor pale, but mingled ſo
That bluſhing red no guilty inſtance * gave,
Nor aſhy pale the fear that falſe hearts have.

But, like a conſtant and confirmed devil,
He entertain'd a ſhow ſo ſeeming juſt,
And therein ſo enſconc'd his ſecret evil[3],
That jealouſy itſelf could not miſtruſt
Falſe-creeping craft and perjury ſhould thruſt
Into ſo bright a day ſuch black-fac'd ſtorms,
Or blot with hell-born ſin ſuch ſaint-like forms.

The well-ſkill'd workman this mild image drew
For perjur'd Sinon, whoſe enchanting ſtory
The credulous old Priam after ſlew;
Whoſe words, like wild-fire, burnt the ſhining glory
Of rich-built Ilion, that the ſkies were ſorry,
And little ſtars ſhot from their fixed places,
When their glaſs fell, wherein they view'd their faces[4].
This

[1] *So mild, that Patience ſeem'd to ſcorn* his *woes.*] That is, the woes ſuffered by *Patience*. We have nearly the ſame image in our authour's *Twelfth Night*:

" She ſeem'd like *Patience* on a monument,
" *Smiling* at *grief*."

Again, in *Pericles*:

" —Yet thou doſt look
" Like Patience, gazing on king's graves, and ſmiling
" Extremity out of act." MALONE.

[2] —*the harmleſs* ſhow—] The harmleſs *painted figure*. MALONE.

* —*no guilty* inſtance—] No example or ſymptom of guilt. See Vol. IV. p. 97, n. 2. MALONE.

[3] *And therein ſo* enſconc'd *his ſecret evil,*] And by that means ſo *concealed* his ſecret treachery. A *ſconce* was a ſpecies of fortification. See Vol. I. p. 232, n. 1. MALONE.

[4] *And little* ſtars ſhot *from their* fixed places,
When their glaſs fell, wherein they view'd their faces.] So in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*:

" —the

This picture ſhe adviſedly perus'd[5],
And chid the painter for his wond'rous ſkill;
Saying, ſome ſhape in Sinon's was abus'd,
So fair a form lodg'd not a mind ſo ill;
And ſtill on him ſhe gaz'd; and gazing ſtill,
Such ſigns of truth in his plain face ſhe ſpy'd,
That ſhe concludes the picture was bely'd.

It cannot be, quoth ſhe, that ſo much guile—
(She would have ſaid) *can lurk in ſuch a look*;
But Tarquin's ſhape came in her mind the while,
And from her tongue, *can lurk* from *cannot* took;
It cannot be ſhe in that ſenſe forſook,
And turn'd it thus: "It cannot be, I find,
But ſuch a face ſhould bear a wicked mind:

For even as ſubtle Sinon here is painted,
So ſober-ſad, ſo weary, and ſo mild,
(As if with grief or travail he had fainted,)
To me came Tarquin armed; ſo beguil'd
With outward honeſty[6], but yet defil'd

With

" —the rude ſea grew civil at her ſong,
" And certain *ſtars ſhot* madly from their *ſpheres*,
" To hear the ſea-maid's muſick."

Why, Priam's palace, however beautiful or magnificent, ſhould be called the mirrour in which the fixed ſtars beheld themſelves, I do not ſee. The image is very quaint and far-fetched. MALONE.

[5] *This picture ſhe* adviſedly *perus'd,*] *Adviſedly* is *attentively*; with deliberation. MALONE.

[6] *So ſober-ſad, ſo weary, and ſo mild,*
(As if with grief or travail he had fainted,)
To me came Tarquin armed; ſo *beguil'd*
With outward honeſty,—] *To me came Tarquin with the ſame armour of hypocriſy that Sinon wore.* The old copy reads:

To me came Tarquin armed *to* beguild
With outward honeſty, &c.

To muſt, I think, have been a miſprint for *ſo*. *Beguil'd* is *beguiling*. Our authour frequently confounds the active and paſſive participle. Thus, in *Othello*, *delighted* for *delighting*:

" If virtue no *delighted* beauty lack,—." MALONE.

I think the reading propoſed is right; and would point thus:

To me came Tarquin armed; ſo beguil'd
With outward honeſty, but yet, &c.

So

With inward vice: as Priam him did cheriſh,
So did I Tarquin; ſo my Troy did periſh.

Look, look, how liſtening Priam wets his eyes,
To ſee thoſe borrow'd tears that Sinon ſheds.
Priam, why art thou old, and yet not wiſe?
For every tear he falls [7], a Trojan bleeds;
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds:
Thoſe round clear pearls of his, that move thy pity,
Are balls of quenchleſs fire, to burn thy city.

Such devils ſteal effects from lightleſs hell;
For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,
And in that cold, hot-burning fire doth dwell;
Theſe contraries ſuch unity do hold,
Only to flatter fools, and make them bold:
So Priam's truſt falſe Sinon's tears doth flatter,
That he finds means to burn his Troy with water.

Here, all enrag'd, ſuch paſſion her aſſails,
That patience is quite beaten from her breaſt.
She tears the ſenſeleſs Sinon with her nails,
Comparing him to that unhappy gueſt
Whoſe deed hath made herſelf herſelf deteſt:
At laſt ſhe ſmilingly with this gives o'er;
Fool! fool! quoth ſhe, his wounds will not be ſore.

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her ſorrow,
And time doth weary time with her complaining.
She looks for night, and then ſhe longs for morrow,

So beguil'd is ſo cover'd, ſo maſked with fraud, i. e. like Sinon. Thus, in *The Merchant of Venice*, Act III. ſc. ii:

"Thus ornament is but the *guiled* ſhore
"To a moſt dangerous ſea." STEEVENS.

7 *For every tear he* falls—] He lets fall. So, in *Othello*:

"Each *tear* ſhe *falls* would prove a crocodile." MALONE.

A ſimilar thought occurs in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"*For every falſe drop in her bawdy veins*,
"A Grecian's life hath ſunk; for every ſcruple
"In her contaminated carrion weight,
"*A Trojan hath been ſlain.*" STEEVENS.

And

And both ſhe thinks too long with her remaining:
Short time ſeems long in ſorrow's ſharp ſuſtaining.
Though woe be heavy, yet it ſeldom ſleeps;
And they that watch, ſee time how ſlow it creeps.

Which all this time hath overſlipp'd her thought,
That ſhe with painted images hath ſpent;
Being from the feeling of her own grief brought
By deep ſurmiſe of others' detriment;
Loſing her woes in ſhows of diſcontent.
It eaſeth ſome, though none it ever cur'd,
To think their dolour others have endur'd.

But now the mindful meſſenger, come back,
Brings home his lord and other company;
Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black;
And round about her tear-diſtained eye
Blue circles ſtream'd, like rainbows in the ſky.
Theſe water-galls in her dim element[8]
Foretell new ſtorms to thoſe already ſpent.

Which when her ſad-beholding huſband ſaw,
Amazedly in her ſad face he ſtares:
Her eyes, though ſod in tears, look'd red and raw[9],
Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares.
He hath no power to aſk her how ſhe fares;
But ſtood, like old acquaintance in a trance,
Met far from home, wondering each other's chance.

At laſt he takes her by the bloodleſs hand,
And thus begins: What uncouth ill event
Hath thee befallen, that thou doſt trembling ſtand?

[8] *Theſe* water-galls *in her dim element*—] The *water-gall* is ſome appearance attendant on the rainbow. The word is current among the ſhepherds on Saliſbury plain. STEEVENS.

[9] —*look'd red and raw,*] So, in *Hamlet:*

"The Daniſh cicatrice *looks red and raw.*" STEEVENS.

Sweet

Sweet love, what ſpite hath thy fair colour ſpent?
Why art thou thus attir'd in diſcontent[1]?
Unmaſk, dear dear, this moody heavineſs,
And tell thy grief, that we may give redreſs.

Three times with ſighs ſhe gives her ſorrow fire,
Ere once ſhe can diſcharge one word of woe:
At length addreſs'd to anſwer his deſire[2],
She modeſtly prepares to let them know
Her honour is ta'en priſoner by the foe;
While Collatine and his conſorted lords
With ſad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale ſwan in her watery neſt
Begins the ſad dirge of her certain ending:
Few words, quoth ſhe, ſhall fit the treſpaſs beſt,
Where no excuſe can give the fault amending:
In me more woes than words are now depending;
And my laments would be drawn out too long,
To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

Then be this all the taſk it hath to ſay:
Dear huſband, in the intereſt of thy bed
A ſtranger came, and on that pillow lay
Where thou waſt wont to reſt thy weary head[3];
And what wrong elſe may be imagined

By

[1] *Why art thou thus* attir'd in diſcontent?] So, in *Much Ado about Nothing:*

"For my part, I am ſo *attir'd in wonder*,
"I know not what to ſay." STEEVENS.

[2] *At length* addreſs'd *to anſwer his deſire,*] *Addreſs'd* is *ready, prepared.* So, in *King Henry V:*

"To morrow for the march are we *addreſs'd.*" MALONE.

[3] *Dear huſband, in the intereſt of thy bed*
A ſtranger came, and on that pillow lay
Where thou waſt wont to reſt thy weary head;] "Veſtigia viri alieni, Collatine, in lecto ſunt tuo." *Liv.* lib. i. cap. 58. Since the former edition I find theſe words had been tranſlated by Painter in his novel: "Alas, Collatine, the ſteppes of another man be now fixed in thy bed." *Palace of Pleaſure*, Vol. I. fol. 6. MALONE.

Peradventure the pillow which the lady here ſpeaketh of, was what in

By foul enforcement might be done to me,
From that, alas! thy Lucrece is not free.

For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,
With ſhining falchion in my chamber came
A creeping creature, with a flaming light,
And ſoftly cry'd, Awake, thou Roman dame,
And entertain my love; elſe laſting ſhame
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
If thou my love's deſire do contradict.

For ſome hard-favour'd groom of thine, quoth he,
Unleſs thou yoke thy liking to my will,
I'll murder ſtraight, and then I'll ſlaughter thee,
And ſwear I found you where you did fulfil
The loathſome act of luſt, and ſo did kill
The lechers in their deed: this act will be
My fame, and thy perpetual infamy.

With this I did begin to ſtart and cry,
And then againſt my heart he ſet his ſword;
Swearing, unleſs I took all patiently,
I ſhould not live to ſpeak another word:
So ſhould my ſhame ſtill reſt upon record;
And never be forgot in mighty Rome
The adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.

Mine enemy was ſtrong, my poor ſelf weak,
And far the weaker with ſo ſtrong a fear:
My bloody judge forbade my tongue to ſpeak;
No rightful plea might plead for juſtice there:
His ſcarlet luſt came evidence to ſwear
That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes,
And when the judge is robb'd, the priſoner dies.

O, teach me how to make mine own excuſe!
Or, at the leaſt, this refuge let me find;
Though my groſs blood be ſtain'd with this abuſe,

in a former ſtanza is denominated *the heart of all her land.* Tarquin *ſlept not*, it is to be preſumed, though, like Jachimo, he *had that was well worth watching.* AMNER.

Imma-

Immaculate and ſpotleſs is my mind;
That was not forc'd; that never was inclin'd
To acceſſary yieldings, but ſtill pure
Doth in her poiſon'd cloſet yet endure.

Lo here, the hopeleſs merchant of this loſs,
With head declin'd, and voice damm'd up with woe,
With ſad-ſet eyes, and wretched arms acroſs,
From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow
The grief away, that ſtops his anſwer ſo:
But wretched as he is, he ſtrives in vain;
What he breathes out, his breath drinks up again.

As through an arch the violent roaring tide
Out-runs the eye that doth behold his haſte[4],
Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride
Back to the ſtrait that forc'd on him ſo faſt;
In rage ſent out, recall'd in rage, being paſt[5]:
Even ſo his ſighs, his ſorrows, make a ſaw,
To puſh grief on, and back the ſame grief draw.

Which ſpeechleſs woe of his poor ſhe attendeth,
And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh:
Dear lord, thy ſorrow to my ſorrow lendeth
Another power; no flood by raining ſlaketh.
My woe too ſenſible thy paſſion maketh
More feeling-painful: let it then ſuffice
To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes[6].

4 *As through an arch the violent roaring tide*
Out-runs the eye that doth behold his haſte, &c.] So, in *Coriolanus*:
" *Ne'er through an arch ſo hurry'd the blown tide,*
" As the recomforted through the gates." MALONE.

5 *In rage ſent out, recall'd* in *rage, being paſt*:] Should we not read:
In rage ſent out, recall'd, *the* rage being paſt. FARMER.

6 *To drown* one *woe, one pair of weeping eyes.*] The quarto has:
To drown *on* woe,——
On and *one* are perpetually confounded in old Engliſh books. See Vol. IV. p. 512, n. 7. The former does not ſeem to have any meaning here. The edition of 1600 has—*one* woe. We might read:
To drown *in* woe one pair of weeping eyes. MALONE.

And

And for my ſake, when I might charm thee ſo,
For ſhe that was thy Lucrece,—now attend me;
Be ſuddenly revenged on my foe,
Thine, mine, his own; ſuppoſe thou doſt defend me
From what is paſt: the help that thou ſhalt lend me
Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die;
For ſparing juſtice feeds iniquity [7].

But ere I name him, you fair lords, quoth ſhe,
(Speaking to thoſe that came with Collatine,)
Shall plight your honourable faiths to me,
With ſwift purſuit to venge this wrong of mine;
For 'tis a meritorious fair deſign,
To chaſe injuſtice with revengeful arms:
Knights, by their oaths, ſhould right poor ladies' harms [8].

At this requeſt, with noble diſpoſition
Each preſent lord began to promiſe aid,
As bound in knighthood to her impoſition,
Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd.
But ſhe, that yet her ſad taſk hath not ſaid,
The proteſtation ſtops. O ſpeak, quoth ſhe,
How may this forced ſtain be wip'd from me?

What is the quality of mine offence,
Being conſtrain'd with dreadful circumſtance?
May my pure mind with the foul act diſpenſe,
My low-declined honour to advance?
May any terms acquit me from this chance?
The poiſon'd fountain clears itſelf again;
And why not I from this compelled ſtain [9]?

With

[7] *For ſparing juſtice feeds iniquity.*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*
"Mercy but murders, pardoning thoſe that kill." MALONE.

[8] *Knights, by their oaths, ſhould right poor ladies' harms.*] Here one of the laws of chivalry is ſomewhat prematurely introduced. MALONE.

[9] *The poiſon'd fountain clears itſelf again;*
And why not I from this compelled ſtain?] There are perhaps few who would not have acquieſced in the juſtice of this reaſoning. It did not however, as we learn from hiſtory, ſatisfy this admired heroine of antiquity.

With this, they all at once began to ſay,
Her body's ſtain her mind untainted clears;
While with a joyleſs ſmile ſhe turns away

The

antiquity. Her conduct on this occaſion has been the ſubject of much ſpeculation. It is not alledged by any of the hiſtorians that actual violence was offered to her. Διὰ μὲν δὴ ταυτ' (ſays Dion) ΟΥΚ ΑΚΟΥΣΑ δὴ ἐμοιχεύθη. Why then, it is aſked, did ſhe not ſuffer death rather than ſubmit to her raviſher? An ingenious French writer thinks ſhe killed herſelf too late to be entitled to any praiſe. [*Les Oeuvres de Sarazin*, p. 182, edit. 1694.]—A venerable father of the church (St. Auſtin) cenſures her ſtill more ſeverely, concluding his ſtrictures on her conduct with this dilemma: "Ita hæc cauſa ex utroque latere coarctatur; ut, ſi extenuatur homicidium, adulterium confirmetur; ſi purgatur adulterium, homicidium cumulatur; nec omnino invenitur exitus, ubi dicitur, ſi adulterata, cur laudata? ſi pudica, cur occiſa?"—On theſe words a writer of the laſt century [Renatus Laurentius de la Barre] formed the following Latin Epigram;

"Si tibi forte fuit, Lucretia, gratus adulter,
"Immerito ex meritâ præmia cæde petis:
"Sin potius caſto vis eſt allata pudori,
"Quis furor eſt hoſtis crimine velle mori?
"Fruſtra igitur laudem captas, Lucretia; namque
"Vel furioſa ruis, vel ſcelerata cadis."

"If Tarquin's guilt, Lucretia, pleas'd thy ſoul,
"How could thy blood waſh out a ſtain ſo foul?
"But if by downright force the joy he had,
"To die on his account, muſt prove you mad:
"Then be thy death no more the matron's pride;
"You liv'd a ſtrumpet, or a fool you dy'd."

The ladies muſt determine the queſtion.

I am indebted to a friend for perhaps the beſt defence that can be made for this celebrated ſuicide:

"Heu! miſera, ante alias, Lucretia! rumor iniquus
"Me referet pactam me violâſſe fidem?
"Criminis et ſocius fingetur ſervus? Imago
"Vincit, et horrendis cedo, tyranne, minis.
"Te, pudor, heu violo;—valeant jam gaudia vitæ!
"Carior et vitâ, care marite, vale!
"Ferrum at reſtituet læſo ſua jura pudori,
"Ad cœlum et ſurget ſanguine fama meo."

In theſe verſes the authour ſeems to have had in view the following lines in Young's ſeventh Satire:

"Ambition, in the truly noble mind,
"With ſiſter virtue is for ever join'd:

The face, that map which deep impreſſion bears
Of hard misfortune, carv'd in it with tears.

No,

" As in fam'd LUCRECE, who, with equal dread,
" From guilt and ſhame by her laſt conduct fled:
" Her virtue long rebell'd in firm diſdain,
" And the ſword pointed at her heart in vain;
" But when the ſlave was threaten'd to be laid
" Dead by her ſide, *her love of fame* obey'd."

M. Antonius Caſanova, a writer of the ſixteenth century, has alſo defended the conduct of Lucretia in the following lines:

" Dicite, cum melius cadere ante Lucretia poſſet,
" Cur potius voluit poſt ſcelus illa mori?
" Crimine ſe abſolvit manus, habitura coactæ
" Ultorem, et patriæ depoſitura jugum.
" Quam bene contempto ſacrat ſua pectora ferro,
" Dum pariter famæ conſulit et patriæ!"

Thus tranſlated by Thomas Heywood, the dramatick poet:

" Why Lucrece better might herſelfe have ſlain,
" Before the Act, than after her black ſtain,
" Can any tell? No crime ſhe did commit,
" For of all guilt her hand did her acquit.
" Her raviſher ſhe ſlew by that brave ſtroke,
" And from her countries neck tooke off the yoke;
" From thine own hand thy death moſt willing came,
" To ſave thy country, and preſerve thy fame." MALONE.

Peradventure a certain lady of Baſil, whoſe name thoſe who have leiſure or inclination to diſport themſelves in ſuch reſearches, may hereafter diſcover, hath a better title to admiration than the loquacious wife of Tarquinius Collatinus. I have heretofore met with a pretty epigram, of good antiquity, in praiſe of the aforeſaid lady, which, me ſeemeth, may afford no improper ſupplement to the remarks that the conduct of the celebrated Roman matron hath produced:

Paſſa torum, non paſſa virum, Lucretia noſtri
Ævi, poſtgenitis nobilis hiſtoria;
Quæ virgo et matrona ſimul tria luſtra peregi,
Nupta innupta ſimul ſemiviri atque viri.
Conjugium tacui; cujus languentia membra
Non Venus aſpexit, non ruber ille deus.
Sed tacui, atque tuli: non hanc vicina querelam
Audiit, aut frater, aut pater, aut genetrix.
Heu male pro meritis tribuuntur præmia tantis;
Alceſtem exoriens ſol ſcit et occiduus,
Solum me Baſilea; ſed eſt, me judice, majus
Semper ab igne uri, quam ſemel igne mori."

And this remindeth me of another unfortunate lady, whoſe ill hap gave birth to ſome pretty conceited verſes:

" Im-

No, no, quoth ſhe, no dame, hereafter living,
By my excuſe ſhall claim excuſe's giving[1].

Here with a ſigh, as if her heart would break,
She throws forth Tarquin's name: *He, he,* ſhe ſays,
But more than *he* her poor tongue could not ſpeak;
Till after many accents and delays,
Untimely breathings, ſick and ſhort aſſays,
She utters this: He, he, fair lords, 'tis he,
That guides this hand to give this wound to me.

Even here ſhe ſheathed in her harmleſs breaſt
A harmful knife, that thence her ſoul unſheath'd:
That blow did bail it from the deep unreſt
Of that polluted priſon where it breath'd:
Her contrite ſighs unto the clouds bequeath'd
Her winged ſprite, and through her wounds doth fly
Life's laſting date from cancel'd deſtiny.

Stone-ſtill, aſtoniſh'd with this deadly deed,
Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew;
Till Lucrece' father that beholds her bleed,
Himſelf on her ſelf-ſlaughter'd body threw;
And from the purple fountain Brutus drew
The murderous knife, and as it left the place,
Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chaſe;

Impubes nupſi valido, nunce firmior annis
Exſucco et moli ſum fatiata viro.
Ille fatigavit teneram, hic ætate virentem
Intactam tota nocte jacere ſinit.
Dum licuit, nolui; nunc, dum volo, non licet uti.
O Hymenî, aut annos aut mihi redde virum." AMNER.

[1] —*no dame, hereafter living,*
By my excuſe ſhall claim excuſe's giving.] "Ego me, etſi peccato abſolvo, ſupplicio non libero; *nec ulla deinde impudica exemplo Lucretiæ vivet.*" *Liv.* lib. i. cap. 58.—No tranſlation of the firſt book of Livy having appeared before the publication of this poem, this coincidence ſeemed to me extraordinary; but ſince the former edition I have obſerved that Painter's novel furniſhed our authour with this ſentiment. "As for my part, though I cleare my ſelfe of the offence, my body ſhall feel the puniſhment, for no unchaſte or ill woman ſhall hereafter impute no diſhoneſt act to Lucrece."
Palace of Pleaſure, 1567, Vol. I. f. 7. MALONE.

And bubbling from her breaſt, it doth divide
In two ſlow rivers, that the crimſon blood
Circles her body in on every ſide,
Who like a late-ſack'd iſland vaſtly ſtood[2],
Bare and unpeopled, in this fearful flood.
Some of her blood ſtill pure and red remain'd,
And ſome look'd black, and that falſe Tarquin ſtain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face
Of that black blood, a watery rigol goes[3],
Which ſeems to weep upon the tainted place:
And ever ſince, as pitying Lucrece' woes,
Corrupted blood ſome watery token ſhows;
And blood untainted ſtill doth red abide,
Bluſhing at that which is ſo putrify'd.

Daughter, dear daughter, old Lucretius cries,
That life was mine, which thou haſt here depriv'd.
If in the child the father's image lies,
Where ſhall I live, now Lucrece is unliv'd[4]?
Thou waſt not to this end from me deriv'd.

If

2 —vaſtly *ſtood*,] i. e. like a *waſte*. *Vaſtum* is the law-term for *waſte* ground. Thus, in *The Winter's Tale*: "—ſhook hands as over a *vaſt*." Again, in *Pericles*:

"Thou God of this great *vaſt*, rebuke the ſurges." STEEV.

3 —*a watery* rigol *goes*,] A *rigol* is a circle. MALONE.
So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II:

"——a ſleep
"That from this golden *rigol* hath divorc'd
"So many Engliſh kings." STEEVENS.

4 *If in the child the father's* image lies,
Where ſhall I live, *now Lucrece is* unliv'd?] So, in *K. Richard III.*

"And *liv'd* by looking on his *images*." MALONE.

—unliv'd?] The quaintneſs of this word has only been equalled by another of the ſame kind in *Chrononhotonthologos*:

"Himſelf he unfatigues with pleaſing ſlumbers." STEEVENS.

I do not perceive any peculiar uncouthneſs in this expreſſion. What is *unliv'd* but *liveleſs* (for ſo the word *lifeleſs* was frequently written in our authour's time)? Thus, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

"But to procraſtinate his *liveleſs* end.

The privative *un* may be joined to almoſt any Engliſh participle. When indeed it is annexed to a word that is itſelf of a privative nature, (as *fatigue*,)

If children pre-deceaſe progenitors [5],
We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

Poor broken glaſs, I often did behold
In thy ſweet ſemblance my old age new-born;
But now that fair freſh mirror, dim and old [6],
Shows me a bare-bon'd death by time out-worn [7];
O, from thy cheeks my image thou haſt torn [8]!

And

fatigue,) the word ſo formed may juſtly be objected to. But *unliv'd* does not appear to me more exceptionable than *unhouſed*, *unpaved*, and twenty more.

In *Macbeth* we meet with *unrough*:

" —many *unrough* youths, that even now
" Proteſt their firſt of manhood."

And in *King Richard II.* we have *undeaf*:

" My death's ſad tale may yet *undeaf* his ear." MALONE.

[5] *If children pre-deceaſe progenitors*,] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" ——oh, thou untaught!
" To preſs before thy father to a grave!" STEEVENS.

[6] *But now that fair freſh mirror, dim and* old,] Thus the quarto. The modern editions have—dim and *cold*, which I once thought might have been the true reading. This indeed is not a very proper epithet, becauſe all mirrors are cold. But the poet, I conceived, might have thought that its being deſcriptive of Lucretia's ſtate was ſufficient. On a more mature conſideration, however, I am of opinion that the old copy is right. As *dim* is oppoſed to *fair*, ſo *old* is to *freſh*. MALONE.

Old, I believe, is the true reading. Though *glaſs* may not prove ſubject to decay, the quickſilver behind it will periſh, through *age*, and it then exhibits a faithleſs reflection. A *ſteel-glaſs*, however, would certainly grow *dim* in proportion as it grows *old*. STEEVENS.

[7] *Poor* broken glaſs, *I often did behold*
In thy ſweet ſemblance *my old age new-born*:
But now that fair freſh mirror, *dim and old*,
Shows me a bare-bon'd death *by time out-worn*;] So, in *K. Rich. III.*:

" I have bewept a worthy huſband's death,
" And liv'd by looking on his images;
" But now two *mirrors* of his princely *ſemblance*
" Are *crack'd in pieces* by malignant *death*;
" And I for comfort have but one falſe *glaſs*,
" That grieves me when I ſee my ſhame in him."

Again, in our authour's third *Sonnet*:

" Thou art thy mother's *glaſs*," &c. MALONE.

Compare this ſtanza with the ſpeech of *King Richard II.* when he commands a mirror to be brought, and afterwards dashes it on the ground. STEEVENS.

And ſhiver'd all the beauty of my glaſs,
That I no more can ſee what once I was.

O time, ceaſe thou thy courſe, and laſt no longer[9],
If they ſurceaſe to be, that ſhould ſurvive.
Shall rotten death make conqueſt of the ſtronger,
And leave the faltering feeble ſouls alive?
The old bees die, the young poſſeſs their hive:
Then live ſweet Lucreece, live again, and ſee
Thy father die, and not thy father thee!

By this ſtarts Collatine as from a dream,
And bids Lucretius give his ſorrow place[1];
And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding ſtream[2]
He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face*,
And counterfeits to die with her a ſpace;
Till manly ſhame bids him poſſeſs his breath,
And live, to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward ſoul
Hath ſerv'd a dumb arreſt upon his tongue;
Who mad that ſorrow ſhould his uſe control,

Shows me a bare-bon'd death—] So, in *King John*:
" —and on his forehead ſits
" A *bare-ribb'd death*—." STEEVENS.

[8] *O, from* thy *cheeks my image thou haſt torn!*] Thus the quarto. The edition of 1600, and all ſubſequent to it, have:
O, from *my* cheeks my image thou haſt torn!
But the father's image was in his daughter's countenance, which ſhe had now disfigured. The old copy is therefore certainly right. MALONE.

[9] *O time, ceaſe thou thy courſe, and* laſt *no longer,*] Thus the quarto. The octavo, 1616, reads:
—*haſte* no longer—
which has been followed by all the modern editions. MALONE.

[1] *And bids Lucretius* give his ſorrow place;] So, Queen Margaret, in *King Richard III*:
" *And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.*" STEEVENS.

[2] *And then in* key-cold *Lucrece' bleeding ſtream*] This epithet is frequently uſed by our authour and his contemporaries. So, in *King Richard III*:
" Poor *key-cold* figure of a holy king." MALONE.

* —*the* pale fear *in his face,*] So, in *King Richard II.*
" And with *pale* beggar-*fear* impeach my height." MALONE.

Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,
Begins to talk; but through his lips do throng
Weak words, so thick come, in his poor heart's aid,
That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime Tarquin was pronounced plain,
But through his teeth, as if the name he tore.
This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,
Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more;
At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er[3]:
Then son and father weep with equal strife,
Who should weep most for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,
Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.
The father says, she's mine: O, mine she is,
Replies her husband: Do not take away
My sorrow's interest; let no mourner say
He weeps for her, for she was only mine,
And only must be wail'd by Collatine.

O, quoth Lucretius, I did give that life,
Which she too early and too late hath spill'd[4].
Woe, woe, quoth Collatine, she was my wife,
I owed

3 *At last it* rains, *and busy* winds give o'er:] So, in *Macbeth*:
" That *tears* shall *drown the wind*." STEEVENS.
Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:
" Where are my tears?—rain, rain, to lay this wind."
Again, in *King Henry VI.* P. III.
" Would'st have me *weep?* why now thou hast thy will:
" For raging *wind* blows up incessant *showers*,
" And where the rage allays, the *rain* begins."
Again, in *King John*:
" But this effusion of such manly drops,
" This *shower*, *blown up by tempest of the soul*,—. MALONE.

4 *O, quoth Lucretius, I did* give that life,
Which she too early *and* too late *hath spill'd.*] The same conceit occurs in the third part of *King Henry VI*:
" O boy, thy father *gave thee life too soon*,
" And hath bereft thee of thy life *too late!*" STEEVENS.

I ow'd her, and 'tis mine that she hath kill'd.
My daughter and *my wife* with clamours fill'd
The dispers'd air, who holding Lucrece' life,
Answer'd their cries, *my daughter and my wife.*

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side,
Seeing such emulation in their woe,
Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,
Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show.
He with the Romans was esteemed so
As silly-jeering idiots are with kings,
For sportive words, and uttering foolish things:

But now he throws that shallow habit by,
Wherein deep policy did him disguise;
And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly,
To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.
Thou wronged lord of Rome, quoth he, arise;
Let my unsounded self, suppos'd a fool,
Now set thy long-experienc'd wit to school.

Why Collatine, is woe the cure for woe?
Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous deeds?
Is it revenge to give thyself a blow,
For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds?
Such childish humour from weak minds proceeds;
Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,
To slay herself, that should have slain her foe.

Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart
In such relenting dew of lamentations;
But kneel with me, and help to bear thy part,
To rouse our Roman gods with invocations,
That they will suffer these abominations[5],

Which she too early and too late *hath spill'd.*] *Too late* here means *too recently*. So, in *King Richard III.* Vol. VI. p. 523, n. 2:

"*Too late* he died, that might have kept that title,
"Which by his death hath lost much majesty." MALONE.

[5] *That they will suffer these abominations*, &c.] The construction is—that they will suffer these abominations *to be* chased, &c. MALONE.

Since

Since Rome herſelf in them doth ſtand diſgrac'd,
By our ſtrong arms from forth her fair ſtreets chas'd.

Now by the Capitol that we adore,
And by this chaſte blood ſo unjuſtly ſtain'd,
By heaven's fair ſun, that breeds the fat earth's ſtore,
By all our country rights in Rome maintain'd,
And by chaſte Lucrece' ſoul, that late complain'd
Her wrongs to us[6], and by this bloody knife,
We will revenge the death of this true wife.

This ſaid, he ſtruck his hand upon his breaſt,
And kiſs'd the fatal knife, to end his vow;
And to his proteſtation urg'd the reſt,
Who wondering at him, did his words allow[7]:
Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow;
And that deep vow which Brutus made before,
He doth again repeat, and that they ſwore.

When they had ſworn to this adviſed doom,
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence;
To ſhow her bleeding body thorough Rome,
And ſo to publiſh Tarquin's foul offence:
Which being done with ſpeedy diligence,
The Romans plauſibly[8] did give conſent
To Tarquin's everlaſting baniſhment[9].

6 *And by chaſte Lucrece' ſoul, that late* complain'd
Her wrongs to us—] To *complain* was anciently uſed in an active ſenſe, without an article ſubjoined to it. So, in Fairfax's tranſlation of Taſſo's *Jeruſalem Delivered*:
" Pale death our valiant leader hath oppreſs'd;
" Come, wreak his loſs, *whom* bootleſs ye *complain*." MALONE.

7 *Who wondering at him, did his words* allow:] Did *approve* of what he ſaid. So, in *King Lear*:
" —if your ſweet ſway
" *Allow* obedience—." MALONE.

8 *The Romans* plauſibly—] That is, *with acclamations*. To expreſs the ſame meaning, we ſhould now ſay, *plauſively*: but the other was the phraſeology of Shakſpeare's age. So, in Stowe's Chronicle, p. 1426, edit. 1605: " This change was very *plauſible* or well pleaſing to the nobility and gentry."

Bulloker in his *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 8vo, 1616, interprets *plauſible* thus: "That which greatly pleaſeth, or *rejoiceth*." MALONE.

Plauſibly may mean, *with expreſſions of applauſe*. *Plauſibilis*, Lat. Thus, in the *Argument* prefixed to this poem: "—wherewith the people were ſo moved, that with one conſent, and a general *acclamation*, the Tarquins were all exiled." STEEVENS.

9 *To Tarquin's everlaſting baniſhment.*] In examining this and the preceding poem, we ſhould do Shakſpeare injuſtice, were we to try them by a compariſon with more modern and poliſhed productions, or with our preſent idea of poetical excellence.

It has been obſerved, that few authours riſe much above the age in which they live. If their performances reach the ſtandard of perfecton eſtabliſhed in their own time, or ſurpaſs ſomewhat the productions of their contemporaries, they ſeldom aim further; for if their readers are ſatisfied, it is not probable that they ſhould be diſcontented. The poems of *Venus and Adonis*, and *The Rape of Lucrece*, whatever opinion may be now entertained of them, were certainly much admired in Shakſpeare's life-time. In thirteen years after their firſt appearance, ſix impreſſions of each of them were printed, while in nearly the ſame period his *Romeo and Juliet* (one of his moſt popular plays) paſſed only twice through the preſs. They appear to me ſuperior to any pieces of the ſame kind produced by Daniel or Drayton, the moſt celebrated writers in this ſpecies of narrative poetry that were then known. The applauſe beſtowed on the *Roſamond* of the former authour, which was publiſhed in 1592, gave birth, I imagine, to the preſent poem. The ſtanza is the ſame in both.

No compoſitions were in that age oftener quoted, or more honourably mentioned, than theſe two of Shakſpeare. In the preliminary and concluding notes on *Venus and Adonis*, various proofs of the truth of this aſſertion may be found. Among others, Drayton, in the firſt edition of his *Matilda*, has pronounced the following elogium on the preceding poem:

"Lucrece, of whom proud Rome hath boaſted long,
"Lately reviv'd to live another age,
"And here arriv'd, to tell of Tarquin's wrong,
"Her chaſte denial, and the tyrant's rage,
"Acting her paſſions on our ſtately ſtage,
"She is remember'd, all forgetting me,
"Yet I as fair and chaſte as ere was ſhe."

Matilda, the fair and chaſte daughter of Lord Robert Fitzwater. By Michael Drayton, 4to, 1594.—If the reader ſhould look for theſe lines in any edition of *Matilda* after the ſecond in 1596, in octavo, he will be diſappointed. It is obſervable that Daniel and Drayton made many alterations in their poems at every re-impreſſion.

From Drayton's having omitted this elogium on Shakſpeare in the ſubſequent editions, there is reaſon to believe, that however friendly they might have been in 1596, at a ſubſequent period ſome coolneſs ſubſiſted between them. In Drayton's works he has, I think, mentioned Shakſpeare but once, and been rather niggard in his praiſe.

In

In *The Times displayed in Six Sestiads*, 4to, 1646, dedicated by S. Shephard to Philip Earl of Pembroke, p. 22, Sestiad VI. Stanza 9, the authour thus speaks of our poet:

" See him, whose tragick scenes Euripides
" Doth equal, and with Sophocles we may
" Compare great Shakspeare; Aristophanes
" Never like him his fancy could display:
" Witness the Prince of Tyre, his Pericles;
" His sweet and his to-be-admired lay
" He wrote of lustful Tarquin's rape, shews he
" Did understand the depth of poesie."

If it should be asked, how comes it to pass that Shakspeare in his dramatick productions also, did not content himself with only doing as well as those play-wrights who had gone before him, or somewhat surpassing them; how it happened, that whilst his contemporaries on the stage crept in the most groveling and contemptible prose, or stalked in ridiculous and bombastick blank verse, he has penetrated the inmost recesses of the human mind, and, not contented with ranging through the wide field of nature, has with equal boldness and felicity often expatiated *extra flammantia mœnia mundi*, the answer, I believe, must be, that his disposition was more inclined to the drama than to the other kinds of poetry; that his genius for the one appears to have been almost a gift from heaven, his abilities for the other, of a less splendid and transcendent kind, and approaching nearer to those of other mortals.

Of these two poems *Venus and Adonis* appears to me entitled to superior praise. Their great defect is, the wearisome circumlocution with which the tale in each of them is told, particularly in that before us. When the reader thinks himself almost at his journey's end, he is led through many an intricate path, and after travelling for some hours, finds his inn at a distance: nor are his wanderings always repaid, or his labour alleviated, by the fertility of the country through which he passes; by grotesqueness of scenery or variety of prospect.

Let us, however, never forget the state of poetry when these pieces appeared; and after perusing the productions of the contemporary and preceding writers, Shakspeare will have little to fear from the unprejudiced decision of his judges. In the foregoing notes we have seen almost every stanza of these poems fraught with images and expressions that occur also in his plays. To the liquid lapse of his numbers, in his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his *Sonnets*, his *Lovers Complaint*, and in all the *songs* which are introduced in his dramas, I wish particularly to call the attention of the reader. In this respect he leaves all his contemporaries many paces behind him.—Even the length of his two principal poems will be pardoned, when the practice of his age is adverted to. Like some advocates at the Bar, our elder poets seem to have thought it impossible to say too much on any subject. On the story of *Rosamond* Daniel has written above nine hundred lines. Drayton's

Drayton's *Legend of Rollo duke of Normandy* contains nine hundred and forty five lines; his *Matilda* ſix hundred and ſeventy two; and his *Legend of Pierce Gaveſton* ſeven hundred and two. On the ſtory of *Romeo and Juliet*, Arthur Brooke has left a poem of above *four thouſand* lines; and that of *Troilus and Creſſida* Chaucer has expanded into no leſs than *eight thouſand* verſes. MALONE.

S O N N E T S.

TO THE ONLY BEGETTER
OF THESE ENSUING SONNETS,
MR. W. H[1].
ALL HAPPINESS,
AND THAT ETERNITY PROMISED
BY OUR EVER-LIVING POET,
WISHETH THE
WELL-WISHING ADVENTURER
IN SETTING FORTH,

T. T[2].

[1] Dr. Farmer ſuppoſes that many of theſe Sonnets are addreſſed to our authour's nephew Mr. William Harte. But this, I think, may be doubted. Shakſpeare's ſiſter, *Joan Harte*, was born in April, 1569. Suppoſing her to have married at ſo early an age as ſixteen, her eldeſt ſon William could not have been more than twelve years old in 1598*, at which time theſe Sonnets were compoſed, though not publiſhed for ſeveral years afterwards. Many of them are written to ſhow the propriety of marriage; and therefore cannot well be ſuppoſed to be addreſſed to a ſchool-boy.

Mr. Tyrwhitt has pointed out to me a line in the twentieth Sonnet, which inclines me to think that the initials W. H. ſtand for W. Hughes. Speaking of this perſon, the poet ſays he is—

"A man in *hew* all *Hews* in his controlling—"

ſo the line is exhibited in the old copy. The name *Hughes* was formerly written *Hews*. When it is conſidered that one of theſe Sonnets is formed entirely on a play on our authour's Chriſtian name, this conjecture will not appear improbable.—To this perſon, whoever he was, one hundred and twenty ſix of the following poems are addreſſed; the remaining twenty-eight are addreſſed to a lady. MALONE.

[2] i. e. Thomas Thorpe. See the extract from the Stationers' books in the next page. MALONE.

* I have here ſuppoſed our authour's eldeſt nephew to have been twelve years old in 1598, but perhaps he was not then even born. It is obſervable, that Shakſpeare, when he had occaſion in his Will to mention the children of his ſiſter Joan Harte, did not recollect the Chriſtian name of her ſecond ſon; from which circumſtance we may infer, that in 1616 they were all young.

SONNETS[3].

I.

FROM faireſt creatures we deſire increaſe,
That thereby beauty's roſe might never die,
But as the riper ſhould by time deceaſe,
His tender heir might bear his memory:
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'ſt thy light's flame with ſelf-ſubſtantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyſelf thy foe, to thy ſweet ſelf too cruel.
Thou, that art now the world's freſh ornament,
And only herald to the gaudy ſpring,
Within thine own bud buriеſt thy content,
And, tender churl, mak'ſt waſte in niggarding[4].
Pity the world, or elſe this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee[5].

II. When

[3] Shakſpeare's *Sonnets* were entered on the Stationers' books by Thomas Thorpe, on the 20th of May, 1609, and printed in quarto in the ſame year. They were, however, written many years before, being mentioned by Meres in his *Wit's Treaſury*, 1598: "As the ſoul of Euphorbus (ſays he) was thought to live in Pythagoras, ſo the ſweet witty ſoul of Ovid lives in melliſluous and honey-tongued Shakeſpeare. Witneſs his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his ſugred SONNETS among his private friends," &c.

The general ſtyle of theſe poems, and the numerous paſſages in them which remind us of our authour's plays, leave not the ſmalleſt doubt of their authenticity.

In theſe compoſitions, Daniel's Sonnets, which were publiſhed in 1592, appear to me to have been the model that Shakſpeare followed.

An edition of Shakſpeare's Sonnets was publiſhed in 1640, in ſmall octavo, which, though of no authority or value, was followed by Dr. Sewell, and other modern editors. The order of the original copy was not adhered to, and according to the faſhion of that time, fantaſtick titles were prefixed to different portions of theſe poems: *The glory of beauty*; *The force of love*; *True admiration*, &c. Heywood's tranſlations from Ovid, which had been originally blended with Shakſpeare's poems in 1612, were likewiſe reprinted in the ſame volume. MALONE.

[4] *And, tender churl*, mak'ſt waſte *in* niggarding.] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"Then ſhe hath ſworn that ſhe will ſtill live chaſte?

"*Rom.* She hath: and in that *ſparing makes* huge *waſte*." C.

[5] ——*this glutton be,*
To eat the world's due, by the *grave and thee.*] The ancient editors of Shakſpeare's works, deſerve at leaſt the praiſe of impartiality. If

II.

When forty winters ſhall beſiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, ſo gaz'd on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed[6], of ſmall worth held:
Then, being aſk'd where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treaſure of thy luſty days;
To ſay, within thine own deep-ſunken eyes,
Were an all-eating ſhame, and thriftleſs praiſe.
How much more praiſe deſerv'd thy beauty's uſe,
If thou could'ſt anſwer - "*This fair child of mine*
Shall ſum my count, and make my old excuſe,—"
Proving his beauty by ſucceſſion thine.
This were to be new made, when thou art old,
And ſee thy blood warm, when thou feel'ſt it cold.

they have occaſionally corrupted his nobleſt ſentiments, they have likewiſe depraved his moſt miſerable conceits; as, perhaps, in this inſtance. I read (piteous conſtraint, to read ſuch ſtuff at all!)

———this glutton be;
To eat the world's due, *be thy* grave and thee.

i. e. be at once thyſelf, and thy grave. The letters that form the two words were probably tranſpoſed. I did not think the late Mr. Rich had ſuch example for the contrivance of making Harlequin jump down his own throat. STEEVENS.

I do not believe there is any corruption in the text. Mankind being daily thinned by the grave, the world could not ſubſiſt if the places of thoſe who are taken off by death were not filled up by the birth of children. Hence Shakſpeare conſiders the propagation of the ſpecies as *the world's due*, as a right to which it is entitled, and which it may demand from every individual. The ſentiment in the lines before us, it muſt be owned, is quaintly expreſſed; but the obſcurity ariſes chiefly, I think, from the aukward collocation of the words for the ſake of the rhime. The meaning ſeems to me to be this.—Pity the world, *which is daily depopulated by the grave, and beget children, in order to ſupply the loſs; or, if you do not fulfil this duty, acknowledge, that as a* glutton *ſwallows and conſumes more than is ſufficient for his own ſupport, ſo you (who by the courſe of nature muſt die, and by your own remiſſneſs are likely to die childleſs) thus "living and dying in ſingle bleſſedneſs," conſume and deſtroy* the world's due; *to the deſolation of which you will doubly contribute*; 1. by thy death, 2. by thy dying childleſs.

Our authour's plays, as well as the poems now before us, affording a ſufficient number of conceits, it is rather hard that he ſhould be anſwerable for ſuch as can only be obtained through the medium of alteration; that he ſhould be ridiculed not only for what he has, *but* for what he has *not* written. MALONE.

[6] —*a tatter'd* weed,—] A torn *garment*. MALONE.

III. Look

III.

Look in thy glaſs, and tell the face thou viewest,
Now is the time that face ſhould form another;
Whoſe freſh repair if now thou not reneweſt,
Thou doſt beguile the world, unbleſs ſome mother.
For where is ſhe ſo fair, whoſe un-eard womb
Diſdains the tillage of thy huſbandry[7]?
Or who is he ſo fond, will be the tomb
Of his ſelf-love, to ſtop poſterity[8]?
Thou art thy mother's glaſs, and ſhe in thee[9]
Calls back the lovely April of her prime[1]:
So thou through windows of thine age ſhalt ſee,
Deſpite of wrinkles, this thy golden time[2].
But if thou live, remember'd not to be,
Die ſingle, and thine image dies with thee.

7 —*whoſe* un-ear'd womb
Diſdains the *tillage* of thy *huſbandry?*] Thus, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*
" ——her plenteous *womb*
" Expreſſeth his full *tilth* and *huſbandry.*" STEEVENS.
Un-ear'd is unploughed. See p. 3, n. 1. MALONE.

8 *Or who is he ſo fond, will be the tomb*
Of his ſelf-love, to ſtop poſterity?] So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*
" ——beauty, ſtarv'd with her ſeverity,
" *Cuts beauty off from all poſterity.*"
Again, in *Venus and Adonis:*
" What is thy body but a ſwallowing *grave,*
" Seeming to *bury* that *poſterity*
" Which by the rights of time thou needs muſt have,
" If thou deſtroy them not in their obſcurity?"
Fond, in old language, is *fooliſh.* See Vol. III. p. 66, n. 5. MALONE.

9 *Thou art thy mother's* glaſs, &c.] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece:*
" Poor broken *glaſs,* I often did behold
" *In thy ſweet ſemblance my old age new-born.*" MALONE.

1 *Calls back the lovely* April *of her prime:*] So, in *Timon of Athens:*
" She, whom the ſpital houſe and ulcerous ſores
" Would caſt the gorge at, this embalms and ſpices
" To the *April* day again." MALONE.

2 *So thou through* windows *of thine age ſhalt ſee,*
Deſpite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.] Thus, in our authour's *Lover's Complaint:*
" Time had not ſcythed all that youth begun,
" Nor youth all quit; but, ſpite of heaven's fell rage,
" Some beauty peep'd through *lattice* of ſear'd *age.*" MALONE.

IV.

Unthrifty lovelineſs, why doſt thou ſpend
Upon thyſelf thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequeſt gives nothing, but doth lend;
And being frank, ſhe lends to thoſe are free [3].
Then, beauteous niggard, why doſt thou abuſe
The bounteous largeſs given thee to give?
Profitleſs uſurer, why doſt thou uſe
So great a ſum of ſums, yet canſt not live?
For having traffick with thyſelf alone,
Thou of thyſelf thy ſweet ſelf doſt deceive.
Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canſt thou leave [4]?
Thy unus'd beauty muſt be tomb'd with thee,
Which, uſed, lives thy executor to be.

V.

Thoſe hours*, that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very ſame,
And that unfair, which fairly doth excell [5];
For never-reſting time leads ſummer on [6]
To hideous winter, and confounds him there;

[3] Nature's *bequeſt gives nothing, but doth lend*
And being frank, ſhe lends to thoſe are free, &c.] So, Milton, in his *Maſque at Ludlow Caſtle:*

"Why ſhould you be ſo cruel to yourſelf,
"And to thoſe dainty limbs which *nature lent*
"For gentle uſage, and ſoft delicacy?
"But you invert the covenants of her truſt,
"And harſhly deal, like an ill borrower,
"With that which you receiv'd on other terms." STEEVENS.

[4] *What acceptable* audit *canſt thou leave?*] So, in *Macbeth:*

"To make their *audit* at your highneſs' pleaſure." STEEVENS.

* *Thoſe* hours, *&c.*] *Hours* is almoſt always uſed by Shakſpeare as a diſſyllable. MALONE.

[5] *And that* unfair, *which fairly doth excell;*] And render that which was once beautiful, no longer fair. To *unfair*, is, I believe, a verb of our authour's coinage. MALONE.

[6] *For never-reſting* time leads ſummer on—] So, in *All's well that ends well:*

"For, with a word, the *time will bring on ſummer.*" STEEV.

Sap

Sap check'd with froſt, and luſty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'er-ſnow'd, and bareneſs every where[7]:
Then, were not ſummer's diſtillation left,
A liquid priſoner pent in walls of glaſs,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was:
But flowers diſtill'd, though they with winter meet,
Leeſe but their ſhow; their ſubſtance ſtill lives ſweet[8].

VI.

Then let not winter's ragged hand[9] deface
In thee thy ſummer, ere thou be diſtill'd:
Make ſweet ſome phial; treaſure thou ſome place
With beauty's treaſure, ere it be ſelf-kill'd.
That uſe[1] is not forbidden uſury,
Which happies thoſe that pay the willing loan;
That's for thyſelf to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;
Ten times thyſelf were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee:
Then, what could death do, if thou ſhould'ſt depart,
Leaving thee living in poſterity?
Be not ſelf-will'd, for thou art much too fair
To be death's conqueſt, and make worms thine heir.

7 *Beauty o'er ſnow'd, and* bareneſs *every where:*] Thus the quarto, 1609. The modern editions have

——*barrenneſs* every where.

In the 97th *Sonnet* we meet again with the ſame image:

"What freezings have I felt, what dark days ſeen!
"What old December's *bareneſs* every where!" MALONE.

8 *But flowers diſtill'd, though they with winter meet,*
Leeſe but their ſhow; their ſubſtance ſtill lives ſweet.] This is a thought with which Shakſpeare ſeems to have been much pleaſed. We find it again in the 54th *Sonnet*, and in *A Midſummer Night's Dream*, Act I. ſc. i. MALONE.

9 —*let not winter's* ragged *hand*—] *Ragged* was often uſed as an opprobrious term in the time of our authour. See p. 136, n. 8, and Vol. V. p. 286, n. 4. MALONE.

1 *That* uſe—] *Uſe* here ſignifies *uſance*. See Vol. II. p. 232, n. 6. MALONE.

VII.

Lo, in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing ſight,
Serving with looks his ſacred majeſty;
And having climb'd the ſteep-up heavenly hill,
Reſembling ſtrong youth in his middle age[2],
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty ſtill,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage[3];
But when from high-moſt pitch, with weary car,
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are
From his low tract, and look another way:
So thou, thyſelf out-going in thy noon,
Unlook'd on dieſt, unleſs thou get a ſon.

VIII.

Muſick to hear[4], why hear'ſt thou muſick ſadly?
Sweets with ſweets war not, joy delights in joy.
Why lov'ſt thou that which thou receiv'ſt not gladly?
Or elſe receiv'ſt with pleaſure thine annoy?

[2] *And having climb'd the ſteep-up heavenly hill,*
Reſembling ſtrong youth in his middle age,] Perhaps our authour had the ſacred writings in his thoughts: "—in them hath he ſet a tabernacle for the *ſun, which cometh forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a giant to run his courſe.* It goeth forth from the uttermoſt part of the heaven, and runneth about unto the end of it again; and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof." MALONE.

[3] *Yet mortal looks* adore *his beauty ſtill,*
Attending on his golden *pilgrimage*;] So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*
"Madam, an hour before the *worſhipp'd ſun*
"Peer'd forth the *golden* window of the eaſt,—." MALONE.

[4] *Muſick tohear,* &c.] Thou, whom to hear, is muſick, why, &c.
I have ſometimes thought Shakſpeare might have written—Muſick to *ear,* &c. i. e. thou, whoſe every accent is muſick to *the ear.* So, in the *Comedy of Errors:*
"That never words were *muſick* to thine *ear.*"
Hear has been printed inſtead of *ear* in *the Taming of the Shrew*; or at leaſt the modern editors have ſuppoſed ſo. See Vol. III. p. 275, n. 7. MALONE.

If

If the true concord of well-tuned ſounds,
By unions married[5], do offend thine ear,
They do but ſweetly chide thee, who confounds
In ſingleneſs the parts that thou ſhould'ſt bear.
Mark, how one ſtring, ſweet huſband to another,
Strikes each in each, by mutual ordering;
Reſembling ſire and child and happy mother,
Who all in one, one pleaſing note do ſing:
Whoſe ſpeechleſs ſong, being many, ſeeming one,
Sings this to thee, "thou ſingle wilt prove none."

IX.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye,
That thou conſum'ſt thyſelf in ſingle life?
Ah! if thou iſſueleſs ſhalt hap to die,
The world will wail thee, like a makeleſs wife[6];
The world will be thy widow, and ſtill weep,
That thou no form of thee haſt left behind,
When every private widow well may keep,
By children's eyes, her huſband's ſhape in mind.
Look, what an unthrift in the world doth ſpend,
Shifts but his place, for ſtill the world enjoys it;
But beauty's waſte hath in the world an end,
And kept unus'd, the uſer ſo deſtroys it.

5 *If the true concord of well-tuned ſounds,*
By unions married,—] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, quarto, 1599:
"Examine ev'ry *married* lineament,
"And ſee how one another lends content."
Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:
"The unity and *married* calm of ſtates—."
Milton had perhaps theſe lines in his thoughts when he wrote:
"And ever againſt eating cares
"Lap me in ſoft Lydian airs,
"*Married* to immortal verſe,
"Such as the meeting ſoul may pierce,
"In notes with many a winding bout
"Of linked ſweetneſs long drawn out." MALONE.

6 —*like a* makeleſs *wife*;] As a widow bewails her loſt huſband. *Make* and *mate* were formerly ſynonymous. So, in *Kyng Appolyn of Thyre*, 1510: "Certes, madam, I ſholde have great joy yfe ye had ſuch a prynce to your *make*."
Again, in *The Tragicall Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:
"Betwixt the armes of me, thy perfect-loving *make*." MALONE.

No love toward others in that boſom ſits,
That on himſelf ſuch murderous ſhame commits[7].

X.

For ſhame! deny that thou bear'ſt love to any,
Who for thyſelf art ſo unprovident.
Grant if thou wilt, thou art belov'd of many,
But that thou none lov'ſt, is moſt evident;
For thou art ſo poſſeſs'd with murderous hate,
That 'gainſt thyſelf thou ſtick'ſt not to conſpire;
Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate[8],
Which to repair ſhould be thy chief deſire.
O, change thy thought, that I may change my mind!
Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle love?
Be, as thy preſence is, gracious and kind,
Or to thyſelf, at leaſt, kind-hearted prove:
Make thee another ſelf, for love of me,
That beauty ſtill may live in thine or thee.

XI.

As faſt as thou ſhalt wane, ſo faſt thou grow'ſt
In one of thine, from that which thou departeſt;
And that freſh blood which youngly thou beſtow'ſt,
Thou may'ſt call thine, when thou from youth converteſt.
Herein lives wiſdom, beauty, and increaſe;
Without this, folly, age, and cold decay:
If all were minded ſo, the times ſhould ceaſe,
And threeſcore years would make the world away.

[7] *That on himſelf ſuch murderous* ſhame commits.] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"And here is come *to do ſome, villainous ſhame*
"To the dead bodies." MALONE.

[8] *Seeking that beauteous roof to* ruinate, &c.] This is a metaphor of which our author is peculiarly fond. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

"Shall love in building grow ſo *ruinate?*"

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"O thou, that doſt inhabit in my breaſt,
"Leave not the manſion ſo long tenantleſs,
"Leſt, growing *ruinous*, the building fall,
"And leave no memory of what it was.
"*Repair* me with thy preſence, Silvia." STEEVENS.

Let

Let thoſe whom nature hath not made for ſtore [9],
Harſh, featureleſs, and rude, barrenly periſh:
Look, whom ſhe beſt endow'd, ſhe gave thee more;
Which bounteous gift thou ſhould'ſt in bounty cheriſh [1]:
She carv'd thee for her ſeal, and meant thereby,
Thou ſhould'ſt print more, nor let that copy die [2].

XII.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And ſee the brave day ſunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet paſt prime,
And ſable curls, all ſilver'd o'er with white [3];
When lofty trees I ſee barren of leaves,
Which erſt from heat did canopy the herd [4],
And ſummer's green all girded up in ſheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and briſtly beard [5].

9 —*for ſtore*—] i. e. to be preſerved for *uſe*. MALONE.

1 *Look, whom ſhe beſt endow'd, ſhe gave* thee *more*;
Which bounteous gift thou ſhould'ſt in bounty cheriſh:] On a ſurvey of mankind, you will find that nature, however liberal ſhe may have been to others, has been ſtill more bountiful to you. The old copy reads—ſhe gave *the* more; which was evidently a miſprint. MALONE.

2 *Thou ſhould'ſt print more,* nor let that copy die.] So, in *Twelfth Night*:

"Lady, you are the cruelleſt ſhe alive,
"If you will lead theſe graces to the grave,
"And leave the world *no copy.*" MALONE.

3 *And ſable curls,* all *ſilver'd o'er with white*;] The old copy reads:
—*or* ſilver'd o'er with white.
Or was clearly an error of the preſs. Mr. Tyrwhitt would read:—*are* ſilver'd o'er with white. MALONE.

So, in *Hamlet*:

"His beard was, as I've ſeen it in his life,
"A *ſable ſilver'd.*" STEEVENS.

4 *When lofty* trees *I ſee, baren of leaves,*
Which erſt from heat did canopy *the herd,*] So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*:

"——a bank
"Quite *over-canopy'd* with luſcious woodbine." MALONE.

5 *And* ſummer's green *all girded up in ſheaves,*
Borne on the bier with white and briſtly beard;] So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*:

"——and the *green* corn
"Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a *beard.*" C.

Then

Then of thy beauty do I queſtion make,
That thou among the waſtes of time muſt go,
Since ſweets and beauties do themſelves forſake,
And die as faſt as they ſee others grow;
And nothing 'gainſt time's ſcythe can make defence,
Save breed, to brave him[6], when he takes thee hence.

XIII.

O, that you were yourſelf! but, love, you are
No longer yours, than you yourſelf here live:
Againſt this coming end you ſhould prepare,
And your ſweet ſemblance to ſome other give[7].
So ſhould that beauty which you hold in leaſe,
Find no determination[8]: then you were
Yourſelf again, after yourſelf's deceaſe,
When your ſweet iſſue your ſweet form ſhould bear.
Who lets ſo fair a houſe fall to decay,
Which huſbandry in honour might uphold[9],

[6] *Save breed, to brave him*—] Except children, whoſe youth may ſet the ſcythe of Time at defiance, and render thy own death leſs painful. MALONE.

[7] *Againſt this coming end you ſhould prepare,*
And your ſweet ſemblance to ſome other give.] This is a ſentiment that Shakſpeare is never weary of expreſſing. We meet with it again in *Venus and Adonis*:

"By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
"That thine may live, when thou thyſelf art dead;
"And ſo in ſpite of death thou doſt ſurvive,
"In that thy likeneſs ſtill is left alive." MALONE.

[8] —*that* beauty *which you hold in* leaſe,
Find no determination:] So Daniel, in one of his Sonnets, 1592:

"—in *beauty's leaſe* expir'd appears
"The date of age, the calends of our death."

Again, in *Macbeth*:

"But in them nature's copy's not eterne."

Determination in legal language means *end*. See Vol. V. p. 403, n. 1; and Vol. VI. p. 84, n. *. MALONE.

So, in *Macbeth*:

"—our high-plac'd Macbeth
"Shall live the *leaſe* of nature." STEEVENS.

[9] *Which* huſbandry *in honour might uphold,*] *Huſbandry* is generally uſed by Shakſpeare for *œconomical prudence*. So, in *King Henry V*:

"For our bad neighbours make us early ſtirrers,
"Which is both healthful and good *huſbandry*." MALONE.

Againſt

Againſt the ſtormy guſts of winter's day,
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?
O! none but unthrifts:—Dear my love, you know,
You had a father; let your ſon ſay ſo.

XIV.

Not from the ſtars do I my judgment pluck;
And yet methinks I have aſtronomy;
But not to tell of good, or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, or ſeaſons' quality:
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind;
Or ſay, with princes if it ſhall go well,
By oft predict[1] that I in heaven find:
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive[2],
And (conſtant ſtars) in them I read ſuch art,
As truth and beauty ſhall together thrive,
If from thyſelf to ſtore thou would'ſt convert[3]:
Or elſe of thee this I prognoſticate,
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

XV.

When I conſider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment;
That this huge ſtate preſenteth nought but ſhows
Whereon the ſtars in ſecret influence comment;

[1] *By* oft *predict*—] Dr. Sewel reads,—By *aught* predict; but the text is right.—So, in *the Birth of Merlin*, 1662:

"How much the *oft* report of this bleſs'd hermit
"Hath won on my deſires!" MALONE.

The old reading may be the true one. *By oft predict*—may mean—By what is moſt *frequently* prognoſticated. STEEVENS.

[2] *But from thine* eyes *my knowledge* I derive,] So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

"*From* women's *eyes* this doctrine *I derive.*" STEEVENS.

[3] *If from thyſelf* to ſtore *thou would'ſt convert*:] If thou would'ſt change thy ſingle ſtate, and beget a numerous progeny. So, before:

"Let thoſe whom nature hath not made for *ſtore.*"

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"O, ſhe is rich in beauty; only poor,
"That when ſhe dies, with beauty dies her *ſtore.*" MALONE.

When

When I perceive that men as plants increaſe,
Cheered and check'd even by the ſelf-ſame ſky;
Vaunt in their youthful ſap, at height decreaſe,
And wear their brave ſtate out of memory;
Then the conceit of this inconſtant ſtay
Sets you moſt rich in youth before my ſight,
Where waſteful time debateth with decay [4],
To change your day of youth to ſullied night [5];
And, all in war with time, for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

XVI.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?
And fortify yourſelf in your decay
With means more bleſſed than my barren rhime?
Now ſtand you on the top of happy hours;
And many maiden gardens, yet unſet [6],
With virtuous wiſh would bear you living flowers [7],
Much liker than your painted counterfeit [8]:
So ſhould the lines of life [9] that life repair,
Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen [1],
Neither

[4] *Where waſteful* time debateth *with* decay,] So, in *All's well that ends well:*

" ——*nature* and *ſickneſs*
" *Debate* it at their leiſure." MALONE.

[5] *To change your day of youth to ſullied night,*] So, in *K. Rich. III:*

" Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night." STEEVENS.

[6] *And many maiden gardens, yet unſet,*] We have the ſame alluſion in our authour's *Lover's Complaint:*

" And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling,
" Heard where his *plants in others' orchards grew.*" MALONE.

[7] —*would bear* you *living flowers,*] The firſt edition reads, by an apparent error of the preſs:—*your* living flowers. MALONE.

[8] *Much liker than your painted* counterfeit:] A *counterfeit* formerly ſignified a portrait. So, in Greene's *Farewell to Folly*, 1617: " Why do the painters, in figuring forth the *counterfeit* of Love, draw him blind?" See alſo Vol. III. p. 59, n. 5. MALONE.

[9] *So ſhould the* lines *of life* —] This appears to me obſcure. Perhaps the poet wrote—the *lives* of life: i. e. children. MALONE.

The lines of life perhaps are *living pictures*, viz. children. ANONYMUS.

This explanation is very plauſible. Shakſpeare has again uſed *line* with a reference to painting in *All's well that ends well:*

" And

Neither in inward worth, nor outward fair,
Can make you live yourſelf in eyes of men.
To give away yourſelf, keeps yourſelf ſtill [2];
And you muſt live, drawn by your own ſweet ſkill.

XVII.

Who will believe my verſe in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your moſt high deſerts?
Though yet heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life, and ſhows not half your parts.
If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
And in freſh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would ſay, this poet lies,
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.
So ſhould my papers, yellow'd with their age,
Be ſcorn'd, like old men of leſs truth than tongue;
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,
And ſtretched metre of an antique ſong:
But were ſome child of yours alive that time,
You ſhould live twice;—in it, and in my rhime.

XVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a ſummer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do ſhake the darling buds of May,
And ſummer's leaſe hath all too ſhort a date:

"And every *line* and trick of his ſweet favour." MALONE.

[1] —*my* pupil *pen*,] This expreſſion may be conſidered as a ſlight proof that the poems before us were our author's earlieſt compoſitions. STEEVENS.

[2] *To give away yourſelf, keeps yourſelf ſtill*;] To produce likeneſſes of yourſelf, (that is, children,) will be the means of preſerving your memory. MALONE.

[3] *Rough* winds *do* ſhake *the darling* buds *of May*,] So, in *Cymbeline*:

"And like the *tyrannous breathing of the north*,
"*Shakes* all our *buds* from growing."

Again, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

"Confounds thy fame, as *whirlwinds ſhake* fair *buds*."
MALONE.

Sometime

Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines[4],
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd[5];
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest[6];
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

XIX.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tyger's jaws,
And burn the long-liv'd phœnix in her blood[7];
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleet'st,
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world, and all her fading sweets;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:
O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
Him in thy course untainted do allow,
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.

4 *Sometime too hot the* eye of heaven—] That is, the sun, So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"Now, ere the *sun* advance his *burning eye*,—."

Again, in *King Richard II:*

"—when the searching *eye of heaven* is hid
"Behind the globe, and lights the lower world."

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece:*

"*The eye of heaven* is out." MALONE.

5 —*untrimm'd,*] i. e. divested of ornament. So, in *King John:*

"—a new *untrimmed* bride." STEEVENS.

6 *Nor lose possession of that* fair *thou* owest;] Of that beauty thou possessest. *Fair* was, in our author's time, used as a substantive. See Vol. II. p. 448, n. 6. To *owe* in old language is to *possess*. See Vol. III. p. 414, n. 7. MALONE.

7 *And* burn *the long-liv'd phœnix* in her blood;] So, in *Coriolanus:*

"Your temples *burned in their cement.*"

The meaning of neither phrase is very obvious; however, *burned in her blood*, may signify *burnt alive*; and *burned in their cement*, burnt *while they were standing*. STEEVENS.

Yet,

Yet, do thy worſt, old Time: deſpite thy wrong,
My love ſhall in my verſe ever live young.

XX.

A woman's face, with nature's own hand painted,
Haſt thou, the maſter-miſtreſs of my paſſion [8];
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With ſhifting change, as is falſe women's faſhion;
An eye more bright than theirs, leſs falſe in rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth [9];
A man in hue all hues in his controlling [1],
Which ſteals men's eyes [2], and women's ſouls amazeth.

8 —*the* maſter-miſtreſs *of my paſſion,*] It is impoſſible to read this fulſome panegyrick, addreſſed to a male object, without an equal mixture of diſguſt and indignation. We may remark alſo, that the ſame phraſe employed by Shakſpeare to denote the height of encomium, is uſed by Dryden to expreſs the extreme of reproach:

"That woman, but more daub'd; or, if a man,
"Corrupted to a woman; thy *man-miſtreſs.*" *Don Sebaſtian.*

Let me be juſt, however, to our author, who has made a proper uſe of the term *male varlet,* in *Troilus and Creſſida.* See that play, Act V. ſc. i. STEEVENS.

Some part of this indignation might perhaps have been abated, if it had been conſidered that ſuch addreſſes to men, however indelicate, were cuſtomary in our authour's time, and neither imported criminality, nor were eſteemed indecorous. See a note on the words—"thy deceaſed *lover,*" in the 32d Sonnet. To regulate our judgment of Shakſpeare's poems by the modes of modern times, is ſurely as unreaſonable as to try his plays by the rules of Ariſtotle.

Maſter-miſtreſs does not perhaps mean *man*-miſtreſs, but *ſovereign* miſtreſs. See Mr. Tyrwhitt's note on the 165th verſe of *the Canterbury Tales,* Vol. IV. p. 197. MALONE.

9 An eye *more bright than theirs, leſs falſe in rolling,*
Gilding *the object whereupon it gazeth:*] So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor:* "I have writ me here a letter to her; and here another to Page's wife; who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with moſt gracious eyeliads; ſometimes *the beam of her view gilded* my foot, ſometimes my portly belly." C.

1 *A man in* hue *all* hues *in his controlling,*] This line is thus exhibited in the old copy:

A man in hew all *Hews* in his controlling.

Hews was the old mode of ſpelling *hues* (colours,) and alſo *Hughes,* the proper name. See the printer's dedication of theſe ſonnets to W. H. MALONE.

And for a woman wert thou firſt created;
Till nature, as ſhe wrought thee, fell a-doting [3],
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpoſe nothing.
But ſince ſhe prick'd thee out for women's pleaſure [4];
Mine be thy love, and thy love's uſe their treaſure.

XXI.

So is it not with me, as with that muſe
Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verſe;
Who heaven itſelf for ornament doth uſe,
And every fair with his fair doth rehearſe;
Making a couplement [5] of proud compare,
With ſun and moon, with earth and ſea's rich gems,
With April's firſt-born flowers, and all things rare
That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems [6].

2 *Which ſteals men's eyes,—*] So, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

" ——reſerve
" That excellent complexion, which did *ſteal*
" *The eyes* of young and old." MALONE.

3 *And for a woman wert thou firſt created;*
Till nature, as ſhe wrought thee, fell a doting, &c.] There is an odd coincidence between theſe lines and a well-known modern epigram:

" Whilſt nature Hérvey's clay was blending,
" Uncertain what the thing would end in,
" Whether a female or a male,
" A pin dropp'd in, and turn'd the ſcale." MALONE.

4 *But ſince ſhe* prick'd *thee out*, &c.] To *prick* is to nominate by a puncture or mark. So, in *Julius Cæſar*:

" Theſe many then ſhall die, their names are *prick'd*."

Again, in *King Henry IV.* P. II:

" Shall I *prick* him, Sir John?"—I have given a wrong explanation of this phraſe elſewhere. STEEVENS.

5 *Making a* couplement—] That is, an union. So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*: " I wiſh you the peace of mind, moſt royal *couplement*."

I formerly thought this word was of our authour's invention, but I have lately found it in Spenſer's *Faery Queene.*:

" Allide with bands of mutual *couplement*." MALONE.

6 *That heaven's air in this huge* rondure *hems.*] *Rondure* is a *round*. *Rondeur*, Fr. The word is again uſed by our authour in *K. Henry V.*:

" 'Tis not the *roundure* of your old-fac'd walls." MALONE.

O let

O let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my love is as fair
As any mother's child, though not so bright
As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air [7]:
Let them say more that like of hear-say well;
I will not praise, that purpose not to sell [8].

XXII.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou are of one date;
But when in thee time's furrows I behold [9],
Then look I death my days should expiate [1].

For

7 *As those* gold candles *fix'd in heaven's air:*] That is, the stars. So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" *Night's candles* are burnt out,—."

Again, in *Macbeth:*

" —There's husbandry in heaven;
" Their *candles* are all out."

So also in *Hamlet:*—" this most excellent canopy, the *air*, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof, fretted with *golden fire*—." See also Vol. III. p. 100, n. 6. MALONE.

—*those gold* candles fix'd *in heaven's air:*] So, in the old copies of *Pericles:*

" —the *air-remaining lamps*." STEEVENS.

8 *I will not* praise, *that purpose not to* sell.] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost:*

" To things of *sale* a seller's *praise* belongs." STEEVENS.

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida:*

" We'll not *commend* what we intend to *sell*.

where Dr. Warburton with some probability conjectures that Shakspeare wrote,

—what we intend *not* sell. MALONE.

9 —*time's* furrows *I behold*,] Dr. Sewell reads:

—time's *sorrows*— MALONE.

1 *Then look I death my days should* expiate.] I do not comprehend how the poet's days were to be *expiated* by death. Perhaps he wrote:

—my days should expirate,

i. e. bring them to an end. In this sense our author uses the verb *expire*, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" —and *expire* the term
" Of a despised life."

I am sure I have met with the verb I would supply, though I have no example of it to offer in support of my conjecture. Shakspeare, how-

For all that beauty that doth cover thee,
Is but the ſeemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breaſt doth live, as thine in me;
How can I then be elder than thou art?
O therefore, love, be of thyſelf ſo wary,
As I not for myſelf but for thee will;
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep ſo chary
As tender nurſe her babe from faring ill.
Preſume not on thy heart, when mine is ſlain;
Thou gav'ſt me thine, not to give back again.

XXIII.

As an unperfect actor on the ſtage,
Who with his fear is put beſides his part[2],
Or ſome fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whoſe ſtrength's abundance weakens his own heart;
So

ever, delights to introduce words with this termination. Thus we meet with feſtinate and conſpirate, in *K. Lear*; combinate in *Meaſure for Meaſure*; and ruinate, in *K. Henry VI.* STEEVENS.

The old reading is certainly right. Then do I expect, ſays Shakſpeare, that death *ſhould fill up the meaſure* of my days. The word *expiate* is uſed nearly in the ſame ſenſe in the tragedy of *Locrine*, 1595:

"Lives Sabren yet to *expiate* my wrath?"

i. e. *fully to ſatisfy* my wrath.

So alſo in *Byron's Conſpiracie*, a tragedy by Chapman, 1608, an old courtier ſays, he is

"A poor and *expiate* humour of the court."

Again, in our authour's *King Richard III:*

"Make haſte; the hour of death is *expiate*." MALONE.

[2] *As an unperfect actor on the ſtage,*
Who with his fear is put beſides his part,] So, in *Coriolanus:*

"—Like a dull actor now,
"I have forgot my part, and I am out,
"Even to a full diſgrace."

From the introductory lines of this Sonnet, it may be conjectured that theſe poems were not compoſed till our authour had arrived in London, and became converſant with the ſtage. He had perhaps himſelf experienced what he here deſcribes. MALONE.

It is highly probable that our author had ſeen plays repreſented, before he left his own country, by the ſervants of Lord Warwick. Moſt of our ancient noblemen had ſome company of comedians who enrolled themſelves among their vaſſals, and ſheltered themſelves under their protection. See Vol. III. p. 248, n. 7. STEEVENS.

The

So I, for fear of truſt, forget to ſay
The perfect ceremony of love's rite;
And in mine own love's ſtrength ſeem to decay,
O'er-charg'd with burthen of mine own love's might.
O, let my books be then the eloquence [3]
And dumb preſagers of my ſpeaking breaſt [4];
Who plead for love, and look for recompence,
More than that tongue that more hath more expreſs'd.
O, learn to read what ſilent love hath writ:
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

XXIV.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath ſteel'd
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart [5];

My

The *ſeeing* a few plays exhibited by a company of ſtrollers in a barn at Stratford, or in Warwick caſtle, would not however have made Shakſpeare acquainted with the *feelings* of a timid actor on the ſtage. It has never been ſuppoſed that our authour was himſelf a player before he came to London. Whether the lines before us were founded on experience, or obſervation, cannot now be aſcertained. What I have advanced is merely conjectural. MALONE.

[3] *O, let my* books *be then the eloquence*—] A gentleman to whom I am indebted for the obſervations which are marked with the letter C, would read:

O, let my *looks*, &c.

But the context, I think, ſhows that the old copy is right. The poet finding that he could not ſufficiently collect his thoughts to expreſs his eſteem by *ſpeech*, requeſts that his *writings* may ſpeak for him. So afterwards:

"O, learn to *read* what ſilent love hath *writ*."

Had *looks* been the authour's word, he hardly would have uſed it again in the next line but one. MALONE.

[4] *And* dumb preſagers *of my ſpeaking breaſt*;] So, in *King John*:

"And *ſullen preſage* of your own decay." MALONE.

[5] *Mine eye hath play'd the* painter, *and hath ſteel'd*
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;] So in *All's well that ends well*:

"———'Twas pretty, though a plague,
"To ſee him ev'ry hour; to ſit and *draw*
"His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
"In our *heart's table*; heart, too capable
"Of ev'ry line and trick of his ſweet favour!"

My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
And perſpective it is beſt painter's art.
For through the painter muſt you ſee his ſkill,
To find where your true image pictur'd lies;
Which in my boſom's ſhop is hanging ſtill,
That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.
Now ſee what good turns eyes for eyes have done;
Mine eyes have drawn thy ſhape, and thine for me
Are windows to my breaſt, where-through the ſun
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,
They draw but what they ſee, know not the heart.

XXV.

Let thoſe who are in favour with their ſtars,
Of publick honour and proud titles boaſt,
Whilſt I, whom fortune of ſuch triumph bars,
Unlook'd for joy in that I honour moſt.
Great princes' favourites their fair leaves ſpread[6],
But as the marigold at the ſun's eye;
And in themſelves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famouſed for fight,
After a thouſand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honour razed quite[7],
And all the reſt forgot for which he toil'd:

Then

Again, in *King John*:

" —till I beheld myſelf
" *Drawn* in the flattering *table* of her eye."

A *table* was the ancient term for a picture. See Vol. III. p. 358, n. 7. MALONE.

6 *Great princes'* favourites *their fair* leaves *ſpread*, &c.] Compare Wolſey's ſpeech in *King Henry VIII.* Vol. VII. p. 90.

" This is the ſtate of man: To-day he puts forth
" The tender leaves of hope, tomorrow bloſſoms,
" And bears his bluſhing honours thick upon him,
" The third day comes a froſt, a killing froſt;" &c.

MALONE.

7 *The painful warrior famouſed for fight*
After a thouſand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honour razed quite,] The old copy reads—famouſed

Then happy I, that love and am belov'd,
Where I may not remove, nor be remov'd.

XXVI.

Lord of my love, to whom in vaſſalage
Thy merit hath my duty ſtrongly knit [8],

famouſed for *worth*, which not rhyming with the concluding word of the correſponding line, (*quite*) either one or the other muſt be corrupt. The emendation was ſuggeſted by Mr. Theobald, who likewiſe propoſed, if *worth* was retained, to read—razed *forth*.

"Is from the book of honour raſed quite," reminds us of Bolingbroke's enumeration of the wrongs done to him by King Richard II.

"From my own windows torn my houſhold coat.
"*Raz'd out my impreſs*, leaving me no ſign—
"To ſhew the world I am a gentleman."

Again, in *King Richard II.*

"—'tis not my meaning,
"To *raze* one title of your *honour* out." MALONE.

This ſtanza is not worth the labour that has been beſtowed on it. By tranſpoſition, however, the rhime may be recovered, without further change:

The painful warrior for worth *famouſed*,
After a thouſand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honour quite *raſed*—
"My name be *blotted* from the *book of life*,"

is a line in *King Richard II.* STEEVENS.

Why it ſhould not be worth while to correct this as well as any other manifeſt corruption in our authour's works, I confeſs, I do not comprehend. Neither much labour, nor many words, have been employed upon it. MALONE.

[8] *Lord of my love, to whom in* vaſſalage,
Thy merit hath my duty ſtrongly knit;] So, in *Macbeth*:

"—Lay your highneſs'
"Command upon me; to the which my *duties*
"Are with a moſt *indiſſoluble tye*
"For ever *knit*." STEEVENS.

Again, in the ſame play:

"—Your highneſs' part
"Is to receive our duty, and our *duties*
"Are to your throne and ſtate children and *ſervants*.

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"To make you brothers, and to *knit* your hearts
"With an unſlipping knot.

Again, in *Othello*: "I have profeſs'd myſelf thy friend, and I confeſs me *knit* to thy deſerving with cables of perdurable toughneſs." MALONE.

To thee I ſend this written embaſſage,
To witneſs duty, not to ſhow my wit[9]:
Duty ſo great, which wit ſo poor as mine
May make ſeem bare, in wanting words to ſhow it;
But that I hope ſome good conceit of thine
In thy ſoul's thought, all naked, will beſtow it:
Till whatſoever ſtar that guides my moving,
Points on me graciouſly with fair aſpect[1],
And puts apparel on my tattered loving,
To ſhow me worthy of thy ſweet reſpect[2]:
Then may I dare to boaſt how I do love thee;
Till then, not ſhow my head where thou may'ſt prove me.

XXVII.

Weary with toil, I haſte me to my bed,
The dear repoſe for limbs with travel tir'd;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body's work's expir'd:

9 *Lord of my love, to whom in waſſalage*
Thy merit *hath my* duty *ſtrongly* knit,
To thee I ſend this written embaſſage,
To witneſs duty, not to ſhow my wit:] So, in the Dedication of *The Rape of Lucrece*: "*The warrant I have of your honourable diſpoſition, not the worth of my untutor'd lines,* makes it aſſured of acceptance. What I have done is yours; what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my *duty* ſhould ſhow greater; meantime, as it is, it is *bound* to your lordſhip." C.

1 *Till* whatſoever ſtar that guides *my moving,*
Points on me graciouſly with fair aſpect,] So, in *Coriolanus*:
"As if that *whatſoever God who leads him,*
"Were ſlily crept into his human powers,
"*And gave him graceful poſture.*" C.
Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
"——he hath fought to-day,
"As if a *god* in hate of mankind had
"Deſtroy'd in ſuch a ſhape." MALONE.

2 *To ſhow me worthy of* thy *ſweet reſpect*:] The old copy has
—of *their* ſweet reſpect.
It is evidently a miſprint. For the correction I am anſwerable. The ſame miſtake has ſeveral times happened in theſe Sonnets, owing probably to abbreviations having been formerly uſed for the words *their* and *thy*, ſo nearly reſembling each other as not to be eaſily diſtinguiſhed. I have obſerved the ſame error in ſome of the old Engliſh plays.
MALONE.

For

For then my thoughts (from far where I abide) [3]
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eye-lids open wide,
Looking on darkneſs which the blind do ſee:
Save that my ſoul's imaginary ſight
Preſents thy ſhadow to my ſightleſs view [4],
Which, like a jewel hung in ghaſtly night,
Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new [5].
Lo thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee, and for myſelf, no quiet find.

XXVIII.

How can I then return in happy plight,
That am debarr'd the benefit of reſt?
When day's oppreſſion is not eas'd by night,
But day by night, and night by day, oppreſs'd?
And each, though enemies to either's reign,
Do in concent ſhake hands to torture me;
The one by toil, the other to complain
How far I toil, ſtill farther off from thee.
I tell the day, to pleaſe him, thou art bright,
And doſt him grace when clouds do blot the heaven:
So flatter I the ſwart-complexion'd night [6];
When ſparkling ſtars twire not, thou gild'ſt the even [7].

But

[3] *For then my thoughts* (from far *where I abide*)] We might better read:

—*far from* where I abide)

The old reading is, however, ſenſe. For then my thoughts, ſetting out from my place of reſidence, which is far diſtant from thee, intend, &c. MALONE.

[4] *Preſents* thy *ſhadow to my ſightleſs view,*] The quarto reads corruptly: Preſents *their* ſhadow—. See n. 2. MALONE.

[5] *Which, like a* jewel *hung in ghaſtly* night,
Makes black night beauteous, *and her old face new.*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" Her *beauty* hangs upon the *cheek* of *night*,
" Like a rich *jewel* in an Æthiop's ear." MALONE.

[6] —ſwart-*complexion'd night*;—] *Swart* is *dark*, approaching to black. So in *King Henry VI.* P. I.

" And where I was black and *ſwart* before,—"

The word is common in the North of England. MALONE.

[7] *When ſparkling ſtars* twire *not, thou* gild'ſt *the even.*] The quarto reads corruptedly: " —thou *guil'ſt* the even.

But day doth daily draw my ſorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's length ſeem ſtronger [8].

XXIX.

When in diſgrace with fortune and men's eyes [9],
I all alone beweep my out-caſt ſtate,

And

Gild'ſt was formerly written—*guild'ſt*.—Perhaps we ſhould read:

When ſparkling ſtars *twirl* not—. MALONE.

The word *twire* occurs in *Chaucer*. See *Boethius*, B. III. met. 2: "The bird *twireth*, deſiring the wode with her ſwete voice." *Twireth* (ſays Mr Tyrwhitt) ſeems to be the tranſlation of *ſuſurrat*. In *The Merchant of Venice*, our author, ſpeaking of the *ſtars*, has the following paſſage:

"—Look how the floor of heaven
"Is thick inlaid with pattens of bright gold:
"There's not the ſmalleſt *orb* which thou behold'ſt,
"But in his motion like an angel *ſings*,
"Still *quiring* to the young-ey'd cherubins."

Twire may perhaps have the ſame ſignification as *quire*. The poet's meaning will then amount to this:—*When the ſparkling ſtars ſing not in concert*, (as when they all appear he ſuppoſes them to do,) *thou mak'ſt the evening bright and cheerful*.

Still, however, *twire* may be a corruption. If it is, we may read *twink* for *twinkle*. Thus, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

"That in a *twink* ſhe won me to her love."

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"At firſt I did adore a *twinkling* ſtar."

So much for gueſs-work. STEEVENS.

A paſſage in our authour's *Rape of Lucrece* may add ſome ſupport to Mr. Steevens's conjecture:

"Her [Diana's] *twinkling* handmaids too, by him defil'd."—.

But I believe the original reading is the true one. MALONE.

[8] *But day doth daily draw my ſorrows longer,*
And night doth nightly make grief's length ſeem ſtronger.] An anonymous correſpondent, whoſe favours are diſtinguiſhed by the letter C, propoſes to make the two concluding words of this couplet change places. But I believe the old copy to be right. *Stronger* cannot well apply to *drawn out* or protracted *ſorrow*. The poet, in the firſt line, ſeems to allude to the operation of ſpinning. The day at each return draws out my ſorrow to an immeaſurable length, and every revolving night renders my protracted grief ſtill more intenſe and painful. MALONE.

[9] *When in diſgrace with fortune and men's eyes*, &c.] Theſe nervous and animated lines, in which ſuch an aſſemblage of thoughts, cloathed in the moſt glowing expreſſions, is compreſſed into the narrow compaſs

And trouble deaf heaven with my bootleſs cries,
And look upon myſelf, and curſe my fate,
Wiſhing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends poſſeſs'd,
Deſiring this man's art, and that man's ſcope,
With what I moſt enjoy contented leaſt;
Yet in theſe thoughts myſelf almoſt deſpiſing,
Haply I think on thee,—and then my ſtate
(Like to the lark at break of day ariſing
From ſullen earth) ſings hymns at heaven's gate[1]:
For thy ſweet love remember'd, ſuch wealth brings,
That then I ſcorn to change my ſtate with kings.

XXX.

When to the ſeſſions of ſweet ſilent thought
I ſummon up remembrance of things paſt,
I ſigh the lack of many a thing I ſought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waſte:

paſs of fourteen lines, might I think have ſaved the whole of this collection from the general and indiſcriminate cenſure thrown out againſt them in p. 194, n. 5. MALONE.

[1] ——*and then my ſtate*
(Like to the lark at break of day ariſing
From ſullen earth) ſings hymns at heaven's gate;] The ſame image is preſented in *Cymbeline*:

"Hark! hark! the *lark* at *heavens' gate ſings*,
"And Phœbus 'gins to riſe."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"—the *lark*, whoſe notes do *beat*
"The vaulty *heavens* ſo high above our heads."

Perhaps, as Mr. Reed has obſerved, Shakſpeare remembered Lilly's *Compaſpe*, printed in 1584:

"—who is't now we hear?
"None but the *lark* ſo ſhrill and clear;
"How at *heaven's gate* ſhe claps her wings,
"The morn not waking till ſhe ſings."

Milton certainly had Shakſpeare in his thoughts, when he wrote—

"————ye *birds*,
"That *ſinging up to heaven's gate aſcend*." *Par. Loſt.* B. I.
MALONE.

Then

Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow [2],
For precious friends hid in death's dateleſs night [3],
And weep afreſh love's long-ſince-cancel'd woe,
And moan the expence of many a vaniſh'd ſight [4].
Then can I grieve at grievances fore-gone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er

The

[2] *Then can I drown an* eye, unus'd to flow,] So, in *Othello*:

" ——whoſe ſubdu'd *eyes*,
" Albeit *unuſed to the melting mood*,
" Drop tears as faſt as the Arabian trees
" Their med'cinable gum." MALONE.

[3] —*in death's* dateleſs *night*,] Shakſpeare generally uſes the word *dateleſs* for *endleſs*; having no certain time of *expiration*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" ——ſeal with a righteous kiſs
" A *dateleſs* bargain to engroſſing death." MALONE.

[4] *And mourn the expence of many a vaniſh'd* ſight.] *Sight* ſeems to be here uſed for *ſigh*, by the ſame licence which Shakſpeare has already employed in his *Rape of Lucrece*; writing *hild* inſtead of *held*, *than* inſtead of *then*, &c. (See p. 155, n. 7.) and which Spenſer takes throughout his great poem; where we have *adore* for *adorn*, *ſterve* for *ſtarve*, *ſkyen* for *ſky*, &c. He has in his *Fairy Queene*, B. VI. c. xi. taken the ſame liberty with the word now before us, employing *ſight*, in the paſt tenſe of the verb to *ſigh*, inſtead of *ſigh'd*.

" —his hart, for very fell *deſpight*,
" And his own fleſh he ready was to teare;
" He chauf'd, he griev'd, he fretted, and he *ſight*."

Again, in his *Colin Clout's come home again*:

" For one alone he car'd, for one he *ſight*,
" His life's deſire, and his dear love's delight."

The ſubſtantive *ſigh* was in our authour's time pronounced ſo hard, that in one of the old copies of *King Henry IV*, P. II. either the folio 1623, or the quarto 1600, we have—

" ——and with
" A riſing *ſight* he wiſheth you in heaven."

At preſent the *vulgar* pronunciation of the word is *ſighth*.

The poet has juſt ſaid that he "*ſigh'd* the lack of many a thing he fought."—By the word *expence* Shakſpeare alludes to an old notion that *ſighing* was prejudicial to health. So, in one of the parts of *K. Henry VI.* we have " blood-*conſuming ſighs*." Again, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

" Do not *conſume* your blood with *ſorrowing*." MALONE.

Such laboured perplexities of language, and ſuch ſtudied deformities of ſtyle, prevail throughout theſe Sonnets, that the reader (after our beſt endeavours at explanation) will frequently find reaſon to exclaim with Imogen:

" I ſee

The ſad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not pay'd before [5].
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All loſſes are reſtor'd, and ſorrows end.

XXXI.

Thy boſom is endeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have ſuppoſed dead;
And there reigns love, and all love's loving parts,
And all thoſe friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obſequious tear [6]
Hath dear religious love ſtolen from mine eye,
As intereſt of the dead, which now appear
But things remov'd, that hidden in thee lie [7]!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give;
That due of many now is thine alone:
Their images I lov'd I view in thee,
And thou (all they) haſt all the all of me.

XXXII.

If thou ſurvive my well-contented day,
When that churl Death my bones with duſt ſhall cover;
And ſhalt by fortune once more re-ſurvey
Theſe poor rude lines of thy deceaſed lover [8],

Com-

" I ſee before me neither here, nor here,
" Nor what enſues; but have a fog in them
" That I cannot look through."

I ſuppoſe, however, that by the *expence of many a vaniſh'd ſight*, the poet means, the *loſs of many an object*, which, being "gone hence, *is no more ſeen*." STEEVENS.

[5] *Which I* new pay *as if not pay'd* before.] So, in *Cymbeline:*

" —which I will be *ever to pay*, and yet *pay* ſtill." STEEVENS.

Again, in *All's well that ends well:*

" —Which I will ever *pay*, and *pay* again,
" When I have found it." MALONE.

[6] *How many a holy and* obſequious *tear*] *Obſequious* is *funereal*. So, in *Hamlet:*

" So do *obſequious ſorrow*." MALONE.

[7] —*that hidden in* thee *lie!*] The old copy has—in *there*. The next line ſhows clearly that it is corrupt. MALONE.

[8] —*of thy deceaſed* lover,] The numerous expreſſions of this kind

Compare them with the bettering of the time,
And though they be out-ſtripp'd by every pen,
Reſerve them for my love, not for their rhyme [9],
Exceeded by the height of happier men.
O, then vouchſafe me but this loving thought!
Had my friend's muſe grown with this growing age [1],
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage:

in theſe Sonnets, as well as the general tenour of the greater part of them, cannot but appear ſtrange to a modern reader. In juſtice therefore to our authour it is proper to obſerve, that ſuch addreſſes to men were common in Shakſpeare's time, and were not thought indecorous. That age ſeems to have been very indelicate and groſs in many other particulars beſide this, but they certainly did not think themſelves ſo. Nothing can prove more ſtrongly the different notions which they entertained on ſubjects of decorum from thoſe which prevail at preſent, than the elogiums which were pronounced on Fletcher's plays for the *chaſtity* of their language; thoſe very plays, which are now baniſhed from the ſtage for their *licentiouſneſs* and *obſcenity*.

We have many examples in our authour's plays of the expreſſion uſed in the Sonnet before us, and afterwards frequently repeated. See Vol. III. p. 67, n. 7. Thus, alſo, in *Coriolanus*:

" —I tell thee fellow,
" Thy general is my *lover*."

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*, *Ulyſſes* ſays,

" Farewell, my lord; I as your *lover* ſpeak."

So alſo the Soothſayer in *Julius Cæſar* concludes his friendly admonition to the dictator with the words:—" Thy *lover*, Artemedorus."

So, in one of the Pſalms: " My *lovers* and friends haſt thou put away from me, and hid mine acquaintance out of my ſight."

In like manner Ben Jonſon concludes one of his letters to Dr. Donne by telling him that he is his " ever true *lover*," and Drayton in a letter to Mr. Drummond of Hawthornden, informs him that Mr. Joſeph Davies is *in love* with him.

Mr. Warton, in confirmation of what has been now advanced, obſerves in his HISTORY OF ENGLISH POETRY, that " in the reign of Queen Elizabeth whole ſets of Sonnets were written with this ſort of attachment." He particularly mentions *The Affectionate Shepherd* of Richard Barnefielde, printed in 1595. MALONE.

9 Reſerve *them for my love, not for their rhyme,*] *Reſerve* is the ſame as *preſerve*. So, in *Pericles*:

" *Reſerve* that excellent complexion,—." MALONE.

1 *Had my friend's muſe grown with this growing age,*] We may hence, as well as from other circumſtances, infer, that theſe were among our authour's earlieſt compoſitions. MALONE.

But

But ſince he died, and poets better proue,
Theirs for their ſtyle I'll read, his for his loue.

XXXIII.

Full many a glorious morning have I ſeen
Flatter the mountain tops with ſouereign eye [2],
Kiſſing with golden face the meadows green [3],
Gilding pale ſtreams with heauenly alchymy [4];
Anon permit the baſeſt clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celeſtial face [5],

2 *Full many a glorious* morning *have I ſeen,*
Flatter the mountain tops *with ſouereign eye,*
Kiſſing with golden face—] So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*
" Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund *day*
" Stands tiptoe on the miſty *mountains' tops.*"
Again, in *Venus and Adonis:*
" And wakes the morning, from whoſe ſilver breaſt
" The *ſun* ariſeth in his majeſty;
" Who doth the world ſo glorioufly behold,
" The cedar *tops and hills* ſeem burniſh'd *gold.*" MALONE.

3 Kiſſing *with golden face*, &c.] So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:
" Didſt thou never ſee Titan *kiſs* a diſh of butter?" STEEVENS.

4 —*with heavenly* alchymy;] So, in *King John:*
" ——the glorious *ſun*
" Stays in his courſe, and plays the *alchymiſt.*" STEEVENS.

5 *With ugly* rack *on his celeſtial face,*] *Rack* is the fleeting motion of the clouds. The word is again uſed by Shakſpeare in *Antony and Cleopatra:*
" That which is now a horſe, even with a thought
" The *rack* diſlimns."
Again, in Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdeſs:*
" ——ſhall I ſtray
" In the middle air, and ſtay
" The ſailing *rack*—." MALONE.

Anon permit *the* baſeſt clouds *to ride*
With ugly *rack on his* celeſtial *face,*] So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:
" ——herein will I imitate the *ſun*;
" Who doth *permit* the *baſe* contagious *clouds*
" To ſmother up his *beauty* from the world,
" That when he pleaſe again to be himſelf,
" Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
" By breaking through the foul and *ugly* miſts
" Of vapours, that did ſeem to ſtrangle him." C.

And

And from the forlorn world his viſage hide,
Stealing unſeen to weſt with this diſgrace[6]:
Even ſo my ſun one early morn did ſhine,
With all triumphant ſplendour on my brow;
But out, alack! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud[7] hath maſk'd him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit diſdaineth;
Suns of the world may ſtain*, when heaven's ſun ſtaineth.

XXXIV.

Why didſt thou promiſe ſuch a beauteous day,
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let baſe clouds o'er-take me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten ſmoke[8]?
'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break,
To dry the rain on my ſtorm-beaten face,
For no man well of ſuch a ſalve can ſpeak,
That heals the wound, and cures not the diſgrace:
Nor can thy ſhame give phyſick to my grief;
Though thou repent, yet I have ſtill the loſs:
The offender's ſorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the ſtrong offence's croſs[9].
Ah! but thoſe tears are pearl, which thy love ſheds,
And they are rich, and ranſom all ill deeds.

[6] *Stealing unſeen to* weſt *with this diſgrace:*] The article *the* may have been omitted through neceſſity; yet I believe our author wrote, to *weſt*. STEEVENS.

[7] *The* region *cloud*—] i. e. the clouds of this *region* or country. So, in *Hamlet*:

" I ſhould have fatted all the *region* kites
" With this ſlave's offal." STEEVENS.

* —*may* ſtain.] *Stain* is here uſed as a verb neuter. MALONE.

[8] —*their* rotten *ſmoke?*] So, in *Coriolanus*:

" —the reek o' the *rotten* fens." STEEVENS.

[9] *To him that bears the ſtrong offence's* croſs.] The old copy, by a manifeſt error of the preſs, reads *oſs* here, as well as in the correſponding line. The word now ſubſtituted is uſed by our authour (in the ſenſe required here) in the 42d Sonnet:

" And both for my ſake lay on me this *croſs*."

Again, in *As you Like it*: " If I ſhould bear you, I ſhould bear no *croſs*." MALONE.

XXXV. No

XXXV.

No more be griev'd at that which thou haſt done:
Roſes have thorns, and ſilver fountains mud;
Clouds and eclipſes ſtain both moon and ſun,
And loathſome canker lives in ſweeteſt bud.
All men make faults, and even I in this,
Authorizing thy treſpaſs with compare;
Myſelf corrupting, ſalving thy amiſs[1],
Excuſing thy ſins more than thy ſins are[2];
For to thy ſenſual fault I bring in ſenſe[3],
(Thy adverſe party is thy advocate,)
And 'gainſt myſelf a lawful plea commence:
Such civil war is in my love and hate,

That

[1] —*ſalving thy* amiſs,] That is, thy miſbehaviour. So, in *Hamlet:*
" Each toy ſeems prologue to ſome great *amiſs*." MALONE.

[2] *Excuſing* thy *ſins more than* thy *ſins are:*] The old copy here alſo has *their* twice, inſtead of *thy*. The latter words of this line, which ever reading we adopt, are not very intelligible. MALONE.

Excuſing thy ſins more than thy ſins are, I believe, means only this: —*Making the excuſe more than proportioned to the offence.* STEEVENS.

[3] *For to thy ſenſual fault I bring* in ſenſe,] Thus the quarto. The line appears to me unintelligible. Might we read:

For to thy ſenſual fault I bring *incenſe*—

A jingle was evidently intended; but if this word was occaſionally accented on the laſt ſyllable, (as perhaps it might formerly have been,) it would afford it as well as the reading of the old copy. Many words that are now accented on an early ſyllable, had formerly their accent on one more remote. Thus, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream:*

" It ſtands as an edíct in deſtiny."

Again, in *Hamlet:*

" Did ſlay this Fortinbras, who by a ſeal'd compáct—"

Again, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*

" This is the hand, which with a vow'd contráct,—"

Again, in *King Henry V:*

" 'Tis no ſiniſter, nor no aukward claim—"

Again, in *Locrine*, a tragedy, 1595:

" Nor my exíle can move you to revenge."

Again, in our authour's 50th *Sonnet:*

" As if by ſome inſtinct the wretch did find.—"

Again, in the 128th *Sonnet:*

" Do I envy[1] thoſe jacks that nimble leap—"

Again,

That I an acceſſary needs muſt be
To that ſweet thief, which ſourly robs from me.

XXXVI.

Let me confeſs that we two muſt be twain *,
Although our undivided loves are one:
So ſhall thoſe blots that do with me remain,
Without thy help, by me be borne alone.
In our two loves there is but one reſpect,
Though in our lives a ſeparable ſpite [4],
Which though it alter not love's ſole effect,
Yet doth it ſteal ſweet hours from love's delight.
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Leſt my bewailed guilt ſhould do thee ſhame;
Nor thou with publick kindneſs honour me,
Unleſs thou take that honour from thy name:
But do not ſo; I love thee in ſuch ſort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

Again in *The Rape of Lucrece:*

"With pure aſpécts did him peculiar duties."

Again, ibid:

"If in thy hope thou dar'ſt do ſuch outrâge."

Again, ibid:

"But her fore-ſight could not foreſtall their will."

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

"Peaceful commérce from dividable ſhores."

Dryden has concluded a line with the ſame word, which to our ears ſounds as oddly as *incénſe* would:

"Inſtructed ſhips ſhall ſail to quick commérce." MALONE.

I believe the old reading to be the true one. The paſſage, diveſted of its jingle, ſeems deſigned to expreſs this meaning.—*Towards thy exculpation, I bring in the aid of my ſoundeſt faculties, my keeneſt perception, my utmoſt ſtrength of reaſon, my* ſenſe.

I think I can venture to affirm that no Engliſh writer, either ancient or modern, ſerious or burleſque, ever accented the ſubſtantive *incenſe* on the laſt ſyllable. STEEVENS.

* —*that we* two *muſt be* twain,] So, in *Troilus and Creſſida:* "—ſhe'll none of him; *they two are twain.*" MALONE.

4 *Though in our lives a* ſeparable ſpite,] A cruel fate, that *ſpitefully ſeparates* us from each other. *Separable* for *ſeparating.* MALONE.

XXXVII.

As a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite[5],
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth;
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more,
Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit[6],
I make my love engrafted to this store:

So

5 *So I, made lame by fortune's* dearest *spite,*] *Dearest* is *most operative.* So, in *Hamlet:*

"'Would I had met my *dearest* foe in heaven."

A late editor, grounding himself on this line, and another in the 89th Sonnet,

"Speak of my *lameness*, and I straight will halt,—"

conjectured that Shakspeare was literally lame: but the expression appears to have been only figurative. So again, in *Coriolanus:*

"—I cannot help it now,
"Unless by using means I *lame* the foot
"Of our design."

Again, in *As you Like it:*

"Which I did store to be my foster-nurse,
"When service should in my old limbs lie *lame.*"

In the 89th Sonnet the poet speaks of his friend's imputing a fault to him of which he was not guilty, and yet, he says, he would acknowledge it: so, (he adds,) were he to be described as lame, however untruly, yet rather than his friend should appear in the wrong, he would immediately halt.

If Shakspeare was in truth lame, he had it not in his power to *halt occasionally* for this or any other purpose. The defect must have been fixed and permanent.

The context in the verses before us in like manner refutes this notion. If the words are to be understood literally, we must then suppose that our admired poet was also *poor* and *despised*, for neither of which suppositions there is the smallest ground. MALONE.

—made lame *by* fortune's *dearest spite,*] So, in *King Lear:*

"A most poor man, *made tame* to *fortune's* blows." STEEV.

6 *Entitled in thy parts do* crowned *sit,*] This is a favourite expression of Shakspeare. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.

"And on thy eylids *crown* the god of sleep."

Again, in *Twelfth Night:*

"It yields a very echo to the seat
"Where love is *throned.*"

Again, in *Timon of Athens:*

"And in some sort these wants of mine are *crown'd,*
"That I account them blessings."

So then I am not lame, poor, nor despis'd,
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give,
That I in thy abundance am suffic'd,
And by a part of all thy glory live.
Look what is best, that best I wish in thee;
This wish I have; then ten times happy me!

XXXVIII.

How can my muse want subject to invent,
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse
Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearse?
O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me
Worthy perusal, stand against thy sight;
For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,
When thou thyself dost give invention light?
Be thou the tenth muse, ten times more in worth
Than those old nine, which rhymers invocate;
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to out-live long date.
If my slight muse do please these curious days,
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

XXXIX.

O, how thy worth with manners may I sing,
When thou art all the better part of me?
What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?
And what is't but mine own, when I praise thee?
Even for this let us divided live,
And our dear love lose name of single one;
That by this separation I may give
That due to thee, which thou deserv'st alone.

Entitled means, I think, *ennobled*. The old copy reads,—*in their* parts. The same errour, as has been already observed, has happened in many other places. MALONE.

Entitled in thy parts—] So, with equal obscurity, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"But beauty, *in that white intituled*,
"From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field."

I suppose he means, that beauty *takes its title* from that fairness or white. STEEVENS.

O absence,

O abſence, what a torment would'ſt thou prove,
Were it not thy ſour leiſure gave ſweet leave
To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
(Which time and thoughts ſo ſweetly doth deceive[7],)
And that thou teacheſt how to make one twain,
By praiſing him here, who doth hence remain[8].

XL.

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;
What haſt thou then more than thou hadſt before?
No love, my love, that thou may'ſt true love call;
All mine was thine, before thou hadſt this more.
Then, if for my love thou my love receiveſt,
I cannot blame thee, for my love thou uſeſt[9];
But yet be blam'd, if thou thyſelf deceiveſt[1]
By wilful taſte of what thyſelf refuſeſt.

[7] *(Which time and* thoughts *ſo ſweetly* doth *deceive,)*] Which, viz. *entertaining the time with thoughts of love,* doth ſo agreeably beguile the tediouſneſs of abſence from thoſe we love, and the melancholy which that abſence occaſions. So, in *Venus and Adonis:*

" A ſummer day will ſeem an hour but ſhort,
" Being waſted in ſuch *time-beguiling* ſport."

Thought in ancient language meant *melancholy.* See Vol. IV. p. 49, n. 2; and Vol. VII. p. 528, n. 2.

The poet, it is obſervable, has here uſed the Latin idiom, probably without knowing it:

Jam vino quærens, jam ſomno *fallere* curam.

The old copy reads:

Which time and thoughts ſo ſweetly *doſt* deceive.

but there is nothing to which *doſt* can refer. The change being ſo ſmall, I have placed *doth* in the text, which affords an eaſy ſenſe.

MALONE.

[8] —*how to make one twain,*
By praiſing him here, who doth hence remain.] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" Our ſeparation ſo abides and flies,
" That thou, reſiding here, go'ſt yet with me,
" And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee." STEEV.

[9] —for *my love thou uſeſt;*] *For* has here the ſignification of *becauſe.* MALONE.

[1] *But yet be blam'd, if thou thyſelf deceiv'ſt*] The quarto reads—if thou *this* ſelf deceiveſt. It is evidently corrupt. MALONE.

I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
Although thou ſteal thee all my poverty;
And yet love knows, it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong, than hate's known injury.
Laſcivious grace, in whom all ill well ſhows,
Kill me with ſpites; yet we muſt not be foes.

XLI.

Thoſe pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
When I am ſometime abſent from thy heart,
Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,
For ſtill temptation follows where thou art.
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be aſſail'd[2];
And when a woman wooes, what woman's ſon
Will ſourly leave her till ſhe have prevail'd[3].
Ah me! but yet thou might'ſt, my ſweet, forbear[4],
And chide thy beauty and thy ſtraying youth,
Who lead thee in their riot even there
Where thou art forc'd to break a two-fold truth;

Hers

[2] *Gentle thou art, and therefore to be* won,
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be aſſail'd;] So, in the firſt Part of *King Henry VI.*

"She's *beautiful*, and therefore to be *woo'd*;
"She is a woman, therefore to be *won*." STEEVENS.

Again, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

"That man that hath a tongue, I ſay, is no man,
"If with his tongue he cannot 'win a woman." MALONE.

[3] —*till* ſhe *have prevail'd.*] The quarto reads:—till *he* have prevail'd. But the lady, and not the man, being in this caſe ſuppoſed the wooer, the poet without doubt wrote:

—till *ſhe* have prevail'd.

The emendation was propoſed to me by Mr. Tyrwhitt. MALONE.

[4] —*but yet thou might'ſt, my* ſweet, *forbear,*] The old copy reads—thou might'ſt my *ſeat* forbear. The context proves it to have been a corruption: for the emendation I am reſponſible. So, in another Sonnet:

"—in my ſight,
"*Dear heart, forbear* to glance thine eye aſide."

Again, in our authour's *Lover's Complaint:*

"But O, *my ſweet*, what labour is't to leave," &c.

Again,

Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
Thine, by thy beauty being falſe to me.

XLII.

That thou haſt her, it is not all my grief,
And yet it may be ſaid I lov'd her dearly;
That ſhe hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
A loſs in love that touches me more nearly.
Loving offenders, thus I will excuſe ye:—
Thou doſt love her, becauſe thou know'ſt I love her;
And for my ſake even ſo doth ſhe abuſe me,
Suffering my friend for my ſake to approve her.
If I loſe thee, my loſs is my love's gain[5],
And loſing her, my friend hath found that loſs;
Both find each other, and I loſe both twain,
And both for my ſake lay on me this croſs:
But here's the joy; my friend and I are one;
Sweet flattery!—then ſhe loves but me alone.

XLIII.

When moſt I wink, then do mine eyes beſt ſee,
For all the day they view things unreſpected[6];
But when I ſleep, in dreams they look on thee,
And darkly bright, are bright in dark directed.
Then thou, whoſe ſhadow ſhadows doth make bright,
How would thy ſhadow's form form happy ſhow
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
When to unſeeing eyes thy ſhade ſhines ſo?

Again, in *Othello*:
"The ſooner, *ſweet*, for you."
Again, in *the Two Gentlemen of Verona*:
"*Pro.* Except my miſtreſs.
"*Val. Sweet*, except not any."
Here a man is addreſſed by a man.
Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:
"*Sweet*, rouſe yourſelf."
Patroclus is the ſpeaker, and Achilles the perſon addreſſed. MALONE.

[5] *If I loſe thee, my loſs is my* love's *gain,*] If I loſe thee, my *miſtreſs* gains by my loſs. MALONE.

[6] —*things* unreſpected] Things unnoticed, unregarded. MALONE

How would (I ſay) mine eyes be bleſſed made
By looking on thee in the living day,
When in dead night thy fair imperfect ſhade [7]
Through heavy ſleep on ſightleſs eyes doth ſtay?
All days are nights to ſee [8], till I ſee thee,
And nights, bright days, when dreams do ſhow thee me [9].

XLIV.

If the dull ſubſtance of my fleſh were thought,
Injurious diſtance ſhould not ſtop my way;
For then, deſpite of ſpace, I would be brought
From limits far remote, where thou doſt ſtay.
No matter then, although my foot did ſtand
Upon the fartheſt earth remov'd from thee;
For nimble thought can jump both ſea and land [1],
As ſoon as think the place where he would be.
But ah! thought kills me, that I am not thought,
To leap large lengths of miles, when thou art gone,
But that, ſo much of earth and water wrought [2],
I muſt attend time's leiſure with my moan;

7 —thy *fair imperfect ſhade*—] The old copy reads—*their*. The two words, it has been already obſerved, are frequently confounded in theſe Sonnets. MALONE.

8 *All days are nights to* ſee,] We ſhould, perhaps, read:
All days are nights to *me*.
The compoſitor might have caught the word *ſee* from the end of the line. MALONE.

As, *fair to ſee* (an expreſſion which occurs in a hundred of our old ballads) ſignifies *fair to fight*, ſo, all days *are nights to ſee*, means, all days *are gloomy to behold*, i. e. look like nights. STEEVENS.

9 —*do ſhow* thee me.] That is, do ſhow thee *to* me. MALONE.

1 —*can* jump *both ſea and land*,] *Jump* has here its common ſignification. In Shakſpeare it often ſignifies to *hazard*. This is its meaning in the well known paſſage in *Macbeth*:
" We'd *jump* the life to come." MALONE.

2 —*ſo much of* earth and water wrought,] i. e. being ſo thoroughly compounded of theſe two ponderous elements. Thus, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
" —I am air and fire, my other *elements*
" I give to *baſer life*." STEEVENS.

Again, in *King Henry V*: " He is pure air and fire; and the *dull elements of earth and water* never appear in him," MALONE.

Receiving

Receiving nought by elements so slow
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe:

XLV.

The other two, slight air and purging fire,
Are both with thee, wherever I abide;
The first my thought, the other my desire,
These present-absent with swift motion slide.
For when these quicker elements are gone
In tender embassy of love to thee,
My life, being made of four[3], with two alone
Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy;
Until life's composition be recur'd
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
Who even but now come back again, assur'd
Of thy fair health[4], recounting it to me:
This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,
I send them back again, and straight grow sad.

XLVI.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war[5],
How to divide the conquest of thy sight;
Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar[6],
My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.
My heart doth plead, that thou in him dost lie,
(A closet never pierc'd with crystal eyes,)
But the defendant doth that plea deny,
And says in him thy fair appearance lies[7].

3 *My life, being made of four,*—] So, in *Twelfth Night:*
"Does not our *life consist of the four elements?*" STEEVENS.

4 *Of* thy *fair health,*] The old copy has:—*their* fair health. MALONE.

5 *Mine eye and heart are at a* mortal war,] So, in a passage in Golding's *Translation of Ovid*, 1576, which our authour has imitated in *The Tempest*, p. 87:
"Among the earth-bred brothers you a *mortal war* did set." MALONE.

6 —thy *picture's sight would bar,*] Here also *their* was printed instead of *thy*. MALONE.

7 —thy *fair appearance lies.*] The quarto has *their*. In this Sonnet this mistake has happened four times. MALONE.

To 'cide this title is impannelled[8]
A queſt of thoughts[9], all tenants to the heart;
And by their verdict is determined
The clear eye's moiety[1], and the dear heart's part:
As thus; mine eye's due is thine outward part,
And my heart's right thine inward love of heart.

XLVII.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
And each doth good turns now unto the other:
When that mine eye is famiſh'd for a look[2],
Or heart in love with ſighs himſelf doth ſmother,
With my love's picture then my eye doth feaſt,
And to the painted banquet bids my heart *:
Another time mine eye is my heart's gueſt,
And in his thoughts of love doth ſhare a part:
So, either by thy picture or my love[3],
Thyſelf away art preſent + ſtill with me;
For thou not farther than my thoughts canſt move,
And I am ſtill with them, and they with thee;
Or, if they ſleep, thy picture in my ſight
Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

[8] *To* 'cide *this title is impannelled*—] To *'cide*, for to *decide*. The old copy reads—*ſide*. MALONE.

[9] *A* queſt *of thoughts*,—] An *inqueſt* or *jury*. So, in *King Richard III*:

"What lawful *queſt* have given their verdict up
"Unto the frowning judge?" MALONE.

[1] *The clear eye's* moiety,—] *Moiety* in ancient language ſignifies any portion of a thing, though the whole may not be equally divided. See p. 81, n. *. MALONE.

[2] *When that mine eye is* famiſh'd for a look,] So, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

"While I at home *ſtarve for a* merry *look*." MALONE.

* —bids *my heart*:] i. e. invites my heart. See Vol. III. p. 36, n. 3. MALONE.

[3] *So, either by* thy *picture* or *my love*,] The modern editions read unintelligibly:

So either by *the* picture *of* my love. MALONE.

[4] *Thyſelf away* art *preſent*—] i. e. Thyſelf, *though* away, art preſent, &c. The old copy is here evidently corrupt. It reads—*are* inſtead of *art*. MALONE.

XLVIII. How

XLVIII.

How careful was I, when I took my way,
Each trifle under trueſt bars to thruſt;
That, to my uſe, it might unuſed ſtay
From hands of falſhood, in ſure wards of truſt!
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are *,
Moſt worthy comfort, now my greateſt grief,
Thou, beſt of deareſt, and mine only care,
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
Thee have I not lock'd up in any cheſt,
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,
Within the gentle cloſure of my breaſt [5],
From whence at pleaſure thou may'ſt come and part;
And even thence thou wilt be ſtolen, I fear,
For truth proves thieviſh for a prize ſo dear [6].

XLIX.

Againſt that time, if ever that time come,
When I ſhall ſee thee frown on my defects,
Whenas thy love hath caſt his utmoſt ſum [7],
Call'd to that audit by advis'd reſpects;
Againſt that time, when thou ſhalt ſtrangely paſs,
And ſcarcely greet me with that ſun, thine eye;
When love, converted from the thing it was,
Shall reaſons find of ſettled gravity [8];

* *But thou, to whom my* jewels *trifles are,*] We have the ſame alluſion in *King Richard II:*

"——Every tedious ſtride I make,
"Will but remember me what a deal of world
"I wander from the *jewels* that I love." MALONE.

5 *Within the gentle* cloſure *of my breaſt,*] So, in *K. Richard III:*

"Within the guilty *cloſure* of thy walls." STEEVENS.

6 *For truth proves* thieviſh for a prize ſo dear.] So, in *Venus and Adonis:*

"*Rich preys* make rich men *thieves.*" C.

7 Whenas *thy love hath caſt his utmoſt ſum,*] *Whenas*, in ancient language, was ſynonymous to *when.* MALONE.

8 *When love, converted from the thing it was,*
Shall reaſons find of ſettled gravity;] A ſentiment ſomewhat ſimilar, occurs in *Julius Cæſar:*

"When love begins to ſicken and decay,
"It uſeth an enforced ceremony." STEEVENS.

Againſt

Againſt that time do I enſconce me here[9],
Within the knowledge of mine own deſert,
And this my hand againſt myſelf uprear,
To guard the lawful reaſons on thy part:
To leave poor me thou haſt the ſtrength of laws,
Since, why to love, I can allege no cauſe.

L.

How heavy do I journey on the way,
When what I ſeek,—my weary travel's end,—
Doth teach that eaſe and that repoſe to ſay,
Thus far the miles are meaſur'd from thy friend[1]!
The beaſt that bears me, tired with my woe,
Plods dully on[2], to bear that weight in me,
As if by ſome inſtinct the wretch did know
His rider lov'd not ſpeed, being made from thee:
The bloody ſpur cannot provoke him on
That ſometimes anger thruſts into his hide;
Which heavily he anſwers with a groan,
More ſharp to me than ſpurring to his ſide;
For that ſame groan doth put this in my mind,—
My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

LI.

Thus can my love excuſe the ſlow offence
Of my dull bearer, when from thee I ſpeed:
From where thou art why ſhould I haſte me thence?
Till I return, of poſting is no need.

9 —*do I* enſconce *me here*,] I fortify myſelf. A *ſconce* was a ſpecies of fortification. See Vol. II. p. 151. n. 3. MALONE.

1 *Thus far the miles are* meaſur'd from thy friend!] So, in one of our author's plays:

"*Meaſuring* our *ſteps from* a departed *friend*." STEEVENS.

See alſo the paſſage quoted on the other ſide, in n. *. MALONE.

2 *Plods* dully *on*,—] The quarto reads—Plods *duly on*. The context ſupports the reading that I have ſubſtituted. So, in the next Sonnet, where the ſame thought is purſued:

"Thus can my love excuſe the ſlow offence
"Of my *dull* bearer." MALONE.

O, what,

O, what excuſe will my poor beaſt then find,
When ſwift extremity can ſeem but ſlow [3]?
Then ſhould I ſpur, though mounted on the wind [4];
In winged ſpeed no motion ſhall I know:
Then can no horſe with my deſire keep pace;
Therefore deſire, of perfect love being made,
Shall neigh (no dull fleſh) in his firy race [5];
But love, for love, thus ſhall excuſe my jade;
Since from thee going he went wilful-ſlow,
Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to go.

LII.

So am I as the rich, whoſe bleſſed key
Can bring him to his ſweet up-locked treaſure,

3 *When ſwift extremity can ſeem but ſlow?*] So, in *Macbeth*:
" The *ſwifteſt* wing of recompence is *ſlow*." STEEVENS.

4 *Then ſhould I ſpur, though* mounted on the wind;] So, in *Macbeth*:
" And Pity, like a naked new-born babe,
" *Striding the blaſt*, or Heaven's cherubin, *hors'd*
" *Upon the ſightleſs couriers of the air*,
" Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye."
It is likewiſe one of the employments of Ariel,
" To *run* upon the ſharp *wind* of the north."
Again, in *King Henry IV.* P. II.
" I, from the orient to the drooping weſt,
" Making *the wind my poſt-horſe*—."
Again, in *Cymbeline*:
" ——whoſe breath
" *Rides* on the poſting *winds*." MALONE.

5 *Shall neigh (no dull fleſh) in his firy race*;] The expreſſion is here ſo uncouth, that I ſtrongly ſuſpect this line to be corrupt. Perhaps we ſhould read:

Shall neigh *to* dull fleſh, in his firy race.

Deſire, in the ardour of impatience, ſhall call to the ſluggiſh animal, (the horſe) to proceed with ſwifter motion. MALONE.

Perhaps this paſſage is only obſcured by the awkward ſituation of the words *no dull fleſh*. The ſenſe may be this: " Therefore deſire, being *no dull* piece of horſe-*fleſh*, but compoſed of the moſt perfect love, ſhall neigh as he proceeds in his hot career." " A good piece of horſe-*fleſh*," is a term ſtill current in the ſtable. Such a profuſion of words, and only to tell us that our author's paſſion was impetuous, though his horſe was ſlow! STEEVENS.

The

The which he will not every hour ſurvey,
For blunting the fine point of ſeldom pleaſure [6].
Therefore are feaſts ſo ſolemn and ſo rare,
Since ſeldom coming, in the long year ſet,
Like ſtones of worth they thinly placed are [7],
Or captain jewels in the carcanet [8].
So is the time that keeps you, as my cheſt,
Or as the wardrobe, which the robe doth hide,
To make ſome ſpecial inſtant ſpecial-bleſt [9],
By new unfolding his impriſon'd pride.
Bleſſed are you, whoſe worthineſs gives ſcope,
Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

[6] For blunting *the fine point of ſeldom pleaſure.*] That is, for *fear of* blunting, &c. See Vol. VI. p. 204, n. 9.

Voluptates commendat rarior uſus. *Hor.* MALONE.

——*acieſque habetatur* amori
Mutato toties. *Alicubi.* STEEVENS.

[7] *Therefore are* feaſts *ſo ſolemn and ſo rare,*
Since ſeldom coming, *in the long year ſet,*
Like ſtones of worth, &c.] So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I.

" If all the year were playing *holidays*,
" To ſport would be as tedious as to work;
" But, when they *ſeldom come*, they wiſh'd-for come;
" And nothing pleaſeth but rare accidents."

Again, *ibidem:*

" ——my ſtate,
" *Seldom*, but ſumptuous, ſhewed like a *feaſt*,
" And won by *rareneſs* much ſolemnity." MALONE.

——feaſts *ſo ſolemn and ſo rare*,] He means the four *feſtivals* of the year. STEEVENS.

[8] *Or* captain *jewels in the* carcanet.] Jewels of ſuperior worth. So, in *Timon of Athens:*

" The aſs more *captain* than the lion, and the fellow
" Loaden with irons, wiſer than the judge."

Again, in the 66th *Sonnet:*

" And captive Good attending *captain* Ill."

The carcanet was an ornament worn round the neck. MALONE.

[9] *Or as the wardrobe, which the* robe *doth hide,*
To make ſome ſpecial inſtant ſpecial-bleſt,] So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:

" Then did I keep my perſon freſh and new;
" My preſence, like a *robe* pontifical,
" Ne'er ſeen but wonder'd at." STEEVENS.

LIII. What

LIII.

What is your ſubſtance, whereof are you made,
That millions of ſtrange ſhadows on you tend?
Since every one hath, every one, one ſhade,
And you, but one, can every ſhadow lend.
Deſcribe Adonis, and the counterfeit[1]
Is poorly imitated after you;
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty ſet,
And you in Grecian tires are painted new:
Speak of the ſpring, and foizon of the year[2];
The one doth ſhadow of your beauty ſhow,
The other as your bounty doth appear[3];
And you in every bleſſed ſhape we know.
In all external grace you have ſome part,
But you like none, none you, for conſtant heart.

LIV.

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous ſeem,
By that ſweet ornament which truth doth give!
The roſe looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that ſweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye,
As the perfumed tincture of the roſes[4];

Hang

[1] —*and the* counterfeit—] A *counterfeit*, it has been already obſerved, formerly ſignified a *portrait*. See p. 202, n. 8. MALONE.

[2] *Speak of the ſpring, and* foizon *of the year*;] *Foizon* is plenty. See Vol. I. p. 40, n. 6. The word is yet in common uſe in the North of England. MALONE.

[3] *The other* as your bounty,—] The *foizon*, or plentiful ſeaſon, that is, the autumn, is the emblem of your bounty. So, in *The Tempeſt*:

" How does my *bounteous* ſiſter [Ceres]?"

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*;

" ——For his *bounty*,
" There was no winter in't; an *autumn* 'twas,
" That grew the more by reaping." MALONE.

[4] *The* canker-blooms *have full as deep a dye,*
As the perfumed tincture of the roſes;] The *canker* is the *canker-roſe* or *dog-roſe*. The roſe and the canker are oppoſed in like manner in *Much ado about Nothing*: " I had rather be a *canker* in a hedge than a *roſe* in his grace." MALONE.

Shakſpeare

Hang on ſuch thorns, and play as wantonly
When ſummer's breath their maſked buds diſcloſes [5];
But, for their virtue [6] only is their ſhow,
They live unwoo'd, and unreſpected fade;
Die to themſelves; Sweet roſes do not ſo;
Of their ſweet deaths are ſweeteſt odours made [7]:
And ſo of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that ſhall fade, my verſe diſtills your truth [8].

LV.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments [9]
Of princes, ſhall outlive this powerful rhyme;
But you ſhall ſhine more bright in theſe contents
Than unſwept ſtone, beſmear'd with ſluttiſh time [1].

Shakſpeare had not yet begun to obſerve the productions of nature with accuracy, or his eyes would have convinced him that the *cynorboden* is by no means of as deep a colour as the *roſe*. But what has truth or nature to do with Sonnets? STEEVENS.

5 *When ſummer's breath their* maſked buds diſcloſes:] So, in *Hamlet*:

"The chaſteſt maid is prodigal enough,
"If ſhe unmaſk her beauty to the moon:
"Virtue itſelf ſcapes not calumnious ſtrokes:
"The canker galls the infants of the ſpring,
"Too oft before their *buttons* be *diſcloſed*." MALONE.

6 *But*, for *their virtue*—] *For* has here the ſignification of *becauſe*. So, in *Othello*:

"—haply *for* I am black." MALONE.

7 —*Sweet* roſes *do not ſo*;
Of their ſweet deaths are ſweeteſt odours made:] The ſame image occurs in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*:

"—earthlier happy is the *roſe diſtill'd*,
"Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,
"Grows, lives, and dies, in ſingle bleſſedneſs." MALONE.

8 —my *verſe diſtills your truth*] The old copy reads, I think, corruptedly:—*by* verſe diſtills your truth. MALONE.

9 *Not marble, nor the gilded monuments*, &c.]

Exegi monumentum ære perennius,
Regalique ſitu pyramidum altius. *Hor.*

This Sonnet furniſhes a very ſtrong confirmation of my interpretation of the words, "—a *paper* epitaph," in *K. Henry V.* See Vol. V. p. 468, n. 7. MALONE.

1 *Than* unſwept ſtone, *beſmear'd with ſluttiſh time.*] So, in *All's Well that ends Well*:

"Where *duſt*, and damn'd oblivion, is the tomb
"Of honour'd bones indeed." MALONE.

When

When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory [2].
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity,
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

LVI.

Sweet love, renew thy force; be it not said,
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite;
Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might:
So, love, be thou; although to-day thou fill
Thy hungry eyes, even till they wink with fulness,
To-morrow see again, and do not kill
The spirit of love with a perpetual dulness.
Let this sad interim like the ocean be
Which parts the shore, where two contracted-new
Come daily to the banks, that, when they see
Return of love, more blest may be the view:
Or call it winter [3], which being full of care,
Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd, more rare.

LVII.

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require.

[2] *When wasteful war shall statues overturn,* &c.]
Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira nec ignes,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas. *Ovid.*
MALONE.

[3] Or *call it winter,*] The old copy reads—*As* call it, &c. The emendation, which requires neither comment nor support, was suggested to me by the late Mr. Tyrwhitt. MALONE.

Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour [4],
Whilſt I, my ſovereign, watch the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterneſs of abſence ſour,
When you have bid your ſervant once adieu;
Nor dare I queſtion with my jealous thought,
Where you may be, or your affairs ſuppoſe;
But, like a ſad ſlave, ſtay and think of nought,
Save, where you are, how happy you make thoſe:
So true a fool is love, that in your will
(Though you do any thing) he thinks no ill.

LVIII.

That God forbid, that made me firſt your ſlave,
I ſhould in thought control your times of pleaſure,
Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,
Being your vaſſal, bound to ſtay your leiſure!
O, let me ſuffer (being at your beck)
The impriſon'd abſence of your liberty;
And patience, tame to ſufferance, bide each check [5],
Without accuſing you of injury.
Be where you liſt; your charter is ſo ſtrong,
That you yourſelf may privilege your time:
Do what you will [6], to you it doth belong
Yourſelf to pardon of ſelf-doing crime.
I am to wait, though waiting ſo be hell;
Not blame your pleaſure, be it ill or well.

LIX.

If there be nothing new, but that, which is,
Hath been before, how are our brains beguil'd,

4 —*the* world-without-end *hour*,] The tedious hour, that ſeems as if it would never end. So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

" —a time, methinks, too ſhort
" To make a *world-without end* bargain in."

i. e. an everlaſting bargain. This ſingular epithet our authour borrowed probably from our Liturgy. MALONE.

5 *And patience*, tame to ſufferance, *bide each check*,] So, in *K. Lear*:

" A moſt poor man, *made tame* to *fortune's blows*." MALONE.

6 Do *what you will*—] The quarto reads:—*To* what you will,—. There can, I think, be no doubt that *To* was a miſprint. MALONE.

Which

Which, labouring for invention, bear amiſs
The ſecond burthen of a former child?
O, that record could with a backward look,
Even of five hundred courſes of the ſun,
Show me your image in ſome antique book,
Since mind at firſt in character was done[7]!
That I might ſee what the old world could ſay
To this compoſed wonder of your frame;
Whether we are mended, or whe'r better they[8],
Or whether revolution be the ſame.
O! ſure I am, the wits of former days
To ſubjects worſe have given admiring praiſe.

LX.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled ſhore,
So do our minutes haſten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In ſequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity once in the main of light[9],
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipſes 'gainſt his glory fight,
And time that gave, doth now his gift confound[1].

7 Show me your image in ſome antique book,
Since mind at firſt in character *was done!*] Would that I could read a deſcription of you in the earlieſt manuſcript that appeared *after the firſt uſe of letters*. That this is the meaning appears clearly from the next line:
"That I might ſee what the old world could *ſay*."
Again: "—the *wits* of former days," &c.
We yet uſe the word *character* in the ſame ſenſe. MALONE.
This may allude to the ancient cuſtom of inſerting real portraits among the ornaments of illuminated manuſcripts, with inſcriptions under them. STEEVENS.

8 —*or* whe'r *better they*,] *Whe'r* for *whether*. The ſame abbreviation occurs in *Venus and Adonis*, and in *King John*. See Vol. IV. p. 469, n. 1. MALONE.

9 *Nativity once in the* main *of light*,] In the *great body* of light. So, the *main* of waters. MALONE.

1 —*his gift* confound.] To *confound* in Shakſpeare's age generally meant to *deſtroy*. See Vol. V. p. 506, n. 4. MALONE.

Time doth transfix the flouriſh ſet on youth [2],
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow [3];
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing ſtands but for his ſcythe to mow:
And yet, to times in hope, my verſe ſhall ſtand [4],
Praiſing thy worth, deſpite his cruel hand.

LXI.

Is it thy will, thy image ſhould keep open
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
Doſt thou deſire my ſlumbers ſhould be broken,
While ſhadows, like to thee, do mock my ſight?
Is it thy ſpirit that thou ſend'ſt from thee
So far from home, into my deeds to pry;
To find out ſhames and idle hours in me,
The ſcope and tenour of thy jealouſy?
O no! thy love, though much, is not ſo great;
It is my love [5] that keeps mine eye awake;
Mine own true love that doth my reſt defeat,
To play the watchman ever for thy ſake:
For thee watch I, whilſt thou doſt wake elſewhere,
From me far off, with others all-too-near.

[2] *Time doth transfix the* flouriſh—] The external decoration. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

"Like painted trunks o'er-*flouriſh'd* by the devil." MALONE.

[3] *And* delves *the* parallels *in beauty's brow*;] Renders what was before even and ſmooth, rough and uneven. So, in the ſecond *Sonnet*:

"When forty winters ſhall beſiege thy *brow*,
"And *dig* deep *trenches* in thy *beauty's* field."

Again, in the 19th Sonnet:

"———Swift-footed time,
"O carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
"Nor draw no line there with thine antique pen."

Our authour uſes the word *parallel* in the ſame ſenſe in *Othello*:

"—How am I then a villain,
"To counſel Caſſio to this *parallel* courſe? MALONE.

[4] *And yet, to times* in hope, *my verſe ſhall* ſtand,] So, in *K. Rich. II*:

"Strong as a tower *in hope*, I ſay amen." STEEVENS.

[5] It is my *love*—] See p. 220, n. 8. MALONE.

LXII. Sin

LXII.

Sin of ſelf-love poſſeſſeth all mine eye,
And all my ſoul, and all my every part;
And for this ſin there is no remedy,
It is ſo grounded inward in my heart.
Methinks no face ſo gracious is as mine[6],
No ſhape ſo true, no truth of ſuch account;
And for myſelf mine own worth do define,
As I all other in all worths ſurmount.
But when my glaſs ſhows me myſelf indeed,
Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity[7],
Mine own ſelf-love quite contrary I read,
Self ſo ſelf-loving were iniquity.
'Tis thee (myſelf) that for myſelf I praiſe,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

LXIII.

Againſt my love ſhall be, as I am now,
With time's injurious hand cruſh'd and o'erworn[8];
When

[6] *Methinks no face ſo* gracious *is as mine,*] *Gracious* was frequently uſed by our authour and his contemporaries in the ſenſe of *beautiful*. So, in *King John:*

"There was not ſuch a *gracious* creature born." MALONE.

[7] Beated *and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,*] Thus the old copy. *Beated* was perhaps a miſprint for *'bated*. *'Bated* is properly *overthrown*; *laid low*; *abated*; from *abattre,* Fr. Hence (if this be the true reading) it is here uſed by our authour with his uſual licence, for *disfigured*; reduced to a *lower* or worſe ſtate than before. So, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

"With *'bated* breath and whiſpering humbleneſs,"

Again, in the 63d Sonnet:

"With time's injurious hand *cruſh'd* and o'erworn.

Beated however, the regular participle from the verb to *beat,* may be right. We had in a former Sonnet—weather-*beaten* face. In *K. Henry V.* we find—*caſted,* and in *Macbeth—thruſted.* MALONE.

I think we ſhould read *blaſted.* So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:

"—every part about you *blaſted* with *antiquity.*" STEEVENS.

[8] *With time's injurious hand* cruſh'd *and o'erworn*;] The old copy reads *chruſht.* I ſuſpect that our author wrote *fruſh'd,* a word that occurs in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

"I'll *fruſh* it, and unlock the rivets all."

When hours have drain'd his blood, and fill'd his brow
With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn
Hath travell'd on to age's ſteepy night[9];
And all thoſe beauties, whereof now he's king,
Are vaniſhing or vaniſh'd out of ſight,
Stealing away the treaſure of his ſpring;
For ſuch a time do I now fortify
Againſt confounding age's cruel knife,
That he ſhall never cut from memory
My ſweet love's beauty, though my lover's life[8]:
His beauty ſhall in theſe black lines be ſeen,
And they ſhall live, and he in them ſtill green.

LXIV.

When I have ſeen by Time's fell hand defac'd
The rich-proud coſt of out-worn bury'd age;

Again, Holinſhed in his *Deſcription of Ireland*, p. 29: "When they are ſore *fruſht* with ſickneſs, or ſo farre withered with age." To ſay that a thing is firſt *cruſh'd*, and then *over-worn*, is little better than to obſerve of a man, that he was firſt *killed*, and then *wounded*.
STEEVENS.

To *fruſh* is to bruiſe or batter. See *Troilus and Creſſida*, Act V. ſc. vi. What then is obtained by the change? MALONE.

9 —*when his youthful morn*
Hath travell'd on to age's ſteepy night;] So in *K. Richard III*:
"And turn my *infant morn* to *aged night*."
I once thought that the poet wrote—*ſteepy* night. But the word *travell'd* ſhows, I think, that the old copy is right, however incongruous the epithet *ſteepy* may appear. So, in the 7th *Sonnet*:
"Lo, in the *orient* when the *gracious light*
"Lifts up his burning head——
"And having climb'd the *ſteep*-up heavenly hill,
"Reſembling ſtrong *youth* in his middle age,—."
Theſe lines fully explain what the poet meant by the *ſteepy night* of age.
The ſame oppoſition is found in the 15th *Sonnet*:
"Then waſteful Time debateth with decay
"To change your *day* of *youth* to ſullied *night*."
Were it not for the antitheſis which was certainly intended between *morn* and *night*, we might read:
——to age's ſteepy *height*. MALONE.

8 —*though my* lover's *life*:] See p. 220, n. 8. MALONE.

When

When ſometime lofty towers I ſee down-ras'd,
And braſs eternal ſlave to mortal rage:
When I have ſeen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the ſhore[2],
And the firm ſoil win of the watery main,
Increaſing ſtore with loſs, and loſs with ſtore;
When I have ſeen ſuch interchange of ſtate[3],
Or ſtate itſelf confounded to decay;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate—
That Time will come, and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot chooſe
But weep to have that which it fears to loſe.

LXV.

Since braſs, nor ſtone, nor earth, nor boundleſs ſea,
But ſad mortality o'er-ſways their power,
How with this rage ſhall beauty hold a plea[4],
Whoſe action is no ſtronger than a flower?

2 ——*the hungry ocean gain*
Advantage *on the kingdom of the ſhore,*] So, Mortimer, in *King Henry IV.* P. I. ſpeaking of the Trent:
" —he bears his courſe, and runs me up
" With like *advantage* on the other ſide,
" Gelding the oppoſed continent as much." STEEVENS.

3 *When I have ſeen the hungry ocean gain*
Advantage on the kingdom of the ſhore,
And the firm ſoil win of the watery main,
Increaſing ſtore with loſs, and loſs with ſtore;
When I have ſeen ſuch interchange of ſtate, &c.] So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:
" O heaven! that one might read the book of fate;
" And ſee the revolution of the times
" Make mountains level, and the continent,
" Weary of ſolid firmneſs, melt itſelf
" Into the ſea! and, other times, to ſee
" The beachy girdle of the ocean
" Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,
" And changes fill the cup of alteration
" With diverſe liquors!" C.

4 *How with* this *rage ſhall beauty hold a plea,*] Shakſpeare, I believe, wrote—with *his* rage,—i. e. with the rage of Mortality. MALONE.

O, how ſhall ſummer's honey breath hold out
Againſt the wreckful ſiege of battering days [5],
When rocks impregnable are not ſo ſtout,
Nor gates of ſteel ſo ſtrong, but time decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alack,
Shall time's beſt jewel from time's cheſt lie hid [6]?

Or

5 —*the* ſiege *of battering days,*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*
" —the *ſiege* of loving terms." STEEVENS.

6 *O fearful meditation! where, alack,*
Shall time's beſt jewel from time's cheſt *lie hid?*] I once thought Shakſpeare might have written—from time's *queſt*, but am now convinced that the old reading is right. "Time's beſt jewel" is the perſon addreſſed, who, the authour feared, would not be able to eſcape the devaſtation of time, but would fall a prey, however beautiful, to his all-ſubduing power. So, in his 48th Sonnet:
" —*thou*, to whom my *jewels* trifles are,
" Thee have I not lock'd up in any *cheſt*,
" Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art."
This alluſion is a favourite one of Shakſpeare, for he has introduced it in ſeveral places. Thus again, in *K. Richard II.*
" A *jewel* in a ten-times-barr'd-up *cheſt*
" Is—a bold ſpirit in a loyal breaſt."
Again, in his *Rape of Lucrece:*
" She wakes her heart by beating on her breaſt,
" And bids it leap from thence, where it may find
" Some purer *cheſt*, to cloſe ſo pure a mind."
Again, in *King John:*
" They found him dead, and thrown into the ſtreet,
" An empty *caſket*, where the *jewel* of life
" By ſome damn'd villain was robb'd and ta'en away!"
A ſimilar conceit is found in an Epitaph on Prince Henry, eldeſt ſon of King James I. written in 1613:
" Within this marble *caſket* lies
" A matchleſs *jewel* of rich price;
" Whom nature, in the world's diſdain,
" But ſhew'd, and then put up again."
The *cheſt of Time* is the repoſitory where he lays up the moſt rare and curious productions of nature; one of which the poet eſteemed his friend.
—vobis male ſit, malæ tenebræ
Orci, quæ omnia bella devoratis. *Catul.* MALONE.
Time's *cheſt* is the repoſitory into which he is poetically ſuppoſed to throw thoſe things which he deſigns to be forgotten. Thus, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*
" *Time* hath, my lord, a *wallet* at his back,
" Wherein he puts alms for oblivion."

Again,

Or what ſtrong hand can hold his ſwift foot back?
Or who his ſpoil of beauty can forbid[7]?
O none, unleſs this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may ſtill ſhine bright.

LXVI.

Tir'd with all theſe, for reſtful death I cry[8],—
As, to behold deſert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
And pureſt faith unhappily forſworn,
And gilded honour ſhamefully miſplac'd,
And maiden virtue rudely ſtrumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully diſgrac'd,
And ſtrength by limping ſway diſabled,
And art made tongue-ty'd by authority,
And folly (doctor-like) controling ſkill,
And ſimple truth miſcall'd ſimplicity[9],
And captive good attending captain ill[1]:
Tir'd with all theſe, from theſe would I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

LXVII.

Ah! wherefore with infection ſhould he live,
And with his preſence grace impiety,
That ſin by him advantage ſhould achieve,
And lace itſelf with his ſociety[2]?

Again, in *Sonnet* LII:

"So is the *time* that keeps you, as my *cheſt*."

The thief who evades purſuit, may be ſaid with propriety to *lie hid from juſtice*, or from *confinement*. STEEVENS.

7 *Or who his ſpoil of beauty can forbid?*] The reading of the quarto—his ſpoil *or* beauty, is manifeſtly a miſprint. MALONE.

8 *Tir'd with all theſe*, &c.] Compare Hamlet's celebrated ſoliloquy with this Sonnet. C.

9 *And ſimple truth miſcall'd* ſimplicity,] *Simplicity* has here the ſignification of *folly*. MALONE.

1 *And captive good attending* captain *ill:*] So, in *Timon of Athens*:

"—the aſs more *captain* than the lion."

Again, in the 52d Sonnet:

"Like *captain* jewels in the carcanet." MALONE.

2 *And* lace *itſelf with his ſociety?*] i. e. embelliſh itſelf. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"—what envious ſtreaks
"Do *lace* the ſevering clouds,—." STEEVENS.

Why ſhould falſe painting imitate his cheek,
And ſteal dead ſeeing of his living hue [3]?
Why ſhould poor beauty indirectly ſeek
Roſes of ſhadow, ſince his roſe is true?
Why ſhould he live, now nature bankrupt is,
Beggar'd of blood to bluſh through lively veins?
For ſhe hath no exchequer now but his,
And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.
O, him ſhe ſtores, to ſhow what wealth ſhe had,
In days long ſince, before theſe laſt ſo bad.

LXVIII.

Thus is his cheek the map of days out-worn [4],
When beauty liv'd and died, as flowers do now,
Before theſe baſtard ſigns of fair were borne [5],
Or durſt inhabit on a living brow;
Before the golden treſſes of the dead,
The right of ſepulchres, were ſhorn away,
To live a ſecond life on ſecond head [6];
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay:

In

[3] *And ſteal dead* ſeeing *of his living hue?*] Dr. Farmer would read—*ſeeming*. MALONE.

[4] —*the* map of days out-worn,] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"Even ſo this *pattern of the worn-out age*
"Pawn'd honeſt looks—." MALONE.

[5] *Before theſe baſtard ſigns of* fair *were borne,*] *Fair* was formerly uſed as a ſubſtantive, for *beauty*. See Vol. II. p. 148, n. 6. MALONE.

[6] *Before the* golden treſſes *of the dead,*
The right of ſepulchres, *were ſhorn away,*
To live a ſecond life on ſecond head;] Our authour has again inveighed againſt this practice in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"So are thoſe criſped ſnaky *golden locks,*
"Which make ſuch wanton gambols with the wind,
"Upon ſuppoſed fairneſs, often known
"To be the dowry of a *ſecond head,*
"*The ſkull that bred them in the ſepulchre.*"

Again, in *Timon of Athens*:

"—thatch your poor thin *roofs*
"With *burdens of the dead.*"

So,

In him thoſe holy antique hours are ſeen,
Without all ornament, itſelf, and true [7],
Making no ſummer of another's green,
Robbing no old to dreſs his beauty new;
And him as for a map doth nature ſtore,
To ſhow falſe art what beauty was of yore.

LXIX.

Thoſe parts of thee that the world's eye doth view,
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend;
All tongues (the voice of ſouls) give thee that due [8],
Uttering bare truth, even ſo as foes commend.
Thine outward [9] thus with outward praiſe is crown'd;
But thoſe ſame tongues that give thee ſo thine own,
In other accents do this praiſe confound,
By ſeeing farther than the eye hath ſhown.
They look into the beauty of thy mind,
And that, in gueſs, they meaſure by thy deeds;
Then (churls) their thoughts, although their eyes were kind,
To thy fair flower add the rank ſmell of weeds:

ſo, in *Swetnam arraigned by women*, a comedy, 1620:

" —She'll inſtruct them how
" ——————————to uſe,
" The myſteries, painting, curling, pow'ring,
" And with ſtrange *periwigs*, pin-knots, borderings;
" To deck them up, like to a vintner's buſh,
" For man to gaze at on a midſummer-night."

See alſo Vol. I. p. 176, n. 8.

In our authour's time, the falſe hair uſually worn, perhaps in compliment to the queen, was of a ſandy colour. Hence the epithet *golden*. See Hentzner's Account of Queen Elizabeth. MALONE.

7 *Without all ornament*, itſelf, *and true*,] Surely we ought to read—*himſelf*, and true. In him the primitive ſimplicity of ancient times may be obſerved; in him, who ſcorns all adſcititious ornaments, who appears in his native genuine ſtate, [*himſelf* and true,] &c. MALONE.

8 *All tongues (the voice of ſouls) give thee that* due,] The quarto has —that *end*. For the preſent emendation (which the rhyme requires) the reader is indebted to Mr. Tyrwhitt. The letters that compoſe the word *due* were probably tranſpoſed at the preſs, and the *u* inverted. MALONE.

9 Thine *outward*—] The quarto reads—*Their*. MALONE.

But

But why thy odour matcheth not thy ſhow,
The ſolve is this [1],—that thou doſt common grow.

LXX.

That thou art blam'd ſhall not be thy defect,
For ſlander's mark was ever yet the fair;
The ornament of beauty is ſuſpect [2],
A crow that flies in heaven's ſweeteſt air.
So thou be good, ſlander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time [3];

[1] *The* ſolve *is this,—*] This is the *ſolution*. The quarto reads: The *ſolve* is this,—.
I have not found the word now placed in the text, in any authour; but have inſerted it rather than print what appears to me unintelligible. We meet with a ſimilar ſentiment in the 102d Sonnet:
" —ſweets grown common loſe their dear delight."
The modern editions read: The *toil* is this—. MALONE.

I believe we ſhould read: The *ſole* is this,—i. e. here the *only* explanation lies; this is *all*. STEEVENS.

[2] *The* ornament *of beauty is* ſuſpect,] *Suſpicion* or ſlander is a conſtant attendant on beauty, and adds new luſtre to it. *Suſpect* is uſed as a ſubſtantive in *K. Henry VI.* P. II. See Vol. VI. p. 168, n. 9. Again, by Middleton in *A Mad World my Maſters*, a comedy, 1608:
" And poize her words i' the ballance of *ſuſpect*." MALONE.

[3] Thy *worth the greater*, being woo'd of time;] The old copy here, as in many other places, reads corruptly—*Their* worth, &c.
I ſtrongly ſuſpect the latter words of this line alſo to be corrupt. What idea does *worth* woo'd of [that is, *by*] time, preſent?—Perhaps the poet means, that however ſlandered his friend may be at preſent, his *worth* ſhall be celebrated in all *future* time. MALONE.

Perhaps we are to diſentangle the tranſpoſition of the paſſage, thus: *So thou be good, ſlander, being woo'd of time, doth but approve thy worth the greater.* i. e. if you are virtuous, ſlander, being the favorite of the age, only ſtamps the ſtronger mark of approbation on your merit.

I have already ſhewn, on the authority of Ben Jonſon, that " *of time*" means, *of the* then *preſent one*. See note on *Hamlet*, Act II. ſc. i. STEEVENS.

Might we not read—being *wood of time?* taking *wood* for an epithet applied to *ſlander*, ſignifying *frantic*, doing miſchief at random. Shakſpeare often uſes this old word. So, in *Venus and Adonis:*
" Life-poiſoning peſtilence, and frenzies *wood*."
I am far from being ſatisfied with this conjecture, but can make no ſenſe of the words as they are printed. C.

For

For canker vice the ſweeteſt buds doth love[4],
And thou preſent'ſt a pure unſtained prime.
Thou haſt paſs'd by the ambuſh of young days,
Either not aſſail'd, or victor being charg'd;
Yet this thy praiſe cannot be ſo thy praiſe,
To tie up envy, evermore enlarg'd:
If ſome ſuſpect[5] of ill maſk'd not thy ſhow,
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts ſhould'ſt owe[6].

LXXI.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
Than you ſhall hear the ſurly ſullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled[7]
From this vile world, with vileſt worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you ſo,
That I in your ſweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then ſhould make you woe.
O if (I ſay) you look upon this verſe,
When I perhaps compounded am with clay[8],

4 *For* canker *vice the* ſweeteſt buds *doth love,*] So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

" —As in *the ſweeteſt buds*
" The eating *canker* dwells, ſo eating love
" Inhabits in the fineſt wits of all." C.

Again, ibidem:

" ————as the moſt forward bud
" Is eaten by the *canker*, ere it blow,
" Even ſo by love the young and tender wit
" Is turn'd to folly; blaſting in the *bud*,
" Loſing his verdure even in the *prime*," &c. MALONE.

5 *If ſome* ſuſpect—] See p. 250, n. 2. MALONE.

6 —*ſhould'ſt* owe.] That is, ſhould *poſſeſs*. See Vol. IV. p. 473, n. 7. MALONE.

7 *Than you ſhall hear the ſurly* ſullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled—] So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:

" ————and his tongue
" Sounds ever after as a *ſullen bell*,
" *Remember'd knolling a departed friend.*" MALONE.

8 *When I perhaps* compounded *am* with clay,] *Compounded* is *mixed*, blended. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II.

" Only *compound* me *with* forgotten *duſt*." MALONE.

Do

Do not ſo much as my poor name rehearſe;
But let your love even with my life decay:
Leſt the wiſe world ſhould look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

LXXII.

O, leſt the world ſhould taſk you to recite
What merit liv'd in me, that you ſhould love
After my death,—dear love, forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove;
Unleſs you would deviſe ſome virtuous lie,
To do more for me than mine own deſert,
And hang more praiſe upon deceaſed I,
Than niggard truth would willingly impart:
O, leſt your true love may ſeem falſe in this,
That you for love ſpeak well of me untrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to ſhame nor me nor you.
For I am ſham'd by that which I bring forth,
And ſo ſhould you, to love things nothing worth.

LXXIII.

That time of year thou may'ſt in me behold,
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang [2]
Upon thoſe boughs which ſhake againſt the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the ſweet birds ſang [1].

In

[2] *When* yellow leaves, &c.] So, in *Macbeth*:

" —my way of life
" Is fallen into the ſear, the *yellow leaf*." STEEVENS.

[1] *Bare* ruin'd choirs, *where late the ſweet birds ſang*.] The quarto has—Bare *rn'w'd* quiers,—from which the reader muſt extract what meaning he can. The edition of our author's poems in 1640, has—*ruin'd*.—*Quires* or *choirs* here means that part of cathedrals where divine ſervice is performed, to which, when uncovered and in ruins,

" A naked ſubject to the weeping clouds,"

the poet compares the trees at the end of autumn, ſtripped of that foliage which at once invited and ſheltered the feathered ſongſters of ſummer; whom Ford, a contemporary and friend of our author's, with an alluſion to the ſame kind of imagery, calls in his *Lover's Melancholy* " the *quiriſters* of the woods." So, in *Cymbeline*:

" Then

In me thou ſeeſt the twilight of ſuch day
As after ſun-ſet fadeth in the weſt;
Which by and by black night doth take away [2],
Death's ſecond ſelf, that ſeals up all in reſt.
In me thou ſeeſt the glowing of ſuch fire,
That on the aſhes of his youth doth lie [3];
As the death-bed whereon it muſt expire,
Conſum'd with that which it was nouriſh'd by.
This thou perceiv'ſt, which makes thy love more ſtrong,
To love that well which thou muſt leave ere long:

LXXIV.

But be contented: when that fell arreſt
Without all bail ſhall carry me away [4],
My life hath in this line ſome intereſt,
Which for memorial ſtill with thee ſhall ſtay.

" —Then was I as a *tree*,
" Whoſe boughs did bend with fruit; but in one night,
" A ſtorm, or robbery, call it what you will,
" Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my *leaves*,
" And left me *bare to weather*."

Again, in *Timon of Athens*:

" That numberleſs upon me ſtuck, as *leaves*
" Do on the oak, have with one winter's bruſh,
" Fallen from their boughs, and left me *open, bare*,
" *For ev'ry ſtorm that blows*." MALONE.

This image was probably ſuggeſted to Shakſpeare by our deſolated monaſteries. The reſemblance between the vaulting of a Gothick iſle, and an avenue of trees whoſe upper branches meet and form an arch over-head, is too ſtriking not to be acknowledged. When the roof of the one is ſhattered, and the boughs of the other leafleſs, the compariſon becomes yet more ſolemn and pictureſque. STEEVENS.

[2] *Which by and by black night doth take away,*] So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

" And by and by a cloud takes all away." STEEVENS.

[3] —*the* glowing *of ſuch fire,*
That on the aſhes *of his youth doth lie*;] Mr. Gray perhaps remembered theſe lines:

" Even in our *aſhes* glow their wonted *fires*." MALONE.

[4] ——*when that* fell arreſt
Without all bail ſhall carry me away,] So, in *Hamlet*:

" Had I but time, (as this *fell ſerjeant, death*,
" Is ſtrict in his *arreſt*,) O I could tell you,—
" But let it be." C.

When

When thou revieweſt this, thou doſt review
The very part was conſecrate to thee.
The earth can have but earth[5], which is his due;
My ſpirit is thine, the better part of me:
So then thou haſt but loſt the dregs of life,
The prey of worms, my body being dead;
The coward conqueſt of a wretch's knife,
Too baſe of thee to be remembered.
The worth of that, is that which it contains,
And that is this, and this with thee remains[6].

LXXV.

So are you to my thoughts, as food to life,
Or as ſweet-ſeaſon'd ſhowers are to the ground;
And for the peace of you I hold ſuch ſtrife[7]
As 'twixt a miſer and his wealth is found;
Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
Doubting the filching age will ſteal his treaſure;
Now counting beſt to be with you alone,
Then better'd that the world may ſee my pleaſure:
Sometime, all full with feaſting on your ſight,
And by and by clean ſtarved for a look[8];
Poſſeſſing or purſuing no delight,
Save what is had or muſt from you be took.

5 *The earth can have but earth,*—] Shakſpeare ſeems here to have had the burial ſervice in his thoughts. MALONE.

6 —*and this with thee remains.*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"And I hence fleeting, here *remain with thee.*" STEEVENS.

7 *And for the* peace *of you I hold ſuch ſtrife*—] The context ſeems to require that we ſhould rather read:

—for the *price* of you—or—for the *ſake* of you.

The conflicting paſſions deſcribed by the poet were not produced by a regard to the eaſe or quiet of his friend, but by the high value he ſet on his eſteem: yet as there ſeems to have been an oppoſition intended between *peace* and *ſtrife*, I do not ſuſpect any corruption in the text. MALONE.

8 —clean ſtarved *for a look*;] That is, *wholly* ſtarved. So, in *Julius Cæſar:*

"*Clean* from the purpoſe of the things themſelves." MALONE.

So, in *The Comedy of Errors:*

"While I at home *ſtarve for a* merry *look.*" STEEVENS.

Thus

Thus do I pine and ſurfeit day by day,
Or gluttoning on all, or all away[9].

LXXVI.

Why is my verſe ſo barren of new pride?
So far from variation or quick change?
Why, with the time, do I not glance aſide
To new-found methods and to compounds ſtrange?
Why write I ſtill all one, ever the ſame,
And keep invention in a noted weed[1],
That every word doth almoſt tell my name[2];
Showing their birth, and where they did proceed?
O know, ſweet love, I always write of you
And you and love are ſtill my argument;
So all my beſt is dreſſing old words new,
Spending again what is already ſpent:
For as the ſun is daily new and old,
So is my love ſtill telling what is told.

LXXVII.

Thy glaſs will ſhow thee how thy beauties wear,
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waſte;
The vacant leaves* thy mind's imprint will bear,
And of this book this learning may'ſt thou taſte[3].

The

9 *Or gluttoning on all, or all away.*] That is, either feeding on various diſhes, or having nothing on my board,—*all* being *away*. MALONE.

Perhaps *or all away*, may ſignify, *or away with all!* i. e. I either devour like a glutton what is within my reach, or *command all proviſions to be removed out of my ſight*. STEEVENS.

1 —*in a* noted *weed,*] i. e. in a dreſs by which it is always *known*, as thoſe perſons are who always wear the ſame colours. STEEVENS.

2 *That every word doth* almoſt tell *my name*;] The quarto has:—*ſel* my name. MALONE.

* The *vacant leaves*—] Perhaps Shakſpeare wrote—*Theſe* vacant leaves. So afterwards: "Commit to *theſe* waſte blanks." MALONE.

3 *And of* this *book this learning may'ſt thou taſte.*] *This, their,* and *thy,* are ſo often confounded in theſe Sonnets, that it is only by attending to the context that we can diſcover which was the authour's word. In the preſent inſtance, inſtead of *this* book, ſhould we not read *thy* book? So, in the laſt line of this Sonnet:

"Theſe offices, ſo oft as thou wilt look,
"Shall profit thee, and much enrich *thy* book." MALONE.

Probably

The wrinkles which thy glaſs will truly ſhow,
Of mouthed graves[4] will give thee memory;
Thou by thy dial's ſhady ſtealth may'ſt know
Time's thieviſh progreſs[5] to eternity.
Look, what thy memory cannot contain,
Commit to theſe waſte blanks[6], and thou ſhalt find
Thoſe children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
These offices, ſo oft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

LXXVIII.

So oft have I invok'd thee for my muſe,
And found ſuch fair aſſiſtance in my verſe,
As every alien pen hath got my uſe,
And under thee their poeſy diſperſe.

Probably th's Sonnet was deſigned to accompany a preſent of a book conſiſting of blank paper. Were ſuch the caſe, the old reading (*this* book) may ſtand. Lord Orrery ſent a birth-day gift of the ſame kind to Swift, together with a copy of verſes of the ſame tendency. STEEV.

This conjecture appears to me extremely probable. We learn from the 122d Sonnet that Shakſpeare received a *table-book* from his friend.

In his age it was cuſtomary for all ranks of people to make preſents on the firſt day of the new year. Even Queen Elizabeth condeſcended to receive new-year's gifts from the lords and ladies of her court. MALONE.

4 *Of* mouthed *graves*—] That is, of *all-devouring* graves. Thus, in *King Richard III*:

" —in the *ſwallowing* gulph
" Of dark forgetfulneſs and deep oblivion."

Again, in *Venus and Adonis*:

" What is thy body but a *ſwallowing grave?*" MALONE.

5 *Time's thieviſh* progreſs—] So, in *All's well that ends well*:

" Or four and twenty times the pilot's glaſs
" Hath told the *thieviſh minutes* how they paſs."

Milton in one of his Sonnets has imitated our authour:

" How ſoon hath *time*, that ſubtle *thief*," &c. MALONE.

6 —*to theſe waſte* blanks—] The old copy has—waſte *blacks*. The emendation was propoſed by Mr. Theobald. It is fully ſupported by a preceding line: The *vacant leaves*, &c. MALONE.

Thine

Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to ſing,
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly[7],
Have added feathers to the learned's wing[8],
And given grace a double majeſty.
Yet be moſt proud of that which I compile,
Whoſe influence is thine, and born of thee:
In others' works thou doſt but mend the ſtile,
And arts with thy ſweet graces graced be;
But thou art all my art, and doſt advance
As high as learning my rude ignorance.

LXXIX.

Whilſt I alone did call upon thy aid,
My verſe alone had all thy gentle grace;
But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,
And my ſick muſe doth give another place.
I grant, ſweet love, thy lovely argument
Deſerves the travail of a worthier pen;
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent,
He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.
He lends thee virtue, and he ſtole that word
From thy behaviour; beauty doth he give,
And found it in thy cheek; he can afford
No praiſe to thee but what in thee doth live.
Then thank him not for that which he doth ſay,
Since what he owes thee thou thyſelf doſt pay.

LXXX.

O, how I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better ſpirit doth uſe your name[9],

And

[7] *And* heavy ignorance *aloft to fly,*] So, in *Othello*: "O *heavy ignorance!* thou praiſeſt the worſt, beſt." MALONE.

[8] *Have added* feathers *to the learned's* wing,] So, in *Cymbeline*:

"—your lord,
"(The beſt *feather* of our *wing*,)—." STEEVENS.

[9] *Knowing a* better ſpirit *doth uſe your name,*] *Spirit* is here, as in many other places, uſed as a monoſyllable. Curioſity will naturally endeavour to find out who this *better ſpirit* was, to whom even Shakſ-

peare

And in the praiſe thereof ſpends all his might,
To make me tongue-ty'd, ſpeaking of your fame!
But ſince your worth (wide, as the ocean is,)
The humble as the proudeſt ſail doth bear[1],
My ſaucy bark, inferior far to his,
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
Your ſhalloweſt help will hold me up afloat,
Whilſt he upon your ſoundleſs deep doth ride;
Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthleſs boat,
He of tall building, and of goodly pride:
Then if he thrive, and I be caſt away,
The worſt was this;—my love was my decay.

LXXXI.

Or I ſhall live your epitaph to make,
Or you ſurvive when I in earth am rotten;
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life ſhall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world muſt die:
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entombed in men's eyes ſhall lie.
Your monument ſhall be my gentle verſe,
Which eyes not yet created ſhall o'er-read;
And tongues to be, your being ſhall rehearſe,
When all the breathers of this world are dead[2];

peare acknowledges himſelf inferior. There was certainly no poet in his own time with whom he needed to have feared a compariſon; but theſe Sonnets being probably written when his name was but little known, and at a time when Spenſer was in the zenith of his reputation, I imagine he was the perſon here alluded to. MALONE.

1 *The humble as the proudeſt ſail doth bear,*] The ſame thought occurs in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

" ——The ſea being ſmooth,
" How many ſhallow bauble boats dare ſail
" Upon her patient breaſt, making their way
" With thoſe of nobler bulk?—where's then the *ſaucy* boat?"

See *Troilus and Creſſida*, Vol. VIII. p. 162, n. 5. STEEVENS.

2 *When all the* breathers of this *world are dead*;] So, in *As you like it:* " I will chide no *breather in the world* but myſelf, againſt whom I know moſt faults." MALONE.

You ſtill ſhall live (ſuch virtue hath my pen,)
Where breath moſt breathes,—even in the mouths of men.

LXXXII.

I grant thou wert not married to my muſe,
And therefore may'ſt without attaint o'er-look
The dedicated words which writers uſe
Of their fair ſubject, bleſſing every book.
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
Finding thy worth a limit paſt my praiſe;
And therefore art enforc'd to ſeek anew
Some freſher ſtamp of the time-bettering days.
And do ſo, love; yet when they have devis'd
What ſtrained touches rhetorick can lend,
Thou truly fair wert truly ſympathiz'd
In true plain words, by thy true-telling friend;
And their groſs painting might be better us'd
Where cheeks need blood; in thee it is abus'd.

LXXXIII.

I never ſaw that you did painting need,
And therefore to your fair no painting ſet;
I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
The barren tender of a poet's debt[3]:
And therefore have I ſlept in your report[4],
That you yourſelf, being extant, well might ſhow

3 *The barren* tender *of a* poet's *debt*:] So, the poet in *Timon of Athens*:
" ——all minds
" ——*tender* down
" Their ſervices to lord Timon."
Again, in *King John*:
" And the like *tender* of our love we make." MALONE.

4 *And therefore have I* ſlept *in your report*,] And therefore I have not founded your praiſes. MALONE.
The ſame phraſe occurs in *K. Henry VIII*:
" ——Heaven will one day open
" The king's eyes, that ſo long have *ſlept* upon
" This bold, bad man."
Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:
" —hung their eyelids down,
" *Slept* in his face." STEEVENS.

How far a modern quill doth come too ſhort[5],
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow[6].
This ſilence for my ſin you did impute,
Which ſhall be moſt my glory, being dumb;
For I impair not beauty, being mute,
When others would give life, and bring a tomb[7].
  Their lives more life in one of your fair eyes,
  Than both your poets can in praiſe deviſe.

LXXXIV.

Who is it that ſays moſt? which can ſay more,
Than this rich praiſe—that you alone are you?
In whoſe confine immured is the ſtore,
Which ſhould example where your equal grew.
Lean penury within that pen doth dwell,
That to his ſubject lends not ſome ſmall glory;
But he that writes of you, if he can tell
That you are you, ſo dignifies his ſtory,
Let him but copy what in you is writ,
Not making worſe what nature made ſo clear,
And ſuch a counter-part ſhall fame his wit,
Making his ſtile admired every where.
  You to your beauteous bleſſings add a curſe,
  Being fond on praiſe, which makes your praiſes worſe[8].

5 *How far a* modern *quill doth come too ſhort,*] *Modern* formerly ſignified *common* or *trite*. See Vol. III. p. 163, n. 5. MALONE.

6 —what *worth in you doth grow.*] We might better read:
—*that* worth in you doth grow.
i. e. that worth, which, &c. MALONE.

7 *When others would give life, and bring a tomb.*] When others endeavour to celebrate your character, while in fact they diſgrace it by the meanneſs of their compoſitions. MALONE.

8 *Being* fond on *praiſe, which makes your praiſes worſe.*] i. e. being fond of ſuch panegyrick as debaſes what is praiſe-worthy in you, inſtead of exalting it. *On* in ancient books is often printed for *of*. It may mean, "behaving fooliſhly *on* receiving praiſe." STEEVENS.

Fond on was certainly uſed by Shakſpeare for *fond of*. So, in *Twelfth Night*:

"—my maſter loves her dearly;
"And I, poor monſter, *fond* as much *on* him."

Again, in Holland's tranſlation of *Suetonius*, folio, 1606, p. 21: "He was *enamoured* alſo *upon* queenes." MALONE.

LXXXV. My

LXXXV.

My tongue-ty'd muſe in manners holds her ſtill,
While comments of your praiſe, richly compil'd,
Reſerve their character with golden quill [9],
And precious phraſe by all the muſes fil'd.
I think good thoughts, whilſt others write good words,
And, like unletter'd clerk, ſtill cry *Amen*
To every hymn that able ſpirit affords,
In poliſh'd form of well-refined pen.
Hearing you prais'd, I ſay, *'tis ſo, 'tis true*,
And to the moſt of praiſe add ſomething more;
But that is in my thought, whoſe love to you,
Though words come hindmoſt, holds his rank before.
Then others for the breath of words reſpect,
Me for my dumb thoughts, ſpeaking in effect.

LXXXVI.

Was it the proud full ſail of his great verſe,
Bound for the prize of all-too-precious you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inherſe,
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew [1]?
Was it his ſpirit, by ſpirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that ſtruck me dead?
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
Giving him aid, my verſe aſtoniſhed.
He, nor that affable familiar ghoſt,
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence [2];

9 Reſerve *their character with golden quill,*] *Reſerve* has here the ſenſe of *preſerve*. See p. 206, n. 2. MALONE.

1 *Making their* tomb *the* womb *wherein they grew?*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"The earth, that's nature's *mother*, is her *tomb*;
"What is her burying *grave*, that is her *womb*."

Again, in *Pericles*:

"For he's their *parent*, and he is their *grave*."

So alſo, Milton:

"The *womb* of nature, and perhaps her *grave*." MALONE.

2 —*that affable familiar ghoſt*
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence;] Alluding perhaps to the celebrated Dr. Dee's pretended intercourſe with an angel, and other familiar ſpirits. STEEVENS.

As victors, of my silence cannot boast;
I was not sick of any fear from thence:
But when your countenance fil'd up his line [3],
Then lack'd I matter; that enfeebled mine.

LXXXVII.

Farewel! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate [4].
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again, on better judgment making.
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
In sleep a king [5], but waking, no such matter.

LXXXVIII.

When thou shalt be disposed to set me light,
And place my merit in the eye of Scorn [6],
Upon thy side against myself I'll fight,
And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn.
With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
Upon thy part I can set down a story

3 —fil'd *up his line*,] i. e. polish'd it. So, in Ben Jonson's Verses on Shakspeare:

"In his well-torned and true-*filed* lines." STEEVENS.

4 —*determinate*.] i. e. determined, ended, out of date. See Vol. V. p. 403, n. 1. MALONE.

5 *In sleep a king*,—] Thus, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"—I *dreamt*, &c.

"That I reviv'd, and was an *emperor*." STEEVENS

And place my merit in the eye of Scorn,] Our authour has again personified *Scorn* in *Othello*:

"A fixed figure, for the time of *Scorn*

"To point his slow unmoving *finger* at." MALONE.

Of

Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted[7];
That thou, in loſing me, ſhalt win much glory:
And I by this will be a gainer too;
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
The injuries that to myſelf I do,
Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.
Such is my love, to thee I ſo belong,
That for thy right myſelf will bear all wrong.

LXXXIX.

Say that thou didſt forſake me for ſome fault,
And I will comment upon that offence:
Speak of my lameneſs[8], and I ſtraight will halt;
Againſt thy reaſons making no defence.
Thou canſt not, love, diſgrace me half ſo ill,
To ſet a form upon deſired change,
As I'll myſelf diſgrace: knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance ſtrangle[9], and look ſtrange;

7 —*I can ſet down a ſtory*
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted;] So, in *Hamlet*: "—but yet I could accuſe me of ſuch things, that it were better my mother had not borne me." STEEVENS.

8 *Speak of my lameneſs*, &c.] See p. 225, n. 5. MALONE.

9 *I will acquaintance* ſtrangle,—] I will *put an end* to our familiarity. This expreſſion is again uſed by Shakſpeare in *Twelfth Night*:
"—it is the baſeneſs of thy fear
"That makes thee *ſtrangle* thy propriety."
Again, in *K. Henry VIII.*
"—he has *ſtrangled*
"His language in his tears."
Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:
"*Strangle* ſuch thoughts as theſe with any thing,
"That you behold the while."
Again, more appoſitely in *Antony and Cleopatra*: "You ſhall find the band that ſeems to tie their friendſhip together, ſhall be the very *ſtrangler* of their *amity*." So alſo Daniel, in his *Cleopatra*, 1594:
"Rocks *ſtrangle* up thy waves,
"Stop cataracts thy fall!" MALONE.
This uncouth phraſe ſeems to have been a favourite with Shakſpeare, who uſes it again in *Macbeth*:
"—night *ſtrangles* the travelling lamp." STEEVENS.

Be abſent from thy walks[1]; and in my tongue
Thy ſweet-beloved name no more ſhall dwell;
Leſt I (too much profane) ſhould do it wrong,
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.
For thee, againſt myſelf I'll vow debate,
For I muſt ne'er love him whom thou doſt hate.

XC.

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;
Now while the world is bent my deeds to croſs,
Join with the ſpite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-loſs:
Ah! do not, when my heart hath ſcap'd this ſorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe[2];
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me laſt,
When other petty griefs have done their ſpite,
But in the onſet come; ſo ſhall I taſte
At firſt the very worſt of fortune's might;
And other ſtrains of woe, which now ſeem woe,
Compar'd with loſs of thee, will not ſeem ſo.

XCI.

Some glory in their birth, ſome in their ſkill,
Some in their wealth, ſome in their body's force;
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill,
Some in their hawks and hounds, ſome in their horſe;
And every humour hath his adjunct pleaſure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the reſt;
But theſe particulars are not my meaſure,
All theſe I better in one general beſt.

[1] *Be abſent from thy* walks;] So, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream*:
"Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
"Hop in his *walks*." MALONE.

[2] *Come in the* rearward *of a conquered woe*;] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
"But with a *rearward* following Tybalt's death," &c. STEEV.
Again, in *Much Ado about Nothing*:
"And in the *rearward* of reproaches," &c.
Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II. "He *came* ever in the *rearward* of the faſhion." MALONE.

Thy

Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' coſt[3],
Of more delight than hawks or horſes be;
And having thee, of all men's pride I boaſt.
Wretched in this alone, that thou may'ſt take
All this away, and me moſt wretched make.

XCII.

But do thy worſt to ſteal thyſelf away,
For term of life thou art aſſured mine;
And life no longer than thy love will ſtay,
For it depends upon that love of thine.
Then need I not to fear the worſt of wrongs,
When in the leaſt of them my life hath end.
I ſee a better ſtate to me belongs
Than that which on thy humour doth depend:
Thou canſt not vex me with inconſtant mind,
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.
O, what a happy title do I find,
Happy to have thy love, happy to die!
But what's ſo bleſſed-fair that fears no blot?
Thou may'ſt be falſe, and yet I know it not:

XCIII.

So ſhall I live, ſuppoſing thou art true,
Like a deceived huſband[4]; ſo love's face

May

3 *Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' coſt,*] So, in *Cymbeline:*
" Richer than doing nothing for a babe;
" Prouder than ruſtling in unpaid-for ſilk." STEEVENS.

4 *So ſhall I live, ſuppoſing thou art true,*
Like a deceived huſband;—] Mr. Oldys obſerves in one of his manuſcripts, that this and the preceding Sonnet "*ſeem to have been addreſſed by Shakſpeare to his* beautiful *wife on ſome ſuſpicion of her infidelity.*" He muſt have read our author's poems with but little attention; otherwiſe he would have ſeen that theſe, as well as the preceding Sonnets, and many of thoſe that follow, are not addreſſed to a female. I do not know whether this antiquary had any other authority than his miſapprehenſion concerning theſe lines for the epithet by which he has deſcribed our great poet's wife. He had made very large

May ſtill ſeem love to me, though alter'd-new;
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place:

For

large collections for a life of our authour, and perhaps in the courſe of his reſearches had learned this particular. However this may have been, the other part of his conjecture (that Shakſpeare was jealous of her) may perhaps be thought to derive ſome probability from the following circumſtances; at leaſt, when connected with the well known ſtory of the Oxford vintner's wife, they give ſome room to ſuppoſe that he was not very ſtrongly attached to her. It is obſervable, that his daughter, and not his wife, is his executor; and in his will he bequeaths the latter only an old piece of furniture; nor did he even think of her till the whole was finiſhed, *the clauſe relating to her being an interlineation*. What proviſion was made for her by ſettlement, does not appear. It may likewiſe be remarked, that jealouſy is the principal hinge of *four* of his plays; and in his great performance *(Othello)* ſome of the paſſages are written with ſuch exquiſite feeling, as might lead us to ſuſpect that the authour, at ſome period of his life, had himſelf been *perplexed* with doubts, though not perhaps *in the extreme*.

By the ſame mode of reaſoning, it may be ſaid, he might be proved to have ſtabbed his friend, or to have had a *thankleſs* child; becauſe he has ſo admirably deſcribed the horrour conſequent on murder, and the effects of filial ingratitude, in *Macbeth*, and *K. Lear*. He could indeed aſſume all ſhapes; and therefore it muſt be acknowledged that the preſent hypotheſis is built on an uncertain foundation. All I mean to ſay is, that he appears to me to have written more immediately *from the heart* on the ſubject of jealouſy, than on any other; and it is therefore not improbable he might have felt it. The whole is mere conjecture. MALONE.

As all that is known with any degree of certainty concerning Shakſpeare, is—*that he was born at Stratford upon Avon,—married and had children there,—went to London, where he commenced actor, and wrote poems and plays,—returned to Stratford, made his will, died, and was buried,*—I muſt confeſs my readineſs to combat every unfounded ſuppoſition reſpecting the particular occurrences of his life.

The miſapprehenſion of Oldys may be naturally accounted for, and will appear venial to thoſe who examine the two Sonnets before us. From the complaints of *inconſtancy*, and the praiſes of *beauty*, contained in them, they ſhould ſeem at firſt ſight to be addreſſed by an inamorato to a miſtreſs. Had our antiquarian informed himſelf of the tendency of ſuch pieces as precede and follow, he could not have failed to diſcover his miſtake.

Whether the wife of our author was beautiful, or otherwiſe, was a circumſtance beyond the inveſtigation of Oldys, whoſe collections for his life I have peruſed; yet ſurely it was natural to impute charms to one who could engage and fix the heart of a young man of ſuch uncommon elegance of fancy.

That

For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.

In

That our poet was jealous of this lady, is likewiſe an unwarantable conjecture. Having, in times of health and proſperity, provided for her by ſettlement, (or knowing that her father had already done ſo) he bequeathed to her at his death, not merely *an old piece of furniture*, but perhaps, as a mark of peculiar tenderneſs,

" The very bed that on his bridal night
" Receiv'd him to the arms of Belvidera."

His momentary forgetfulneſs as to this matter, muſt be imputed to diſeaſe. He has many times given ſupport to the ſentiments of others, let him ſpeak for once in his own defence:

" Infirmity doth ſtill neglect all office
" Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourſelves
" When nature, being oppreſs'd, commands the mind
" To ſuffer with the body."

Mr. Malone therefore ceaſes to argue with his uſual candour, when he

" —takes the indiſpos'd and ſickly fit
" For the ſound man."

The *perfect health* mentioned in the will, (on which Mr. Malone relies in a ſubſequent note) was introduced as a thing of courſe by the attorney who drew it up; and perhaps our author was not ſufficiently recovered during the remaining two months of his life to attempt any alterations in this his laſt work. It was alſo natural for Shakſpeare to have choſen his daughter and not his wife for an executrix, becauſe the latter, for reaſons already given, was the leaſt intereſted of the two in the care of his effects.

That Shakſpeare has written with his utmoſt power on the ſubject of jealouſy, is no proof that he had ever felt it. Becauſe he has, with equal vigour, expreſſed the varied averſions of Apemantus and Timon to the world, does it follow that he himſelf was a Cynic, or a wretch deſerted by his friends? Becauſe he has, with proportionable ſtrength of pencil, repreſented the vindictive cruelty of Shylock, are we to ſuppoſe he copied from a fiend-like original in his own boſom?

Let me add (reſpecting the four plays alluded to by Mr. Malone,) that in *Cymbeline* jealouſy is merely incidental. In the *Winter's Tale*, and the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, the folly of it is ſtudiouſly expoſed. *Othello* alone is wholly built on the fatal conſequences of that deſtructive paſſion. Surely we cannot wonder that our author ſhould have laviſhed his warmeſt colouring on a commotion of mind the moſt vehement of all others; or that he ſhould have written with ſenſibility on a ſubject with which every man who loves is in ſome degree acquainted. Beſides, of different pieces by the ſame hand, one will prove the moſt highly wrought, though ſufficient reaſons cannot be aſſigned to account for its ſuperiority.

No argument, however, in my opinion, is more fallacious than that which

In many's looks the falſe heart's hiſtory
Is writ [5], in moods and frowns and wrinkles ſtrange;
But heaven in thy creation did decree,
That in thy face ſweet love ſhould ever dwell;
Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
Thy looks ſhould nothing thence but ſweetneſs tell.
How

which imputes the ſucceſs of a poet to his intereſt in his ſubject. Accuracy of deſcription can be expected only from a mind at reſt. It is the unruffled lake that is a faithful mirror. STEEVENS.

Every authour who writes on a variety of topicks, will have ſometimes occaſion to deſcribe what he has himſelf felt. To attribute to our great poet (to whoſe amiable manners all his contemporaries bear teſtimony,) the moroſeneſs of a cynick, or the depravity of a murderer, would be to form an idea of him contradicted by the whole tenour of his character, and unſupported by any kind of evidence: but to ſuppoſe him to have felt a paſſion which it is ſaid "moſt men who ever loved have in ſome degree experienced," does not appear to me a very wild or extravagant conjecture.—Let it alſo be remembered, that he has not exhibited *four* Shylocks, nor *four* Timons, but *one* only of each of thoſe characters.

Our authour's forgetfulneſs of his wife, from whatever cauſe it aroſe, cannot well be imputed to the *indiſpoſed and ſickly fit*; for, from an imperfect erafure in his will (which I have ſeen) it appears to have been written (though not executed) *two* months before his death; and in the firſt paragraph he has himſelf told us that he was, at the time of making it, in *perfect health*: words, which no honeſt attorney, I believe, ever inſerted in a will, when the teſtator was notoriouſly in a contrary ſtate. Any ſpeculation on this ſubject is indeed unneceſſary; for the various regulations and proviſions of our authour's will ſhow that at the time of making it (whatever his *health* might have been,) he had the entire uſe of his *faculties*. Nor, ſuppoſing the contrary to have been the caſe, do I ſee what in the two ſucceeding months he was to recollect or to alter. His wife had not wholly eſcaped his memory; he had forgot her,—he had recollected her,—but ſo recollected her, as more ſtrongly to mark how little he eſteemed her; he had already (as it is vulgarly expreſſed) cut her off, not indeed with a ſhilling, but with an old bed.

However, I acknowledge, it does not follow, that becauſe he was inattentive to her in his will, he was therefore jealous of her. He might not have loved her; and perhaps ſhe might not have deſerved his affection.

This note having already been extended to too great a length, I ſhall only add, that I muſt ſtill think that a poet's intimate knowledge of the paſſions and manners which he deſcribes, will generally be of uſe to him;

How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy ſweet virtue anſwer not thy ſhow!

XCIV.

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the thing they moſt do ſhow,
Who, moving others, are themſelves as ſtone,
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation ſlow;
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,
And huſband nature's riches from expence;
They are the lords and owners of their faces[6],
Others but ſtewards of their excellence.
The ſummer's flower is to the ſummer ſweet,
Though to itſelf it only live and die;
But if that flower with baſe infection meet,
The baſeſt weed out-braves his dignity:
For ſweeteſt things turn ſoureſt by their deeds;
Lilies that feſter, ſmell far worſe than weeds[7].

XCV.

How ſweet and lovely doſt thou make the ſhame,
Which, like a canker in the fragrant roſe,

him; and that in ſome *few* caſes experience will give a warmth to his colouring, that mere obſervation may not ſupply. No man, I believe, who had not felt the magick power of beauty, ever compoſed love-verſes that were worth reading. Who (to uſe nearly our authour's words,)

"In leaden contemplation *e'er* found out
"Such firy numbers as the prompting eyes
"Of beauteous tutors have enrich'd *men* with?"

That in order to produce any ſucceſsful compoſition, the mind muſt be at eaſe, is, I conceive, an incontrovertible truth. It has not been ſuggeſted that Shakſpeare wrote on the ſubject of jealouſy during the paroxyſm of the fit. MALONE.

[5] *In many's looks the falſe heart's hiſtory*
Is writ,] In *Macbeth* a contrary ſentiment is aſſerted:
"—There is *no* art
"To find the mind's conſtruction in the face." MALONE.
In many's looks, &c.] Thus, in Gray's *Church-yard Elegy:*
"And read their *hiſtory in a nation's eyes.*" STEEVENS.

[6] *They are the* lords *and owners* of their faces,] So, in *K. John:*
"*Lord of thy preſence,* and no land beſide." MALONE.

[7] *Lilies that feſter, ſmell far worſe than weeds.*] This line is likewiſe found in the anonymous play of *K. Edward III.* 1596. STEEV.

Doth

Doth ſpot the beauty of thy budding name?
O, in what ſweets doſt thou thy ſins encloſe!
That tongue that tells the ſtory of thy days,
Making laſcivious comments on thy ſport,
Cannot diſpraiſe but in a kind of praiſe;
Naming thy name bleſſes an ill report[8].
O, what a manſion have thoſe vices got,
Which for their habitation choſe out thee?
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
And all things turn to fair, that eyes can ſee!
Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;
The hardeſt knife ill-us'd doth loſe his edge.

XCVI.

Some ſay, thy fault is youth, ſome wantonneſs;
Some ſay, thy grace is youth, and gentle ſport;
Both grace and faults are lov'd of more and leſs[9]:
Thou mak'ſt faults graces that to thee reſort.
As on the finger of a throned queen
The baſeſt jewel will be well eſteem'd;
So are thoſe errors that in thee are ſeen,
To truths tranſlated, and for true things deem'd.
How many lambs might the ſtern wolf betray,
If like a lamb he could his looks tranſlate[1]!
How many gazers might'ſt thou lead away,
If thou would'ſt uſe the ſtrength of all thy ſtate!

[8] *Naming thy name* bleſſes *an ill report.*] The ſame ideas offer in the ſpeech of Ænobarbus to Agrippa in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" ——For vileſt things
" Become themſelves in her; that the holy prieſts
" *Bleſs* her when ſhe is riggiſh." STEEVENS.

[9] *Both grace and faults are lov'd of* more and leſs:] By great and ſmall. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:

" The *more and leſs* came in," &c. MALONE.

[1] *If like a lamb he could his looks* tranſlate!] If he could change his natural look, and aſſume the innocent viſage of the lamb. So, in *Timon of Athens:*

" —to preſent ſlaves and ſervants
" *Tranſlates* his rivals." MALONE.

But

But do not ſo; I love thee in ſuch ſort [2],
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XCVII.

How like a winter hath my abſence been [3]
From thee, the pleaſure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days ſeen?
What old December's bareneſs every where!
And yet this time remov'd [4] was ſummer's time;
The teeming autumn, big with rich increaſe,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime [5],
Like widow'd wombs after their lords' deceaſe:
Yet this abundant iſſue ſeem'd to me
But hope of orphans, and unfather'd fruit;
For ſummer and his pleaſures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute;
Or, if they ſing, 'tis with ſo dull a cheer,
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

XCVIII.

From you have I been abſent in the ſpring,
When proud-pied April, dreſs'd in all his trim,

[2] *But do not ſo: I love thee in ſuch ſort*, &c. This is likewiſe the concluding couplet of the 36th Sonnet. MALONE.

[3] *How like a winter hath my abſence been*, &c.] In this and the two following Sonnets the pencil of Shakſpeare is very diſcernible. MALONE.

[4] *And yet this time* remov'd!—] This time in which I was *remote* or abſent from thee. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

" He ever lov'd the life *remov'd*."

Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:

" ——nor did he think it meet
" To lay ſo dangerous and dear a truſt
" On any ſoul *remov'd*." MALONE.

[5] *The* teeming autumn, *big with rich* increaſe,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,] So, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream*:

" ——The *ſpring*, the ſummer,
" The *childing autumn*, angry winter, change
" Their wonted livries; and the 'mazed world
" By their *increaſe* now knows not which is which."

The *prime* is the ſpring. *Increaſe* is the produce of the earth. See Vol. II. p. 467, n. 8. MALONE.

Hath

Hath put a ſpirit of youth in every thing [6];
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds [7], nor the ſweet ſmell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any ſummer's ſtory tell [8],
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew [9];
Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,
Nor praiſe the deep vermilion in the roſe;
They were but ſweet, but figures of delight [1],
Drawn after you; you pattern of all thoſe.

Yet

6 ——*in the ſpring,*
When proud-pied April, *dreſs'd in all his trim,*
Hath put a ſpirit of youth *in every thing*;] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
" Such comfort as do luſty *young men* feel
" When *well-apparel'd April* on the heel
" Of limping winter treads." MALONE.

7 *Yet not the lays of birds*, &c.] So Milton, *Par. Loſt*, Book IV.
" Sweet is the breath of morn, her riſing ſweet,
" With charm of earlieſt birds,—
" But neither breath of morn, when ſhe aſcends," &c. MALONE.

8 *Could make me any* ſummer's ſtory *tell*,] By a *ſummer's ſtory* Shakſpeare ſeems to have meant ſome *gay fiction*. Thus, his comedy founded on the adventures of the king and queen of the fairies, he calls *A* Midſummer *Night's Dream*. On the other hand, in *The Winter's Tale* he tells us, " a *ſad tale's* beſt for *winter*." So alſo, in *Cymbeline*:
" —if it be *ſummer* news,
" Smile to it before: if winterly, thou need'ſt
" But keep that countenance ſtill." MALONE.

9 *Or from their proud* lap *pluck them where they grew*:] So, in *King Richard II*:
" ——Who are the violets now—
" That ſtrew the green *lap* of the new-come *ſpring*?"
MALONE.

1 *They were* but *ſweet, but figures of delight*,] What more could be expected from flowers than that they ſhould be *ſweet*? To gratify the ſmell is their higheſt praiſe. I ſuſpect the compoſitor caught the word *but* from a ſubſequent part of the line, and would read:
They were, *my* ſweet, but figures of delight,—.
So, in the 109th *Sonnet*:
" Save thou, *my roſe*; in it thou art my all." MALONE.
The old reading is ſurely the true one. The poet refuſes to enlarge on the beauty of the flowers, declaring that they are *only* ſweet, *only* delightful, ſo far as they reſemble his friend. STEEVENS.

Nearly

Yet ſeem'd it winter ſtill, and, you away,
As with your ſhadow I with theſe did play:

XCIX.

The forward violet thus did I chide;—
Sweet thief, whence didſt thou ſteal thy ſweet that ſmells,
If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
Which on thy ſoft cheek for complexion dwells,
In my love's veins thou haſt too groſsly dy'd.
The lily I condemned for thy hand[2],
And buds of marjoram had ſtolen thy hair:
The roſes fearfully on thorns did ſtand,
One bluſhing ſhame, another white deſpair[3];
A third, nor red nor white, had ſtolen of both,
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath;
But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death[4].
More flowers I noted, yet I none could ſee,
But ſweet or colour it had ſtolen from thee.

Nearly this meaning the lines, after the emendation propoſed, will ſtill ſupply. In the preceding couplet the *colour*, not the *ſweetneſs*, of the flowers is mentioned; and in the ſubſequent line the words *drawn* and *pattern* relate only to their external appearance. MALONE.

[2] *The lily I condemned* for *thy hand*,] I condemned the lily for preſuming to emulate the whiteneſs of thy hand. MALONE.

[3] One *bluſhing ſhame, another white deſpair*;] The old copy reads:

Our bluſhing ſhame, another white deſpair.

Our was evidently a miſprint. MALONE.

All this conceit about the colour of the roſes is repeated again in *K. Henry VI.* P. I:

" —Your cheeks do counterfeit our roſes,
" For pale they look with fear,
" ——thy cheeks
" Bluſh for pure ſhame, to counterfeit our roſes." STEEVENS.

[4] *A vengeful* canker eat *him* up *to* death.] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" Full ſoon the *canker death eats up* that plant."

Again, in *Venus and Adonis*:

" This *canker*, that *eats up* love's tender ſpring." MALONE.

C.

Where art thou, Muſe, that thou forget'ſt ſo long
To ſpeak of that which gives thee all thy might?
Spend'ſt thou thy fury on ſome worthleſs ſong,
Darkening thy power, to lend baſe ſubjects light?
Return, forgetful Muſe, and ſtraight redeem
In gentle numbers time ſo idly ſpent;
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays eſteem,
And gives thy pen both ſkill and argument.
Riſe, reſtive Muſe, my love's ſweet face ſurvey,
If Time have any wrinkle graven there;
If any, be a ſatire to decay,
And make Time's ſpoils deſpiſed every where.
Give my love fame faſter than Time waſtes life;
So thou prevent'ſt his ſcythe[5], and crooked knife.

CI.

O truant Muſe, what ſhall be thy amends,
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dy'd?
Both truth and beauty on my love depends;
So doſt thou too, and therein dignify'd.
Make anſwer, Muſe: wilt thou not haply ſay,
Truth needs no colour, with his colour fix'd;
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;
But beſt is beſt, if never intermix'd?
Becauſe he needs no praiſe, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuſe not ſilence ſo; for it lies in thee
To make him much out-live a gilded tomb,
And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.
Then do thy office, Muſe; I teach thee how
To make him ſeem long hence as he ſhows now.

CII.

My love is ſtrengthen'd, though more weak in ſeeming;
I love not leſs, though leſs the ſhow appear:

[5] *So thou* prevent'ſt *his ſcythe*, &c.] i. e. ſo by anticipation thou hindereſt the deſtructive effects of his weapons. STEEVENS.

That

That love is merchandiz'd[6], whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish every where[7].
Our love was new[8], and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing[9],
And stops his pipe in growth of riper days;
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
But that wild musick burdens every bough[1],
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight[2].

6 *That love is* merchandiz'd,—] This expression may serve to support the old reading of a passage in *Macbeth*:

" —the feast is *sold*
" That is not often vouch'd," &c.

where Pope would read *cold*. MALONE.

7 *That love is merchandiz'd, whose rich esteeming*
The owner's tongue doth publish every where.] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

" ——my beauty, though but mean,
" Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:
" *Beauty* is bought by judgment of the eye,
" Not utter'd by base *sale of chapmen's tongues*." C.

8 *Our* love *was new*,] See p. 220, n. 8. MALONE.

9 *As Philomel in* summer's front *doth* sing,] In the begining of summer. So, in *Othello*:

" The very head and *front* of my offending
" Hath this extent."

Again, more appositely, in *the Winter's Tale*:

" —no shepherdess, but Flora,
" Peering in *April's front*."

Again, in *Coriolanus*: " —one that converses more with the buttock of the night than *the forehead of the morning*." We meet with a kindred expression in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:

" —thou art a summer bird,
" Which ever in the *haunch of winter sings*
" The lifting up of day." MALONE.

1 *Not that the summer is less pleasant now*
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
But that wild musick burdens every bough,] So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

" The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
" When every goose is cackling, would be thought
" No better a musician than the wren." C.

2 —*their* dear *delight*.] This epithet has been adopted by Pope:

" Peace is my *dear delight*, not Fleury's more." MALONE.

Therefore, like her, I ſometime hold my tongue,
Becauſe I would not dull you with my ſong.

CIII.

Alack! what poverty my muſe brings forth,
That having ſuch a ſcope to ſhow her pride,
The argument, all bare, is of more worth,
Than when it hath my added praiſe beſide.
O, blame me not, if I no more can write!
Look in your glaſs, and there appears a face,
That over-goes my blunt invention quite [3],
Dulling my lines, and doing me diſgrace.
Were it not ſinful then, ſtriving to mend,
To mar the ſubject that before was well [4]?
For to no other paſs my verſes tend,
Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;
And more, much more, than in my verſe can ſit,
Your own glaſs ſhows you, when you look in it.

CIV.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were, when firſt your eye I ey'd,
Such ſeems your beauty ſtill. Three winters cold
Have from the foreſts ſhook three ſummers' pride [5];

3 ——*a face,*
That over-goes *my blunt invention quite,*] So, in *Othello*:
" ——a maid,
" One that excells the quirks of blazoning pens."
Again, in *The Tempeſt*:
" For thou wilt find ſhe will *out-ſtrip* all praiſe,
" And make it halt behind her." STEEVENS.
Again, in *the Winter's Tale*: " I never heard of ſuch another encounter, which *lames report to follow it*, and undoes deſcription to do it." MALONE.

4 ——*ſtriving to mend,*
To mar the ſubject that before was well?] So, in *K. John*:
" When workmen ſtrive to do better than well,
" They do confound their ſkill." STEEVENS.
Again, more appoſitely, in *King Lear*:
" Striving to better, oft we mar what's well." MALONE.

5 *Have from the foreſts ſhook* three ſummers' pride,] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
" Let two more *ſummers* wither in *their pride*." STEEVENS.

Three

Three beauteous ſprings to yellow autumn turn'd[6],
In proceſs of the ſeaſons have I ſeen;
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
Since firſt I ſaw you freſh, which yet are green.
Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceiv'd[7];
So your ſweet hue, which methinks ſtill doth ſtand,
Hath motion[8], and mine eye may be deceiv'd:
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,—
Ere you were born, was beauty's ſummer dead.

CV.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,
Nor my beloved as an idol ſhow,
Since all alike my ſongs and praiſes be,
To one, of one, ſtill ſuch, and ever ſo.
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still conſtant in a wondrous excellence;
Therefore my verſe to conſtancy confin'd,
One thing expreſſing, leaves out difference.
Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,
Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words;
And in this change is my invention ſpent,
Three themes in one, which wondrous ſcope affords.
Fair, kind, and true, have often liv'd alone,
Which three, till now, never kept ſeat in one.

6 *Three beauteous* ſprings *to* yellow autumn *turn'd,*] So, in *Macbeth*:
" ——my way of life
" Is fallen into the ſear, the *yellow leaf.*" MALONE.

7 *Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,*
Steal *from his figure, and* no pace perceiv'd;] So, before:
" Thou by thy dial's ſhady *ſtealth* may know
" Time's thieviſh progreſs to eternity."
Again, in *K. Richard III:*
" —mellow'd by the *ſtealing* hours of *time.*" MALONE.

8 *So your ſweet hue, which methinks* ſtill doth ſtand,
Hath motion,—] So, in *The Winter's Tale:*
" The *fixure* of her eye hath *motion* in it." MALONE.
Again, in *Othello:*
" ——for the *time* of ſcorn
" To point his *ſlow, unmoving* finger at." STEEVENS.

CVI.

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,
In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights,
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow[9],
I see their antique pen would have express'd
Even such a beauty as you master now[1].
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing[2]:
For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

CVII.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetick soul[3]
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd[4],
And the sad augurs mock their own presage[5];

9 *Then, in the* blazon *of sweet beauty's best,*
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,] So, in *Twelfth Night*:
" Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, &c.
" Do give thee five-fold *blazon.*" STEEVENS.

1 —*such a beauty as you* master *now.*] So, in *K. Henry V:*
" Between the promise of his greener days,
" And those he *masters* now." STEEVENS.

2 *They had not* skill *enough your worth to sing:*] The old copy has: They had not *still* enough. For the present emendation the reader is indebted to Mr. Tyrwhitt. MALONE.

3 —*the* prophetick soul—] So, in *Hamlet:*
" Oh my *prophetick soul!* mine uncle." STEEVENS.

4 *The* mortal moon *hath her* eclipse *endur'd,*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*
" Alas, our *terrene moon* is now *eclips'd!*" STEEVENS.

5 *And the sad augurs* mock *their own presage,*] I suppose he means that they *laugh* at the futility of their own predictions. STEEVENS.

Incertainties

Incertainties now crown themſelves aſſur'd,
And peace proclaims olives of endleſs age.
Now with the drops of this moſt balmy time
My love looks freſh, and death to me ſubſcribes,
Since, ſpite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,
While he inſults o'er dull and ſpeechleſs tribes[6]:
And thou in this ſhalt find thy monument,
When tyrant's creſts and tombs of braſs are ſpent.

CVIII.

What's in the brain that ink may character,
Which hath not figur'd to thee my true ſpirit?
What's new to ſpeak, what new to regiſter[7],
That may expreſs my love, or thy dear merit?
Nothing, ſweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,
I muſt each day ſay o'er the very ſame;
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
Even as when firſt I hallow'd thy fair name.
So that eternal love in love's freſh caſe[8]
Weighs not the duſt and injury of age[9],
Nor gives to neceſſary wrinkles place,
But makes antiquity for aye his page;
Finding the firſt conceit of love there bred,
Where time and outward form would ſhow it dead.

[6] —*and death to me* ſubſcribes,
Since, ſpite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,
While he inſults o'er dull and ſpeechleſs tribes:] To *ſubſcribe*, is to acknowledge as a ſuperior; to obey. So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:
" For Hector in his blaze of wrath *ſubſcribes*
" To tender objects." MALONE.
So, in Dr. Young's *Buſiris*:
" Like *death*, a ſolitary king I'll reign,
" *O'er ſilent ſubjects* and a deſert plain." STEEVENS.

[7] —*what* new *to regiſter*,] The quarto is here manifeſtly erroneous. It reads:
——what *now* to regiſter. MALONE.

[8] —*in love's freſh* caſe,] By the *caſe* of *love* the poet means his own compoſitions. MALONE.

[9] Weighs *not the duſt*, &c.] A paſſage in *Love's Labour's Loſt* will at once exemplify and explain this phraſe:
" You *weigh* me not,—O, that's you *care not for me*." STEEV.

CIX.

O, never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify.
As easy might I from myself depart,
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie[1]:
That is my home of love: if I have rang'd,
Like him that travels, I return again[2];
Just to the time, not with the time exchang'd,—
So that myself bring water for my stain.
Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood[3],
That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;
For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

CX.

Alas, 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view[4];
Gor'd mine own thoughts[5], sold cheap what is most dear,
Made old offences of affections new;

[1] *As from my* soul, *which* in thy breast doth lie:] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

"Hence ever then *my heart is in thy breast.*"

See also *Venus and Adonis*, p. 40, n. 4. MALONE.

[2] *That is* my home *of love; if I have rang'd,*
Like him that travels, I return *again*;] Thus, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

"My heart with her but as guest-wise sojourn'd,
"And now to Helen it is *home return'd.*"

So also, Prior:

"No matter what beauties I saw in my way,
"They were but my visits, but thou art my *home.*" MALONE.

[3] *All frailties that* besiege *all kinds of blood,*] So, in *Timon of Athens*;

"——Nature,
"To whom all sores lay *siege.*" STEEVENS.

[4] *And made myself a* motley *to the view,*] Appeared like a fool; (of whom the dress was formerly a *motley* coat.) MALONE.

[5] Gor'd *mine own thoughts,*—] I know not whether this be a quaintness, or a corruption. STEEVENS.

Most

Moſt true it is, that I have look'd on truth
Aſkance and ſtrangely; but, by all above,
Theſe blenches gave my heart another youth[6],
And worſe eſſays prov'd thee my beſt of love.
Now all is done, ſave what ſhall have no end[7]:
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A God in love, to whom I am confin'd.
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the beſt,
Even to thy pure and moſt moſt loving breaſt.

CXI.

O, for my ſake do you with fortune chide[8],
The guilty goddeſs of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than publick means, which publick manners breeds[9].
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand;
And almoſt thence my nature is ſubdu'd
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand:
Pity me then, and wiſh I were renew'd;

The text is probably not corrupt, for our authour has employed the ſame word in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"My fame is ſhrewdly *gor'd*."

The meaning ſeems to be, I have *wounded* my own thoughts; I have acted contrary to what I knew to be right. MALONE.

6 *Theſe* blenches *gave my heart another youth*,] Theſe ſtarts or aberrations from rectitude. So, in *Hamlet*:

"—I'll obſerve his looks;
"I'll tent him to the quick; if he but *blench*,
"I know my courſe." MALONE.

7 *Now all is done, ſave what ſhall have no end*:] The old copy reads —*have* what ſhall have, &c. This appearing to me unintelligible, I have adopted a conjectural reading ſuggeſted by Mr. Tyrrwhitt. MALONE.

8 *O, for my ſake do you* with *fortune chide*,] The quarto is here evidently corrupt. It reads—*wiſh* fortune chide. MALONE.

To *chide with* fortune is to quarrel with it. So, in *Othello*:

"The buſineſs of the ſtate does him offence,
"And he does *chide with* you." STEEVENS.

9 *Than publick means, which publick manners breeds.*] The authour ſeems here to lament his being reduced to the neceſſity of appearing on the ſtage, or writing for the theatre. MALONE.

Whilſt

Whilſt, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eyſell, 'gainſt my ſtrong infection[1];
No bitterneſs that I will bitter think,
Nor double pennance, to correct correction.
Pity me then, dear friend, and I aſſure ye,
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

CXII.

Your love and pity doth the impreſſion fill
Which vulgar ſcandal ſtamp'd upon my brow;
For what care I who calls me well or ill,
So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow[2]?
You are my all-the-world, and I muſt ſtrive
To know my ſhames and praiſes from your tongue;
None elſe to me, nor I to none alive,
That my ſteel'd ſenſe or changes, right or wrong[3].

[1] *Potions of* eyſell, *'gainſt my ſtrong* infection;] *Eyſell* is vinegar. So, in *A mery Geſte of the Frere and the Boye:*

"God that dyed for us all,
"And dranke both *eyſell* and gall." STEEVENS.

Vinegar is eſteemed very efficacious in preventing the communication of the plague and other contagious diſtempers. MALONE.

[2] *For what care I who calls me well or ill,*
So you o'er-green *my bad, my good* allow?] I am indifferent to the opinion of the world, if you do but throw a friendly veil over my faults, and approve of my virtues. The alluſion ſeems to be either to the practice of covering a bare coarſe piece of ground with freſh *green-ſward*, or to that of planting ivy or jeſſamine to conceal an unſightly building.

To *allow*, in ancient language, is to *approve*. MALONE.

I would read:—o'er-*grieve* my bad,—i. e. I care not what is ſaid of me, ſo that you *compaſſionate* my failings, and approve my virtues. STEEVENS.

[3] *That my ſteel'd* ſenſe or *changes, right or wrong.*] It appears from the next line but one, that *ſenſe* is here uſed for *ſenſes*. We might better read:—*e'er* changes, right or wrong. MALONE.

None elſe to me, nor I to none alive,
That my ſteel'd ſenſe or changes, right or wrong.] The meaning of this purblind and obſcure ſtuff ſeems to be—You are the only perſon who has power to change my ſtubborn reſolution, *either* to what is right, or to what is wrong. STEEVENS.

In

In so profound abysm I throw all care [4]
Of others' voices, that my adder's sense
To critick and to flatterer stopped are [5].
Mark how with my neglect I do dispense:—
You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
That all the world besides methinks they are dead [6].

CXIII.

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind [7];
And that which governs me to go about,
Doth part his function [8], and is partly blind,
Seems seeing, but effectually is out [9]:

4 *In so profound* abysm *I throw all care*] Our author uses this word likewise in the *Tempest*, and *Antony and Cleopatra*: "—the *abysm* of time," and "—the *abysm* of hell." STEEVENS.

5 ——*that my* adder's sense

To critick *and to flatterer stopped are*:] That my ears are equally *deaf* to the *snarling censurer*, and the flattering encomiast. *Critick* for *cynick*. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

"And *critick* Timon laugh at idle toys."

Our authour again alludes to the deafness of the adder in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"—ears more *deaf* than *adders* to the voice
"Of any true decision. MALONE.

6 *That all the world besides methinks* they are *dead*.] The quarto has—That all the world besides methinks *y'are* dead.

Y'are was, I suppose, an abbreviation for *they are* or *th'are*. Such unpleasing contractions are often found in our old poets. MALONE.

The sense is this.—I pay no regard to the sentiments of mankind; and observe how I account for this my indifference. I think so much of you, that I have no leisure to be anxious about the opinions of others. I proceed as if the world, yourself excepted, were no more. STEEVENS.

7 —*mine eye is in my mind*;] We meet with the same phrase in *Hamlet*:

"In my *mind's eye*, Horatio."

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"Was left unseen, save to the *eye of mind*." MALONE.

8 *Doth* part *his function*,—] That is, *partly* performs his office. MALONE.

9 *Seems seeing, but effectually is out*:] So, in *Macbeth*:

"*Doct.* You see her eyes are open.
"*Gent.* Ay, but their sense is shut." STEEVENS

For

For it no form delivers to the heart
Of bird, of flower, or ſhape, which it doth latch [1];
Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
Nor his own viſion holds what it doth catch;
For if it ſee the rud'ſt or gentleſt ſight,
The moſt ſweet favour [2], or deformed'ſt creature,
The mountain or the ſea, the day or night,
The crow or dove, it ſhapes them to your feature:
Incapable of more, replete with you,
My moſt true mind thus maketh mine untrue [3].

CXIV.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you [4],
Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery,

Or

[1] —*which it doth* latch;] The old copy reads—it doth *lack*. The correſponding rhyme ſhews that what I have now ſubſtituted was the authour's word. To *latch* formerly ſignified to *lay hold of*. So, in *Macbeth*:

"——But I have words
"That ſhould be howl'd out in the deſert air,
"Where hearing ſhould not *latch* them."

See Vol. IV. p. 411, n. 1. MALONE.

[2] *The moſt ſweet* favour,] Favour is countenance. See Vol. II. p. 449, n. 6. MALONE.

[3] My *moſt true mind thus maketh mine* untrue.] I once ſuſpected that Shakſpeare wrote

My moſt true mind thus makes mine *eye* untrue.

Or,

Thy moſt true mind thus maketh mine untrue.

but the text is undoubtedly right. The word *untrue* is uſed as a ſubſtantive. *The ſincerity of my affection is the cauſe of my untruth*; i. e. of my not ſeeing objects truly, ſuch as they appear to the reſt of mankind. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

"Say what you can, my falſe outweighs your *true*."

Again, in *King John*:

"This little abſtract doth contain that *large*,
"That dy'd in Geffrey."

Again, in *Twelfth Night*:

"How eaſy is it for the proper *falſe*
"In women's waxen hearts to ſet their forms!"

Milton has taken the ſame liberty:

"—grace deſcending had remov'd
"The *ſtony* from their hearts." MALONE.

[4] —*being* crown'd *with you*,] So, in *Timon of Athens*:

"And

Or whether ſhall I ſay, mine eye ſaith true,
And that your love taught it this alchymy,
To make, of monſters and things indigeſt,
Such cherubins as your ſweet ſelf reſemble;
Creating every bad a perfect beſt[5],
As faſt as objects to his beams aſſemble?
O, 'tis the firſt; 'tis flattery in my ſeeing,
And my great mind moſt kingly drinks it up:
Mine eye well knows what with his guſt is 'greeing[6],
And to his palate doth prepare the cup:
If it be poiſon'd[7], tis the leſſer ſin
That mine eye loves it, and doth firſt begin.

CXV.

Thoſe lines that I before have writ, do lie,
Even thoſe that ſaid I could not love you dearer:
Yet then my judgment knew no reaſon why
My moſt full flame ſhould afterwards burn clearer.
But reckoning time, whoſe million'd accidents
Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,
Tan ſacred beauty, blunt the ſharp'ſt intents,
Divert ſtrong minds to the courſe of altering things;
Alas! why, fearing of time's tyranny,
Might I not then ſay, *now I love you beſt*,
When I was certain o'er incertainty,
Crowning the preſent, doubting of the reſt?
Love is a babe; then might I not ſay ſo,
To give full growth to that which ſtill doth grow?

" And in ſome ſort theſe wants of mine are *crown'd*,
" That I account them bleſſings." MALONE.

5 Creating *every bad a* perfect beſt,] So, in *The Tempeſt*:
" ——*creating* you
" *Of every creature's beſt*." STEEVENS.

6 —*what with* his guſt *is 'greeing*,] That is, what is pleaſing to the *taſte* of my *mind*. MALONE.

7 *If it be* poiſon'd, &c.] The alluſion here is to the taſters of princes. So, in *King John*:
" —who did *taſte* it to him?
" *Hub*. A monk whoſe bowels ſuddenly burſt out." STEEV.

CXVI. Let

CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds [8]
Admit impediments. Love is not love,
Which alters when it alteration finds [9];
Or bends, with the remover to remove:
O no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempeſts, and is never ſhaken;
It is the ſtar to every wandering bark,
Whoſe worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool [2], though roſy lips and cheeks
Within his bending ſickle's compaſs come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom [3].
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

8 —*to the* marriage *of true minds*—] To the ſympathetick union of ſouls. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, 4to, 1599:
" Examine every *married* lineament—." MALONE.

9 —*Love is not love,*
Which alters when it alteration finds; &c.] So, in *K. Lear*:
" —*Love's not love,*
" When it is mingled with regards, that ſtand
" Aloof from th' entire point." STEEVENS.

1 *O no! it is an ever-fixed mark,*
That looks on tempeſts, and is never ſhaken;] So, in *K. Hen. VIII*:
" ——though perils did
" Abound, as thick as thought could make them, and
" Appear in forms more horrid, yet my *duty*,
" *As doth the rock againſt the chiding flood*,
" *Should the approach of this wild river break*,
" *And ſtand unſhaken yours.*"
Again, in *Coriolanus*:
" Like a great *ſea-mark, ſtanding every flaw*,
" And ſaving thoſe that eye thee." MALONE.

2 *Love's not* Time's fool,—] So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:
" But thought's the ſlave of life, and life *Time's fool.*"
MALONE.

3 *But* bears it *out even* to the edge *of doom.*] So, in *All's Well that ends Well*:
" We'll ſtrive *to bear it* for your worthy ſake,
" To the extreme *edge* of hazard." MALONE.

CXVII. Ac-

CXVII.

Accuſe me thus; that I have ſcanted all
Wherein I ſhould your great deſerts repay[4];
Forgot upon your deareſt love to call,
Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day[5];
That I have frequent been with unknown minds,
And given to time your own dear-purchas'd right;
That I have hoiſted ſail to all the winds
Which ſhould tranſport me fartheſt from your ſight:
Book both my wilfulneſs and errors down,
And on juſt proof, ſurmiſe accumulate,
Bring me within the level of your frown[6],
But ſhoot not at me in your waken'd hate[7]:
Since my appeal ſays, I did ſtrive to prove
The conſtancy and virtue of your love.

CXVIII.

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,
With eager compounds[8] we our palate urge;

4 —*that I have* ſcanted *all*
Wherein I ſhould your great deſerts repay;] So, in *K. Lear*:
" Than ſhe to *ſcant* her duty." STEEVENS.

5 *Whereto all* bonds do tie *me day by day*;] So, in *K. Richard II*:
" —There is my *bond* of faith,
" To *tie* thee to my ſtrong correction."
Again, in *Macbeth*
" —to the which my *duties*
" Are with a moſt *indiſſoluble tie*
" For ever *knit*."
The expreſſion, *day by day*, was probably ſuggeſted by the *Magnificat*: " *Day by day* we magnify thee." MALONE.

6 *Bring me* within the level *of your frown*,] So, *K. Henry VIII*:
" —I ſtood *i' the level*
" Of a full-charg'd confederacy STEEVENS.
Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:
" ——the harlot king
" Is quite beyond mine arm; *out of the blank*
" *And level* of my brain." MALONE.

7 —*your* waken'd *hate*:] So, in *Othello*:
" Than anſwer my *wak'd* wrath." STEEVENS.

8 *With eager compounds*—] *Eager* is ſour, tart, poignant. *Aigre*, Fr. So, in *Hamlet*:
" Did curd like *eager* droppings into milk." STEEVENS.

As,

As, to prevent our maladies unſeen,
We ſicken to ſhun ſickneſs, when we purge;
Even ſo, being full of your ne'er-cloying ſweetneſs,
To bitter ſawces did I frame my feeding;
And, ſick of welfare, found a kind of meetneſs
To be diſeas'd, ere that there was true needing.
Thus policy in love, to anticipate
The ills that were not, grew to faults aſſur'd,
And brought to medicine a healthful ſtate,
Which, rank of goodneſs[9], would by ill be cur'd:
But thence I learn, and find the leſſon true,
Drugs poiſon him that ſo fell ſick of you.

CXIX.

What potions have I drunk of ſyren tears,
Diſtill'd from limbecks foul as hell within,
Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,
Still loſing when I ſaw myſelf to win!
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilſt it hath thought itſelf ſo bleſſed never!
How have mine eyes out of their ſpheres been fitted,
In the diſtraction of this madding fever[1]!
O benefit of ill! now I find true,
That better is by evil ſtill made better[2];

[9] —rank *of goodneſs*,—] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
"*Rank* of groſs diet." STEEVENS.

[1] *How have mine* eyes *out of their* ſpheres *been* fitted,
In the diſtraction of this madding fever!] How have mine eyes been convulſed during the frantick *fits* of my feverous love! So, in *Macbeth*:
"Then comes my *fit* again; I had elſe been perfect,
"Whole as the marble," &c.
The participle *fitted*, is not, I believe, uſed by any other authour, in the ſenſe in which it is here employed. MALONE.
We meet in *Hamlet* the ſame image as here:
"Make thy two *eyes*, like ſtars, *ſtart from their ſpheres*."
STEEVENS.

[2] *O benefit of ill! now I find true,*
That better is by evil ſtill made better;] So, in *As you Like it*:
"Sweet are the uſes of adverſity." STEEVENS.

And

And ruin'd love, when it is built anew [3],
Grows fairer than at firſt, more ſtrong, far greater.
So I return rebuk'd to my content,
And gain by ill thrice more than I have ſpent.

CXX.

That you were once unkind, befriends me now,
And for that ſorrow, which I then did feel,
Needs muſt I under my tranſgreſſion bow,
Unleſs my nerves were braſs or hammer'd ſteel.
For if you were by my unkindneſs ſhaken,
As I by yours, you have paſs'd a hell of time [4];
And I, a tyrant, have no leiſure taken
To weigh how once I ſuffer'd in your crime.
O that our night of woe might have remember'd [5]
My deepeſt ſenſe, how hard true ſorrow hits;
And ſoon to you, as you to me, then tender'd
The humble ſalve which wounded boſoms fits!

[3] *And* ruin'd love, *when it is* built *anew*,] So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"Shall *love* in *building* grow ſo *ruinate*?"

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"———moſt noble Antony,
"Let not the piece of virtue which is ſet
"Betwixt us, as the *cement* of our love,
"To keep it *builded*, be the ram, to batter
"The fortreſs of it."

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"But the ſtrong baſe and *building* of my *love*
"Is as the very center to the earth,
"Drawing all things to it." MALONE.

[4] —*you have paſs'd a* hell of time;] So, in *Othello*:

"But oh, what *damned minutes* tells he o'er,
"Who dotes, yet doubts, ſuſpects, yet ſtrongly loves!"

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"And that deep torture may be call'd a *hell*,
"Where more is felt than one hath power to tell." MALONE.

Again, in *King Richard III*:

"———*for a ſeaſon after*,
"Could not believe but that *I was in hell*." STEEVENS.

[5] —*might have* remember'd—] That is, might have *reminded*. So, in *King Richard II*:

"It doth *remember me* the more of ſorrow." MALONE.

But that your treſpaſs now becomes a fee;
Mine ranſoms yours, and yours muſt ranſom me.

CXXI.

'Tis better to be vile, than vile eſteem'd,
When not to be receives reproach of being;
And the juſt pleaſure loſt, which is ſo deem'd
Not by our feeling, but by others' ſeeing.
For why ſhould others' falſe adulterate eyes
Give ſalutation to my ſportive blood?
Or on my frailties why are frailer ſpies,
Which in their wills count bad what I think good?
No,—I am that I am[6]; and they that level
At my abuſes, reckon up their own:
I may be ſtraight, though they themſelves be bevel[7];
By their rank thoughts my deeds muſt not be ſhown;
Unleſs this general evil they maintain,—
All men are bad, and in their badneſs reign.

CXXII.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
Full character'd with laſting memory[8],
Which ſhall above that idle rank remain,
Beyond all date, even to eternity:

[6] —*I am that I am*:—] So, in *K. Richard III:*
" —I am myſelf alone." STEEVENS.

[7] —*bevel*;] i. e. crooked; a term uſed only, I believe, by maſons and joiners. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*within my* brain
Full character'd *with laſting* memory,] So, in *Hamlet:*
" ——from the *table of my memory*
" I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,—
" And thy commandment all alone ſhall live
" Within the *book* and *volume* of my *brain*."
Again, in the ſame play:
" And theſe few precepts in thy *memory*
" Look thou *character*."
Again, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona:*
" ——I do conjure thee,
" Who art the *table* wherein all my thoughts
" Are viſibly *character'd* and engrav'd;—." MALONE.

Or

Or, at the leaſt, ſo long as brain and heart
Have faculty by nature to ſubſiſt[9];
Till each to raz'd oblivion yield his part
Of thee, thy record never can be miſs'd.
That poor retention could not ſo much hold[1],
Nor need I tallies, thy dear love to ſcore;
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
To truſt thoſe tables that receive thee more:
To keep an adjunct to remember thee,
Were to import forgetfulneſs in me.

CXXIII.

No! Time, thou ſhalt not boaſt that I do change:
Thy pyramids, built up with newer might,
To me are nothing novel, nothing ſtrange;
They are but dreſſings of a former ſight.
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
What thou doſt foiſt upon us that is old;
And rather make them born to our deſire,
Than think that we before have heard them told.
Thy regiſters and thee I both defy,
Not wondering at the preſent nor the paſt;
For thy records and what we ſee do lie,
Made more or leſs by thy continual haſte:
This I do vow, and this ſhall ever be,
I will be true, deſpite thy ſcythe and thee;

CXXIV.

If my dear love were but the child of ſtate,
It might for fortune's baſtard be unfather'd,
As ſubject to time's love, or to time's hate,
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gather'd.

[9] *Or, at the leaſt, ſo long as brain and heart*
Have faculty by nature to ſubſiſt;] So, in *Hamlet:*
"——Remember thee?
"Ay, thou poor ghoſt, while memory holds a ſeat
"In this diſtracted globe." STEEVENS.

[1] *That poor* retention *could not ſo much hold,*] *That poor retention* is the table-book given to him by his friend, incapable of *retaining*, or rather of containing, ſo much as the *tablet of the brain.* MALONE.

No, it was builded far from accident;
It ſuffers not in ſmiling pomp, nor falls
Under the blow of thralled diſcontent,
Whereto the inviting time our faſhion calls:
It fears not policy, that heretick,
Which works on leaſes of ſhort-number'd hours,
But all alone ſtands hugely politick[2],
That it nor grows with heat, nor drowns with ſhowers[3].
To this I witneſs call the fools of time,
Which die for goodneſs, who have liv'd for crime[4].

CXXV.

Were it aught to me I bore the canopy,
With my extern the outward honouring[5],
Or lay'd great baſes for eternity,
Which prove more ſhort than waſte or ruining?
Have I not ſeen dwellers on form and favour
Loſe all, and more, by paying too much rent;

2 *But all alone ſtands hugely politick,*] This line brings to mind Dr. Akenſide's noble deſcription of the Pantheon:

" Mark How the dread Pantheon ſtands,
" Amid the domes of modern hands!
" Amid the toys of idle ſtate,
" How ſimply, how ſeverely great!" STEEVENS.

3 *That it nor* grows *with heat, nor drowns with ſhowers.*] Though a building may be *drown'd*, i. e. deluged by rain, it can hardly *grow* under the influence of *heat*. I would read—*glows*. STEEVENS.

Our poet frequently ſtarts from one idea to another. Though he had compared his affection to a building, he ſeems to have deſerted that thought; and here, perhaps, meant to allude to the progreſs of vegetation, and the accidents that retard it. So, in the 15th *Sonnet*:

" When I perceive, that every thing that *grows*,
" Holds in perfection but a little moment,—
" When I perceive that *men* as *plants* increaſe,
" *Cheared* and *check'd* even by the ſelf-ſame *ſky*, &c-" MALONE.

4 ——*the fools of time,*
Which die for goodneſs, who have liv'd for crime.] Perhaps this is a ſtroke at ſome of *Fox's Martyrs*. STEEVENS.

5 *With my* extern *the* outward *honouring*:] Thus in *Othello*:

" When my *outward* action doth demonſtrate
" The native act and figure of my heart
" In compliment *extern*—." STEEVENS.

For

For compound ſweet foregoing ſimple ſavour,
Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing ſpent?
No;—let me be obſequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
Which is not mix'd with ſeconds, knows no art [6],
But mutual render, only me for thee.
Hence, thou ſuborn'd informer! a true ſoul,
When moſt impeach'd, ſtands leaſt in thy control.

CXXVI.

O thou, my lovely boy [7], who in thy power
Doſt hold Time's fickle glaſs, his fickle, hour;
Who haſt by waning grown, and therein ſhow'ſt
Thy lovers withering, as thy ſweet ſelf grow'ſt;
If nature, ſovereign miſtreſs over wreck,
As thou goeſt onwards, ſtill will pluck thee back,
She keeps thee to this purpoſe, that her ſkill
May time diſgrace, and wretched minutes kill.
Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleaſure;
She may detain, but not ſtill keep her treaſure:
Her audit, though delay'd, anſwer'd muſt be,
And her quietus is to render thee [8].

CXXVII.

In the old age [9] black was not counted fair [1],
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name;

But

[6] *Which is not* mix'd with ſeconds,—] I am juſt informed by an old lady, that *ſeconds* is a provincial term for the *ſecond kind of flour*, which is collected after the ſmaller bran is ſifted. That our author's oblation was pure, *unmixed with baſer matter*, is all that he meant to ſay. STEEVENS.

[7] *O thou, my lovely boy,*—] This Sonnet differs from all the others in the preſent collection, not being written in alternate rhimes. MALONE.

[8] *And her* quietus—] So, in *Hamlet*:

"—might his *quietus* make
"With a bare bodkin."

See note on that paſſage, Act III. ſc. i.
This ſonnet conſiſts only of twelve lines. STEEVENS.

[9] *In the old age*, &c. The reader will find almoſt all that is ſaid here on the ſubject of complexion, is repeated in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

But now is black beauty's ſucceſſive heir,
And beauty ſlander'd with a baſtard ſhame:

For

" O, who can give an oath? where is a book?
" That I may ſwear, beauty doth beauty lack,
" If that ſhe learn not of her eye to look?
" No face is *fair* that is not full ſo *black*.

" O, if in black my lady's brow be deck'd,
" It mourns, that painting and uſurping hair
" Should raviſh doters with a falſe aſpect;
" And therefore is ſhe born to make black fair." STEEV.

1 *In the old age*, &c.] All the remaining Sonnets are addreſſed to a female. MALONE.

A Sonnet was ſurely the contrivance of ſome literary Procruſtes. The ſingle thought of which it is to conſiſt, however luxuriant, muſt be cramped within fourteen verſes, or, however ſcanty, muſt be ſpun out into the ſame number. On a chain of certain links the exiſtence of this metrical whim depends; and its reception is ſecure as ſoon as the admirers of it have counted their expected and ſtatutable proportion of rhimes. The gratification of head or heart is no object of the writer's ambition. That a few of theſe trifles deſerving a better character may be found, I ſhall not venture to deny; for chance co-operating with art and genius, will occaſionally produce wonders.

Of the Sonnets before us, one hundred and twenty-ſix are inſcribed (as Mr. Malone obſerves) to a friend: the remaining twenty-eight (a ſmall proportion out of ſo many) are devoted to a miſtreſs. Yet if our author's Ferdinand and Romeo had not expreſſed themſelves in terms more familiar to human underſtanding, I believe few readers would have rejoiced in the happineſs of the one, or ſympathized with the ſorrows of the other. Perhaps, indeed, quaintneſs, obſcurity, and tautology, are to be regarded as the conſtituent parts of this exotick ſpecies of compoſition. But, in whatever the excellence of it may conſiſt, I profeſs I am one of thoſe who ſhould have wiſhed it to have expired in the country where it was born, had it not fortunately provoked the ridicule of *Lope de Vega*, which, being faintly imitated by *Voiture*, was at laſt transfuſed into Engliſh by Mr. Roderick, and exhibited as follows, in the ſecond volume of Dodſley's Collection.

A SONNET.

" Capricious Wray a ſonnet needs muſt have;
" I ne'er was ſo put to't before:—a ſonnet!
" Why, fourteen verſes muſt be ſpent upon it:
" 'Tis good, howe'er, to have conquer'd the firſt ſtave.

" Yet

For ſince each hand hath put on nature's power,
Fairing the foul with art's falſe-borrow'd face,

Sweet

" Yet I ſhall ne'er find rhymes enough by half,
" Said I, and found myſelf i' the midſt o' the ſecond.
" If twice four verſes were but fairly reckon'd,
" I ſhould turn back on th' hardeſt part, and laugh.

" Thus far, with good ſucceſs, I think I've ſcribled,
" And of the twice ſeven lines have clean got o'er ten.
" Courage! another'll finiſh the firſt triplet;
" Thanks to thee, Muſe, my work begins to ſhorten:
" There's thirteen lines got through, driblet by driblet.
" 'Tis done. Count how you will, I warr'nt there's four-teen."

Let thoſe who might conceive this ſonnet to be unpoetical, if compared with others by more eminent writers, peruſe the next, being the eleventh in the collection of Milton.

" A book was writ of late call'd Tetrachordon,
" And woven cloſe, both matter, form, and ſtyle;
" The ſubject new: it walk'd the town a while,
" Numb'ring good intellects; now ſeldom por'd on.

" Cries the ſtall-reader, Bleſs us! what a word on
" A little page is this! and ſome in file
" Stand ſpelling falſe, while one might walk to Mile-
" End Green. Why, is it harder, ſirs, than Gordon,

" Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Gallaſp?
" Thoſe rugged names to our like mouths grow ſleek,
" That would have made Quintilian ſtare and gaſp.
" Thy age, like ours, O ſoul of ſir John Cheek,
" Hated not learning worſe than toad or aſp,
" When thou taught'ſt Cambridge, and king Edward Greek."

The reader may now proceed to more pieces of the ſame ſtructure, which the friends of the late Mr. Edwards were willing to receive as effuſions of fancy as well as friendſhip. If the appetite for ſuch a mode of writing be even then unſatisfied, I hope that old Joſhua Sylveſter, (I confeſs myſelf unacquainted with the extent of his labours) has likewiſe been a ſonneteer; for ſurely his ſucceſs in this form of poetry muſt have been tranſcendent indeed, and could not fail to afford complete gratification to the admirers of a ſtated number of lines compoſed in the higheſt ſtrain of affectation, pedantry, circumlocution, and nonſenſe. In the mean time, let inferior writers be warned againſt a ſpecies of compoſition which has reduced the moſt exalted poets to a level with the meaneſt rhimers; has almoſt cut down Milton and

Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy hour,
But is profan'd, if not lives in disgrace.

Therefore

Shakspeare to the standards of Pomfret and ——, but the name of Pomfret is perhaps the lowest in the scale of English versifiers. As for Mr. Malone, whose animadversions are to follow mine, "Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in." Let me however borrow somewhat in my own favour from the same speech of Mercutio, by observing that "Laura had a better love to be-rhyme her." Let me adopt also the sentiment which Shakspeare himself, on his amended judgment, has put into the mouth of his favourite character in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

"Tut! none but minstrels like of *Sonneting*." STEEVENS.

I do not feel any great propensity to stand forth as the champion of these compositions. However, as it appears to me that they have been somewhat under-rated, I think it incumbent on me to do them that justice to which they seem entitled.

Of Petrarch (whose works I have never read) I cannot speak; but I am slow to believe that a writer who has been warmly admired for four centuries by his own countrymen, is without merit, though he has been guilty of the heinous offence of addressing his mistress in pieces of only that number of lines which by long usage has been appropriated to the sonnet.

The burlesque stanzas which have been produced to depretiate the poems before us, it must be acknowledged, are not ill executed; but they will never decide the merit of this species of composition, until it shall be established that ridicule is the test of truth. The fourteen rugged lines that have been quoted from Milton for the same purpose, are equally inconclusive; for it is well known that he generally failed when he attempted rhyme, whether his verses assumed the shape of a sonnet or any other form. These pieces of our authour therefore must at last stand or fall by themselves.

When they are described as a mass of affectation, pedantry, circumlocution, and nonsense, the picture appears to me overcharged. Their great defects seem to be, a want of variety, and the majority of them not being directed to a female, to whom alone such ardent expressions of esteem could with propriety be addressed. It cannot be denied too that they contain some far-fetched conceits; but are our authour's plays entirely free from them? Many of the thoughts that occur in his dramatick productions, are found here likewise; as may appear from the numerous parallels that have been cited from his dramas, chiefly for the purpose of authenticating these poems. Had they therefore no other merit, they are entitled to our attention, as often illustrating obscure passages in his plays.

I do not perceive that the versification of these pieces is less smooth and harmonious than that of Shakspeare's other compositions. Though many of them are not so simple and clear as they ought to be, yet some

of

Therefore my miſtreſs' eyes are raven black,
Her eyes ſo ſuited[2]; and they mourners ſeem

At

of them are written with perſpicuity and energy. A few have been already pointed out as deſerving this character; and many beautiful lines, ſcattered through theſe poems, will, it is ſuppoſed, ſtrike every reader who is not determined to allow no praiſe to any ſpecies of poetry except blank verſe or heroick couplets. MALONE.

The caſe of theſe Sonnets is certainly bad, when ſo little can be advanced in ſupport of them. Ridicule is always ſucceſsful where it is juſt. A burleſque on *Alexander's Feaſt* would do no injury to its original. Some of the rhime compoſitions of Milton (Sonnets excepted,) are allowed to be eminently harmonious. Is it neceſſary on this occaſion to particularize his *Allegro*, *Penſeroſo*, and *Hymn on the Nativity*? I muſt add, that there is more conceit in any thirty-ſix of Shakſpeare's *Sonnets*, than in the ſame number of his *Plays*. When I know where that perſon is to be found who *allows no praiſe to any ſpecies of poetry, except blank verſe and heroic couplets*, it will be early enough for me to undertake his defence. STEEVENS.

That ridicule is generally ſucceſsful when it is juſt, cannot be denied; but whether it be juſt in the preſent inſtance, is the point to be proved. It may be ſucceſsful when it is not juſt; when neither the ſtructure nor the thoughts of the poem ridiculed, deſerve to be derided.

No burleſque on *Alexander's Feaſt* certainly would render it ridiculous; yet undoubtedly a ſucceſsful parody or burleſque piece might be formed upon it, which in itſelf might have intrinſick merit. The *ſucceſs* of the burleſque therefore does not neceſſarily depend upon, nor aſcertain, the *demerit* of the original. Of this Cotton's *Virgil Traveſtie* affords a deciſive proof. The moſt rigid muſcles muſt relax on the peruſal of it; yet the purity and majeſty of the *Eneid* will ever remain undiminiſhed.—With reſpect to Milton, (of whom I have only ſaid that he *generally*, not that he *always*, failed in rhyming compoſitions,) Dryden, at a time when all rivalry and competition between them were at an end, when he had ceaſed to write for the ſtage, and when of courſe it was indifferent to him what metre was conſidered as beſt ſuited to dramatick compoſitions, pronounced, that he compoſed his great poem in blank verſe, "becauſe rhyme was not his talent. He had neither (adds the Laureate) the eaſe of doing it, nor the graces of it; which is manifeſt in his *Juvenilia* or Verſes written in his youth; *where his rhyme is always conſtrained, and forced, and comes hardly from him*, at an age when the ſoul is moſt pliant, and the paſſion of love makes almoſt every man a rhymer, though not a poet." One of the moſt judicious criticks of the preſent, I might, I believe, with truth ſay of any, age, is of the ſame opinion: "If his Engliſh poems, (ſays Dr.

[2] *Her eyes ſo ſuited,—*] Her eyes of the ſame colour as thoſe of the raven. MALONE.

At such, who, not born fair, no beauty lack,
Slandering creation with a false esteem[3]:

Yet

Dr. Johnson, speaking of all his smaller pieces,) differ from the verses of others, they differ for the worse, for they are too often distinguished by repulsive *harshness*: the combinations of words are new, but they are not pleasing, the *rhymes* and epithets seem to be laboriously sought and violently applied. All that *short compositions* can commonly attain is neatness and elegance. Milton never learned the art of doing little things with grace." *Life of Milton.* MALONE.

Cotton's work is an innocent parody, was designed as no ridicule on the Æneid, and consequently will not operate to the disadvantage of that immortal poem. The contrary is the case with Mr. Roderick's imitation of the Spaniard. He wrote it as a ridicule on the *structure*, not the *words* of a *Sonnet*; and this is a purpose which it has completely answered. No one ever retired from a perusal of it with a favourable opinion of the species of composition it was meant to deride.

The decisions of Dryden are never less to be trusted than when he treats of blank verse and rhime, each of which he has extolled and depreciated in its turn. When this subject is before him, his judgment is rarely secure from the seductions of convenience, interest or jealousy; and Gildon has well observed, that in his prefaces he had always confidence enough to defend and support his own most glaring inconsistencies and self-contradictions. What he has said of the author of *Paradise Lost*, is with a view to retaliation. Milton had invidiously asserted that Dryden was *only a rhymist*; and therefore Dryden, with as little regard to truth, has declared that Milton was *no rhymist at all*. Let my other sentiments shift for themselves. Here I shall drop the controversy. STEEVENS.

In justice to Shakspeare, whose cause I have undertaken, however unequal to the task, I cannot forbear to add, that a literary Procrustes may as well be called the inventor of the couplet, the stanza, or the ode, as of the Sonnet. They are all in a certain degree restraints on the writer; and all poetry, if the objection now made be carried to its utmost extent, will be reduced to blank verse. The admirers of that inferior kind of metre have remarked with triumph that of the couplet the first line is generally for sense, and the next for rhyme; and this certainly is often the case in the compositions of mere versifiers; but is such a redundancy an essential property of a couplet, and will the works of Dryden and Pope afford none of another character?—The bondage to which Pindar and his followers have submitted in the structure of strophé, antistophé, and epode, is much greater than that which the Sonnet imposes. If the scanty thought be disgustingly dilated, or luxuriant ideas unnaturally compressed, what follows? Not surely that it is impossible to write good Odes, or good Sonnets, but that the poet was injudicious in the choice of his subject, or knew not how to adjust his metre to his thoughts.

Supposing

Yet ſo they mourn, becoming of their woe[4],
That every tongue ſays, beauty ſhould look ſo.

CXXVIII.

How oft, when thou, my muſick[5], muſick play'ſt,
Upon that bleſſed wood whoſe motion ſounds
With thy ſweet fingers, when thou gently ſway'ſt
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds[6],
Do I envy thoſe jacks[7], that nimble leap
To kiſs the tender inward of thy hand[8],

Whilſt

Suppoſing that Shakſpeare meant to deliver his own ſentiment in the paſſage quoted from *Love's Labour's Loſt*, (for which there does not ſeem to be any authority,) whether his judgment was *amended* or not, can not be aſcertained, until it ſhall be proved that theſe poems were compoſed before that play was written.—If however his opinion is to determine the merit of this ſpecies of poetry, it may be urged in favour of it, as well as againſt it, for in *A Lover's Complaint* he has honour'd it with the title of the "*deep-brain'd* Sonnet." MALONE.

3 ——*and they mourners ſeem*
At ſuch, who, not born fair, no beauty lack,
Slandering creation with a falſe eſteem:] They ſeem to mourn that thoſe who are not born fair, are yet poſſeſſed of an artificial beauty, by which they paſs for what they are not, and thus diſhonour nature by their imperfect imitation and falſe pretenſions. MALONE.

4 —*becoming of their woe,*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*
" —Fye, wrangling queen!
" Whom every thing *becomes*, to chide, to laugh,
" To *weep*." MALONE.

5 —*when thou*, my muſick,—] So, in *Pericles:*
" You are a viol, and your ſenſe the ſtrings,
" Which, finger'd to *make man his lawful muſick*," &c. STEEV.

6 *The* wiry concord *that mine ear confounds*,] We had the ſame expreſſion before in the eighth *Sonnet:*
" If the true *concord* of well-tuned ſounds,
" By *unions married*, do offend thine ear." MALONE.

7 *Do I* envy *thoſe jacks*,—] This word is accented by other ancient writers in the ſame manner. So, in Marlowe's *Edward II.* 1598:
" If for theſe dignities thou be *envy'd*."
Again, in Sir John Davies's Epigrams, printed at Middlebourg, no date:
" Why doth not Ponticus their fame envy'?" MALONE.

8 —*thoſe jacks that nimble leap*
To kiſs the tender inward of thy hand?] So, in *Chrononhotonthologus:*
" —the

Whilſt my poor lips, which ſhould that harveſt reap,
At the wood's boldneſs by thee bluſhing ſtand!
To be ſo tickled, they would change their ſtate
And ſituation with thoſe dancing chips,
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait [9],
Making dead wood more bleſs'd than living lips.
Since ſaucy jacks ſo happy are in this [1],
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiſs.

CXXIX.

The expence of ſpirit in a waſte of ſhame
Is luſt in action; and till action, luſt
Is perjur'd, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to truſt;
Enjoy'd no ſooner, but deſpiſed ſtraight;
Paſt reaſon hunted; and, no ſooner had,
Paſt reaſon hated, as a ſwallow'd bait,
On purpoſe laid to make the taker mad:
Mad in purſuit [2], and in poſſeſſion ſo;
Had, having, and in queſt to have, extreme;

"—the tea-cups ſkip
"With eager haſte to kiſs your royal lip." STEEVENS.

There is ſcarcely a writer of love-verſes, among our elder poets, who has not introduced hyperboles as extravagant as that in the text, which the foregoing quotation was produced to ridicule. Thus Waller, in his Addreſs *to a lady playing on a lute*:

"The trembling *ſtrings* about her fingers *crowd*,
"And tell their joy for ev'ry *kiſs* aloud." MALONE.

9 *O'er whom* thy *fingers walk with gentle gait*,] Here again *their* is printed in the old copy inſtead of *thy*. So alſo in the laſt line of this Sonnet. MALONE.

1 *Since ſaucy* jacks *ſo happy are in this*,] He is there ſpeaking of a ſmall kind of ſpinnet, anciently called a *virginal*. So, in *Ram Alley*, or *Merry Tricks*, 1611:

"Where be theſe raſcals that ſkip up and down,
"Like *virginal jacks*?" STEEVENS.

A virginal was ſhaped like a *piano forte*. See Vol. IV. p. 129, n. 6. MALONE.

2 *Mad in purſuit*,—] The old copy corruptly reads—*Made* in purſuit. MALONE.

A bliſs

A bliſs in proof,—and prov'd, a very woe[3];
Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream:
All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
To ſhun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

CXXX.

My miſtreſs' eyes are nothing like the ſun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red:
If ſnow be white, why then her breaſts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have ſeen roſes damaſk'd, red and white,
But no ſuch roſes ſee I in her cheeks;
And in ſome perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my miſtreſs reeks.
I love to hear her ſpeak,—yet well I know
That muſick hath a far more pleaſing ſound;
I grant I never ſaw a goddeſs go,—
My miſtreſs, when ſhe walks, treads on the ground:
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any ſhe, bely'd with falſe compare.

CXXXI.

Thou art as tyrannous, ſo as thou art,
As thoſe whoſe beauties proudly make them cruel;
For well thou know'ſt to my dear doting heart
Thou art the faireſt and moſt precious jewel.
Yet, in good faith, ſome ſay that thee behold,
Thy face hath not the power to make love groan:
To ſay they err, I dare not be ſo bold,
Although I ſwear it to myſelf alone.
And, to be ſure that is not falſe I ſwear,
A thouſand groans, but thinking on thy face,
One on another's neck[4], do witneſs bear
Thy black is faireſt in my judgment's place.

[3] —*and prov'd, a very woe*;] The quarto is here evidently corrupt. It reads:
—and prov'd *and* very woe. MALONE.

[4] *A thouſand* groans, *but thinking on thy face*,
One on another's neck—] So, in *Hamlet*:
"One *woe* doth tread upon *another's heels*,
"So faſt they follow." MALONE.

In nothing art thou black, ſave in thy deeds,
And thence this ſlander, as I think, proceeds.

CXXXII.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart, torment me with diſdain;
Have put on black, and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
And truly not the morning ſun of heaven
Better becomes the grey cheeks of the eaſt[5],
Nor that full ſtar that uſhers in the even
Doth half that glory to the ſober weſt[6],
As thoſe two mourning eyes become thy face[7]:
O, let it then as well beſeem thy heart
To mourn for me, ſince mourning doth thee grace,
And ſuit thy pity like in every part.
Then will I ſwear, beauty herſelf is black,
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

5 *And truly not the morning* ſun *of heaven*
Better becomes the grey *cheeks of the eaſt,*] So, in *K. Hen. IV.* P. II:
" —it ſtruck upon him as the *ſun*
" In the *grey* vault of heaven." MALONE.

6 *Nor that full ſtar that uſhers in the* even
Doth half that glory to the ſober *weſt,*] Milton had perhaps theſe lines in his thoughts, when he wrote the deſcription of the evening in his fourth book of *Paradiſe Loſt*:
" Now came ſtill *evening* on, and twilight grey
" Had in her *ſober* livery all things clad.—" MALONE.

7 *As thoſe two* mourning *eyes become thy face:*] The old copy has—*morning*. The context, I think, clearly ſhows, that the poet wrote—*mourning*. So before:
" Thine eyes——
" Have put on *black*, and living *mourners* be."
The two words were, I imagine, in his time pronounced alike. In a Sonnet of our authour's, printed by W. Jaggard, 1599, we find:
" In black *morne* I——"
The ſame Sonnet is printed in *England's Helicon*, 1600, and there the line ſtands:
" In black *mourn* I." MALONE.

CXXXIII. Be-

CXXXIII.

Beſhrew that heart that makes my heart to groan
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me!
Is't not enough to torture me alone,
But ſlave to ſlavery my ſweet'ſt friend muſt be?
Me from myſelf thy cruel eye hath taken,
And my next ſelf thou harder haſt engroſs'd;
Of him, myſelf, and thee, I am forſaken;
A torment thrice threefold thus to be croſs'd.
Priſon my heart in thy ſteel boſom's ward,
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail;
Who e'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard;
Thou canſt not then uſe rigour in my gaol:
And yet thou wilt; for I, being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me[8].

CXXXIV.

So now I have confeſs'd that he is thine,
And I myſelf am mortgag'd to thy will;
Myſelf I'll forfeit, ſo that other mine
Thou wilt reſtore, to be my comfort ſtill:
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
For thou art covetous, and he is kind;
He learn'd but, ſurety-like, to write for me,
Under that bond that him as faſt doth bind.
The ſtatute of thy beauty[9] thou wilt take,
Thou uſurer, that put'ſt forth all to uſe,
And ſue a friend, came debtor for my ſake;
So him I loſe through my unkind abuſe.
Him have I loſt; thou haſt both him and me;
He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

[8] —*for I, being pent in thee,*
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"You take from me a great part of myſelf;
"Uſe me well in't."

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"I have a kind of ſelf reſides with you." MALONE.

9 *The* ſtatute *of thy beauty*—] *Statute* has here its legal ſignification, that of a ſecurity or obligation for money. MALONE.

CXXXV. Who-

CXXXV.

Whoever hath her wiſh, thou haſt thy will,
And will to boot, and will in over-plus;
More than enough am I that vex thee ſtill,
To thy ſweet will making addition thus.
Wilt thou, whoſe will is large and ſpacious,
Not once vouchſafe to hide my will in thine?
Shall will in others ſeem right gracious,
And in my will no fair acceptance ſhine?
The ſea, all water, yet receives rain ſtill,
And in abundance addeth to his ſtore;
So thou, being rich in will, add to thy will
One will of mine, to make thy large will more!
Let no unkind, no fair beſeechers kill;
Think all but one, and me in that one *Will*.

CXXXVI.

If thy ſoul check thee, that I come ſo near,
Swear to thy blind ſoul that I was thy *Will*,
And will, thy ſoul knows, is admitted there;
Thus far for love, my love-ſuit, ſweet, fulfill.
Will will fulfill the treaſure of thy love,
Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one[1].
In things of great receipt with eaſe we prove;
Among a number one is reckon'd none:
Then in the number let me paſs untold[2],
Though in thy ſtores' account I one muſt be;
For nothing hold me, ſo it pleaſe thee hold
That nothing me, a ſomething ſweet to thee:
Make but my name thy love, and love that ſtill,
And then thou lov'ſt me,—for my name is *Will*.

[1] Ay, *fill it full with wills, and my will one.*] The modern editors, by following the old copy, in which the vowel *I* is here uſed inſtead of *ay*, have rendered this line unintelligible. MALONE.

[2] *Among a* number *one is* reckon'd none:
Then in the number let me paſs untold, &c.] The ſame conceit is found in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"Search among view of many: mine being *one*,
"May ſtand in *number*, though *in reckoning none*." STEEV.

CXXXVII. Thou

CXXXVII.

Thou blind fool, Love, what doſt thou to mine eyes,
That they behold, and ſee not what they ſee?
They know what beauty is, ſee where it lies,
Yet what the beſt is, take the worſt to be.
If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,
Be anchor'd in the bay[3] where all men ride,
Why of eyes' falſehood haſt thou forged hooks,
Whereto the judgment of my heart is ty'd[4]?
Why ſhould my heart think that a ſeveral plot[5],
Which my heart knows the wide world's common place?
Or mine eyes ſeeing this, ſay, this is not,
To put fair truth upon ſo foul a face[6]?
In things right true my heart and eyes have err'd,
And to this falſe plague are they now transferr'd.

CXXXVIII.

When my love ſwears[7] that ſhe is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know ſhe lies;

That

[3] *Be* anchor'd *in the bay*—] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
" There ſhould he *anchor* his *aſpect*, and die
" With looking on his life." MALONE.
Again, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:
" Whilſt my intention, hearing not my tongue,
" *Anchors* on Iſabel." STEEVENS.

[4] ——hooks,
Whereto the judgment of my heart *is* ty'd?] So, in *Hamlet*:
" Grapple them to thy *ſoul* with *hooks* of ſteel."
Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
" My *heart* was to thy rudder *ty'd* with ſtrings." STEEVENS.

[5] *Why ſhould my heart think that a* ſeveral *plot*,] The reader will find an account of a *ſevural* or *ſeveral plot*, in a note on *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Vol. II. p. 335, n 9. MALONE.

[6] *To put fair truth upon ſo foul a face?*] So, in *Macbeth*:
" Falſe face muſt hide what the falſe heart doth know."
STEEVENS.

[7] *When my love ſwears*, &c.] This Sonnet is alſo found (with ſome variations) in *The Paſſionate Pilgrim* a collection of verſes printed as Shakſpeare's in 1599. It there ſtands thus:
" When my love ſwears that ſhe is made of truth,
" I do believe her, though I know ſhe lies;
" That ſhe might think me ſome untutor'd youth,
" *Unſkilfull* in the world's falſe *forgeries*.

That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past the best,
Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue;
On both sides thus is simple truth suppress.
But wherefore says she not, she is unjust?
And wherefore say not I, that I am old?
O, love's best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in love loves not to have years told:
Therefore I lie with her, and she with me,
And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

CXXXIX.

O, call not me to justify the wrong,
That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;
Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue[3];
Use power with power, and slay me not by art.
Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere; but in my sight,
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside.
What need'st thou wound with cunning, when thy might
Is more than my o'er-press'd defence can 'bide?
Let me excuse thee: ah! my love well knows
Her pretty looks have been mine enemies;

" Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
" Although *I know* my *years* be past the best,
" I *smiling* credit her false-speaking tongue,
" *Out-facing faults in love with love's ill rest.*
" But wherefore says *my love that she is young?*
" And wherefore say not I that I am old?
" O, love's best habit is *a soothing tongue,*
" And age in love loves not to have years told.
" Therefore I'll lie with *love,* and *love* with me,
" *Since that our* faults *in love thus smother'd* be." MALONE.

3 Wound *me not with thine* eye,—] Thus, in *Romeo and Juliet:*
" —he's already dead; *stabb'd* with a white wench's black *eye.*"
MALONE.

Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue;] So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III:
" Ah, kill me with thy weapons, not thy words." STEEVENS

4 And

And therefore from my face she turns my foes,
That they elsewhere might dart their injuries:
Yet do not so; but since I am near slain,
Kill me out-right with looks, and rid my pain.

CXL.

Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press
My tongue-ty'd patience with too much disdain;
Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so[9];
(As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,
No news but health from their physicians know;)
For, if I should despair, I should grow mad,
And in my madness might speak ill of thee:
Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,
Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.
That I may not be so, nor thou bely'd,
Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go wide[1].

CXLI.

In faith I do not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note;
But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,
Who in despite of view is pleas'd to dote.
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted;
Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,
Nor taste nor smell, desire to be invited
To any sensual feast with thee alone:
But my five wits, nor my five senses can
Dissuade[2] one foolish heart from serving thee,

Who

9 —*to tell me* so;] To tell me, thou *dost* love me. MALONE.

1 *Bear thine eyes straight*, though thy proud heart go wide.] That is, (as it is expressed in a former Sonnet)

"Thy looks with me, *thy heart in other place.*" MALONE.

2 *But my five* wits nor *my five senses can*
Dissuade—] That is, but neither my wits nor senses can, &c. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

Who leaves unſway'd the likeneſs of a man,
Thy proud heart's ſlave and vaſſal wretch to be:
Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
That ſhe that makes me ſin, awards me pain.

CXLII.

Love is my ſin, and thy dear virtue hate,
Hate of my ſin, grounded on ſinful loving:
O, but with mine compare thou thine own ſtate,
And thou ſhalt find it merits not reproving;
Or, if it do, not from thoſe lips of thine,
That have profan'd their ſcarlet ornaments[3],
And ſeal'd falſe bonds of love as oft as mine[4];
Robb'd others' beds revenues of their rents[5].

" More *nor* leſs to others paying—"

" The *wits*," " Dr. Johnſon obſerves," ſeem to have been reckoned five, by analogy to the five ſenſes, or the five inlets of ideas. *Wit* in our authour's time was the general term for the intellectual power." From Stephen Hawes's poem called GRAUNDE AMOUR AND LA BELL PUCEL, 1554, ch. 24, it appears that the five wits were "common wit, imagination, fantaſy, eſtimation, and memory." MALONE.

3 *That have profan'd* their ſcarlet ornaments,] The ſame expreſſion is found in *King Edward III.* a tragedy, 1596:

" —when ſhe grew pale,
" His cheeks put on *their ſcarlet ornaments*." MALONE.

4 *And* ſeal'd *falſe* bonds of love *as oft as mine*;] So, in our authour's *Venus and Adonis*:

" Pure *lips*, ſweet *ſeals* in my ſoft lips imprinted,
" What bargains may I make, ſtill to be *ſealing*?"

Again, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

" Take, O take thoſe *lips* away,
" That ſo ſweetly were forſworn,—
" But my kiſſes bring again,
" *Seals* of *love*, but *ſeal'd in vain*."

Again, more appoſitely, in *the Merchant of Venice*:

" O, ten times faſter Venus' pigeons fly,
" To *ſeal love's bonds* new made, than they are wont
" To keep obliged faith unforfeited."

In *Hamlet* we again meet with the *bonds of love*:

" Breathing like ſanctified and pious bonds,
" The better to deſile." MALONE.

5 *Robb'd others' beds* revenues *of their rents*.] So, in *Othello*:

" And pour our *treaſures into foreign laps*." STEEVENS.

Be

Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lov'ſt thoſe
Whom thine eyes woo as mine impórtune thee:
Root pity in thy heart, that when it grows,
Thy pity may deſerve to pity'd be.
If thou doſt ſeek to have what thou doſt hide,
By ſelf-example may'ſt thou be deny'd!

CXLIII.

Lo, as a careful houſe-wife runs to catch
One of her feather'd creatures broke away,
Sets down her babe, and makes all ſwift diſpatch
In púrſuit of the thing ſhe would have ſtay;
Whilſt her neglected child holds her in chace,
Cries to catch her whoſe buſy care is bent
To follow that which flies before her face,
Not prizing her poor infant's diſcontent[6];
So run'ſt thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilſt I thy babe chace thee afar behind;
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
And play the mother's part, kiſs me, be kind:
So will I pray that thou may'ſt have thy Will,
If thou turn back, and my loud crying ſtill[7].

CXLIV.

Two loves I have[8] of comfort and deſpair,
Which like two ſpirits do ſuggeſt me ſtill[9];
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worſer ſpirit a woman, colour'd ill.

[6] *Not* prizing *her poor infant's diſcontent*;] Not regarding, nor making any account of, her child's uneaſineſs. MALONE.

[7] —*that thou may'ſt have thy* Will,
If thou turn back, and my loud crying ſtill.] The image with which this Sonnet begins, is at once pleaſing and natural; but the concluſion of it is lame and impotent indeed. We attend to the cries of the infant, but laugh at the loud blubberings of the great boy *Will*. STEEVENS.

[8] *Two loves I have*, &c.] This Sonnet was printed in *The Paſſionate Pilgrim*, 1599, with ſome ſlight variations. MALONE.

[9] —*do* ſuggeſt *me ſtill*:] i. e. do tempt me ſtill. See p. 88, n. 2. MALONE.

To win me ſoon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my ſide [1],
And would corrupt my ſaint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride [2].
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,
Suſpect I may, yet not directly tell;
But being both from me [3], both to each friend,
I gueſs one angel in another's hell:
Yet this ſhall I ne'er know [4], but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out [5].

CXLV.

Thoſe lips that Love's own hand did make [6],
Breath'd forth the ſound that ſaid, *I hate*,
To me that languiſh'd for her ſake:
But when ſhe ſaw my woeful ſtate,
Straight in her heart did mercy come,
Chiding that tongue, that ever ſweet
Was us'd in giving gentle doom;
And taught it thus a-new to greet:
I hate ſhe alter'd with an end,
That follow'd it as gentle day

[1] *Tempteth my better angel from my* ſide,] So, in *Othello*:
" Yea, curſe his *better angel from his ſide*." STEEVENS.
The quarto has—from my *ſight*. The true reading is found in *The Paſſionate Pilgrim*. MALONE.

[2] —*with her* foul *pride*.] The copy in *The Paſſionate Pilgrim* has—with her *fair* pride. MALONE.

[3] *But being both* from *me*,—] *The Paſſionate Pilgrim* reads—*to* me. MALONE.

[4] *Yet this ſhall I ne'er* know,—] *The Paſſionate Pilgrim* reads—
The truth I ſhall not know—. MALONE.

[5] *Till my bad angel* fire *my good one out*.] So, in *King Lear*:
" —and *fire* us hence, like foxes." STEEVENS.

[6] *Thoſe lips that love's own hand did make*,]
——oſcula, quæ Venus
Quinta parte ſui nectaris imbuit. *Hor.* MALONE.

Doth

Doth follow night [7], who, like a fiend [8],
From heaven to hell is flown away;
I hate from hate away she threw,
And sav'd my life, saying—*not you* [9].

CXLVI.

Poor soul, the center of my sinful earth [1],
Fool'd by those rebel powers that thee array [2],

Why

7 *That follow'd it as gentle day*
Doth follow night,—] So, in *Hamlet*:
" And it must *follow, as the night the day,*
" Thou canst not then be false to any man." MALONE.

8 —*night, who like a fiend*] So, in *King Henry V*:
" ——*night,*
" *Who like a foul and ugly witch,*" &c. STEEVENS.

9 I hate *from* hate *away she* threw,
And sav'd my life, saying—not you.] Such sense as these Sonnets abound with, may perhaps be discovered as the words at present stand; but I had rather read:
I hate—away from hate she *flew*, &c.
Having pronounced the words *I hate*, she left me with a declaration in my favour. STEEVENS.

The meaning is—she removed the words *I hate* to a distance from *hatred*; she changed their natural import, and rendered them inefficacious, and undescriptive of dislike, by subjoining *not you*. The old copy is certainly right. The poet relates what the lady said; she is not herself the speaker. We have the same kind of expression in *The Rape of Lucrece*:
" It cannot be, quoth she, that so much guile
" (She would have said) *can lurk in such a look*;
" But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,
" And from her tongue *can lurk* from *cannot* took." MALONE.

1 *Poor soul, the center of my sinful* earth,] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:
" Than thou, fair sun, which on my *earth* doth shine."
Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
" Can I go forward, while my heart is here?
" Turn back, dull *earth*, and find thy *center* out."
Again, in *Hamlet*:
" O, that the *earth* which kept the world in awe,
" Should patch a wall, to expell the winter's flaw!"
We meet with a similar allusion in *The Merchant of Venice*:
" Such harmony is in immortal *souls*:
" But while this *muddy* vesture of decay
" Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it." MALONE.

2 Fool'd by *those rebel powers that thee array*,] The old copy reads:

Why doſt thou pine within, and ſuffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls ſo coſtly gay?
Why ſo large coſt, having ſo ſhort a leaſe,
Doſt thou upon thy fading manſion ſpend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this exceſs,
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
Then, ſoul, live thou upon thy ſervant's loſs,
And let that pine to aggravate thy ſtore [3];
Buy terms divine in ſelling hours of droſs;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So ſhalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
And, death once dead, there's no more dying then.

CXLVII.

My love is as a fever, longing ſtill
For that which longer nurſeth the diſeaſe;
Feeding on that which doth preſerve the ill,
The uncertain ſickly appetite to pleaſe.
My reaſon, the phyſician to my love [4],
Angry that his preſcriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I deſperate now approve,
Deſire is death, which phyſick did except.

Poor ſoul, the center of my ſinful earth,
My ſinful earth theſe rebel pow'rs that thee array.

It is manifeſt that the compoſitor inadvertently repeated the laſt three words of the firſt verſe in the beginning of the ſecond, omitting two ſyllables, which are ſufficient to complete the metre. What the omitted word or words were, it is impoſſible now to determine. Rather than leave an hiatus, I have hazarded a conjecture, and filled up the line. MALONE.

I would read: *Starv'd by* the rebel powers, &c. The *dearth* complained of in the ſucceeding line, appears to authoriſe the conjecture. The poet ſeems to allude to the ſhort commons and gaudy habit of ſoldiers. STEEVENS.

3 —*to aggravate* thy *ſtore*;] The error that has been ſo often already noticed, has happened here; the original copy, and all the ſubſequent impreſſions, reading *my* inſtead of *thy*. MALONE.

4 *My reaſon, the phyſician to my love,*] So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*: "Aſk me no reaſon why I love you; for though *love* uſe *reaſon* for his preciſian, he admits him not for his counſellor." Dr. Farmer, with ſome probability, would here read—for his *phyſician*. MALONE.

Paſt

Paſt cure I am, now reaſon is paſt care[5],
And frantick-mad with ever-more unreſt;
My thoughts and my diſcourſe as madmen's are,
At random from the truth vainly expreſs'd;
For I have ſworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night[6].

CXLVIII.

O me! what eyes hath love put in my head,
Which have no correſpondence with true ſight!
Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
That cenſures falſely[7] what they ſee aright?
If that be fair whereon my falſe eyes dote,
What means the world to ſay it is not ſo?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not ſo true as all men's: no,
How can it? O, how can Love's eye be true,
That is ſo vex'd with watching and with tears?
No marvel then though I miſtake my view;
The ſun itſelf ſees not, till heaven clears.
O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'ſt me blind,
Leſt eyes well-ſeeing thy foul faults ſhould find.

CXLIX.

Canſt thou, O cruel! ſay I love thee not,
When I, againſt myſelf, with thee partake[8]?

5 Paſt cure *I am, now reaſon is* paſt care,] So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt:*

" Great *reaſon*; for *paſt cure* is ſtill *paſt care.*"

It was a proverbial ſaying. See *Holland's Leaguer*, a pamphlet publiſhed in 1632: " She has got this *adage* in her mouth; *Things paſt cure, paſt care.*" MALONE.

6 *—as black as hell, as dark as night.*] So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt:*

" —Black is the badge of *hell*,

" The hue of dungeons, and the ſcowl of *night.*" STEEVENS.

7 *That* cenſures *falſely*—] That *eſtimates* falſely. See Vol. IV. p. 149, n. 8. MALONE.

8 *When I, againſt myſelf, with thee* partake?] i. e. take part with thee againſt myſelf. STEEVENS.

A *partaker* was in Shakſpeare's time the term for an aſſociate or confederate in any buſineſs. MALONE.

Do

Do I not think on thee, when I forgot
Am of myſelf, all tyrant, for thy ſake [9]?
Who hateth thee, that I do call my friend [1]?
On whom frown'ſt thou that I do fawn upon?
Nay, if thou low'rſt on me, do I not ſpend
Revenge upon myſelf with preſent moan?
What merit do I in myſelf reſpect,
That is ſo proud thy ſervice to deſpiſe,
When all my beſt doth worſhip thy defect,
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes [2]?
But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind;
Thoſe that can ſee thou lov'ſt, and I am blind.

CL.

O, from what power haſt thou this powerful might,
With inſufficiency my heart to ſway?
To make me give the lie to my true ſight,
And ſwear that brightneſs doth not grace the day [3]?
Whence haſt thou this becoming of things ill [4],
That in the very refuſe of thy deeds

There

[9] —*all tyrant, for thy ſake?*] That is, for the ſake of *thee*, thou tyrant. Perhaps however the authour wrote:

——— when I forgot
Am of myſelf, all *truant* for thy ſake?

So, in the 101ſt *Sonnet*:

"O *truant* Muſe, what ſhall be thy amends
"For thy *neglect* of truth.—" MALONE.

[1] *Who hateth thee, that I do call my friend?*] This is from one of the Pſalms: "Do I not hate thoſe that hate thee?" &c. STEEVENS.

[2] *Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?*] So, in *Coriolanus*:

"He wag'd me with his countenance." STEEVENS.

Again, more appoſitely, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
"So many mermaids, *tended her i' the eyes*,
"And made their bends adornings?" MALONE.

[3] *And ſwear that brightneſs doth not grace the day?*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"I am content, if thou wilt have it ſo:
"*I'll ſay, yon grey is not the morning's eye*," &c.

STEEVENS.

[4] *Whence haſt thou this* becoming of things ill,] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

——"*vileſt*

There is such strength and warrantise of skill,
That in my mind thy worst all best exceeds?
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,
The more I hear and see just cause of hate[5]?
O, though I love what others do abhor,
With others thou should'st not abhor my state;
If thy unworthiness rais'd love in me,
More worthy I to be belov'd of thee.

CLI.

Love is too young to know what conscience is;
Yet who knows not, conscience is born of love?
Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove.
For, thou betraying me, I do betray
My nobler part to my gross body's treason;
My soul doth tell my body that he may
Triumph in love; flesh stays no farther reason;
But rising at thy name, doth point out thee
As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,
He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.
No want of conscience hold it that I call
Her—love, for whose dear love I rise and fall.

" —*vilest things*
" *Become* themselves in her."
Again, ibidem:
" Fie, wrangling queen!
" Whom every thing *becomes*; to chide, to laugh,
" To weep." MALONE.

5 *Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,*
The more I hear and see just cause of hate?] So Catullus:
Odi et amo; quare id faciam, fortasse requiris:
Nescio, sed fieri sentio et excrucior.
The following lines in one of Terences Comedies contain the same sentiment as the sonnet before us:
" O indignum facinus! nunc ego
" Et illam scelestam esse et me miserum sentio;
" Et tædet, et amore ardeo, et prudens, sciens,
" Vivus, videnque pereo, nec quid agam scio." MALONE.

CLII. In

CLII.

In loving thee thou know'ſt I am forſworn,
But thou art twice forſworn, to me love ſwearing;
In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,
In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
But why of two oaths' breach do I accuſe thee,
When I break twenty? I am perjur'd moſt;
For all my vows are oaths but to miſuſe thee,
And all my honeſt faith in thee is loſt:
For I have ſworn deep oaths of thy deep kindneſs,
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy conſtancy;
And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindneſs,
Or made them ſwear againſt the thing they ſee[6];
For I have ſworn thee fair: more perjur'd I,
To ſwear, againſt the truth, ſo foul a lie[7]!

CLIII.

Cupid lay'd by his brand, and fell aſleep[8]:
A maid of Dian's this advantage found,
And his love-kindling fire did quickly ſteep
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;

[6] —*ſwear againſt the thing they ſee*;] So, in *Timon*:
" Swear againſt *objects*." STEEVENS.

[7] ——*more perjur'd I*,
To ſwear, againſt the truth, ſo foul a lie!] The quarto is here certainly corrupt. It reads—more perjur'd *eye*, &c. MALONE.

[8] *Cupid laid by his brand, and fell aſleep*;] This and the following Sonnet are compoſed of the very ſame thoughts differently verſified. They ſeem to have been early eſſays of the poet, who perhaps had not determined which he ſhould prefer. He hardly could have intended to ſend them both into the world. MALONE.

That the poet intended them alike for publication, may be inferred from the following lines in the 105th *Sonnet*:
" Since all alike my ſongs and praiſes be,
" To one, of one, ſtill ſuch and ever ſo—."
Again:
" Therefore my verſe—
" One thing expreſſing, leaves out difference."
Again:
" Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,
" Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words." STEEVENS.

Which

Which borrow'd from this holy fire of love
A dateleſs lively heat, ſtill to endure,
And grew a ſeething bath, which yet men prove,
Againſt ſtrange maladies a ſovereign cure.
But at my miſtreſs' eye love's brand new-fir'd,
The boy for trial needs would touch my breaſt;
I ſick withal, the help of bath deſir'd,
And thither hied[9], a ſad diſtemper'd gueſt,
But found no cure: the bath for my help lies
Where Cupid got new fire; my miſtreſs' eyes.

CLIV.

The little love-god lying once aſleep,
Laid by his ſide his heart-inflaming brand,
Whilſt many nymphs that vow'd chaſte life to keep,
Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand
The faireſt votary took up that fire
Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd;
And ſo the general of hot deſire
Was ſleeping by a virgin hand diſarm'd.
This brand ſhe quenched in a cool well by,
Which from love's fire took heat perpetual,
Growing a bath and healthful remedy
For men diſeas'd; but I, my miſtreſs' thrall,
Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,
Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

9 —*the help of* bath *deſir'd*,
And thither *hied*,—] Query, whether we ſhould read *Bath* (i. e. the city of that name). The following words ſeem to authoriſe it. STEEVENS.

The old copy is certainly right. See the ſubſequent Sonnet, which contains the ſame thoughts differently verſified:

" Growing *a* bath, &c.
" —but I, my miſtreſs' thrall,
" Came *there* for cure."

So, before, in the preſent Sonnet:

" And grew *a* ſeething *bath*.—" MALONE.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM[1].

I.

SWEET Cytherea, ſitting by a brook,
With young Adonis, lovely, freſh and green,
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,
Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.

She

[1] *The Paſſionate Pilgrim* was firſt publiſhed by William Jaggard in ſmall octavo in 1599, with our authour's name. Two of the Sonnets inſerted in that collection are alſo found (as has been already obſerved) in the larger collection printed in quarto in 1609; which having been already laid before the reader, (ſee before, Sonnet 138, and 144,) are here omitted. J. Jaggard in 1598 had printed a collection of Poems written by Richard Barnefield. Among theſe are found A Sonnet "addreſſed to his friend Maiſter R. L. in praiſe of muſique and poetrie," beginning with this line, "*If muſique and ſweete poetrie agree*," &c. and an Ode alſo written by Barnefielde, of which the firſt line is "*As it fell upon a day*—: notwithſtanding which, William Jaggard inſerted theſe two pieces in the *Paſſionate Pilgrim* as the productions of Shakſpeare.

In the year 1612 he went ſtill further, for he then added to the former miſcellany ſeveral pieces written by Thomas Heywood, and republiſhed the collection under the following title. "THE PASSIONATE PILGRIME, or *certaine Amorous Sonnets betweene* Venus and Adonis, *newly corrected and augmented. By W. Shakeſpeare.* The third edition. Whereunto is newly added two love-epiſtles, the firſt from *Paris* to *Hellen*, and *Hellens* anſwere backe againe to *Paris*." Heywood, being much offended with this proceeding, appears to have inſiſted on the printer's cancelling the original title-page, and ſubſtituting another that ſhould not aſcribe the whole to Shakſpeare. This I learn from my copy of theſe poems, in which the two title-pages by ſome negligence of the binder have been preſerved; one with, and the other without, the name of our authour. Heywood in his poſtſcript to his *Apology for Actors*, printed in 1612, thus ſpeaks of this tranſaction. "Here likewiſe I muſt neceſſarily inſert a manifeſt injury done to me in that worke, [*Britaynes Troy*,] by taking the two epiſtles of *Paris to Helen*, and *Helen to Paris*, and printing them in a leſs volume under the name of another; which may put the world in opinion I might ſteale them from him, and hee, to do himſelfe right, hath ſince publiſhed them in his own name: but as I muſt acknow-

She told him ſtories to delight his ear;
She ſhow'd him favours to allure his eye;
To win his heart, ſhe touch'd him here and there:
Touches ſo ſoft ſtill conquer chaſtity[2].
But whether unripe years did want conceit,
Or he refus'd to take her figur'd proffer,
The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,
But ſmile and jeſt at every gentle offer:
Then fell ſhe on her back, fair queen, and toward;
He roſe and ran away; ah, fool too froward!

ledge my lines not worthy his patronage under whom he hath publiſhed them, ſo, the author, *I know*, much offended with Mr. Jaggard, that (altogether unknown to him,) preſumed to make ſo bold with his name."

In conſequence of Jaggard's conduct the two poems of Barnefield have till the preſent edition been printed as Shakſpeare's; and Heywood's tranſlations from Ovid, notwithſtanding the authour's remonſtrance, were again republiſhed in 1640, under the name of our poet: nor was the fallacy detected till the year 1766, when it was pointed out by Dr. Farmer in his very ingenious *Eſſay on the learning of Shakſpeare*.

Beſide the poems already enumerated, which the printer falſely aſcribed to Shakſpeare, he likewiſe inſerted a celebrated Madrigal written by Marlowe, beginning with the words—"*Come live with me, and be my love*," which is now rejected.

The title-page above given fully ſupports an obſervation I made ſome years ago, that ſeveral of the ſonnets in this collection ſeem to have been eſſays of the authour when he firſt conceived the notion of writing a poem on the ſubject of Venus and Adonis, and before the ſcheme of his work was completely adjuſted.

Many of theſe little pieces bear the ſtrongeſt mark of the hand of Shakſpeare.—I have not adhered to the order in which they ſtand in the old copy, having claſſed all thoſe which relate to Adonis together.

MALONE.

Why the preſent collection of Sonnets, &c. ſhould be entitled *The Paſſionate Pilgrim*, I cannot diſcover, as it is made up out of the looſe fragments of Shakſpeare, together with pieces of other writers. Perhaps it was ſo called by its firſt editor William Jaggard the bookſeller. We may be almoſt ſure that our author never deſigned the majority of theſe his unconnected ſcraps for the publick.

On the Stationers' books the following entry occurs: "Jan. 3, 1599, Amours by J. D. with certen Sonets by W. S." This entry is made by Eleazar Edgar. STEEVENS.

[2] Touches *ſo ſoft ſtill* conquer *chaſtity*.] Thus, in *Cymbeline*:

"——a *touch* more rare
"*Subdues* all pangs, all fears." STEEVENS.

II. Scarce

II.

Scarce had the ſun dried up the dewy morn [3],
And ſcarce the herd gone to the hedge for ſhade,
When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,
A longing tarriance for Adonis made,
Under an oſier growing by a brook,
A brook, where Adon us'd to cool his ſpleen:
Hot was the day; ſhe hotter that did look
For his approach, that often there had been.
Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,
And ſtood ſtark naked on the brook's green brim;
The ſun look'd on the world with glorious eye,
Yet not ſo wiſtly, as this queen on him:
He ſpying her, bounc'd in, whereas he ſtood;
O Jove, quoth ſhe, why was not I a flood?

III.

Fair was the morn, when the fair queen of love,
* * * * *
Paler for ſorrow than her milk-white dove [4],
For Adon's ſake, a youngſter proud and wild;

[3] *Scarce had the ſun dried up the dewy morn,* &c.] Of this Sonnet the following tranſlation was made by the late Mr. Vincent Bourne:

Vix matutinum ebiberat de gramine rorem
Umbroſa invitans Phœbus ad antra boves,
Cum ſecum placidi Cytherea ad fluminis undas
Adventum expectans ſedit, Adoni, tuum.
Sub ſalicis ſedit ramis, ubi ſæpe ſolebat
Procumbens faſtum depoſuiſſe puer.
Æſtus erat gravis; at gravior ſub pectore divæ
Qui fuit, et longe ſævior, æſtus erat.
Mox puer advenit, poſuitque a corpore veſtem,
Tam prope vix Venerem delituiſſe ratus;
Utque deam vidit recubantem in margine ripæ,
Attonitus mediis inſiliebat aquis.
Crudelem decepta dolum fraudemque ſuperbum
Ut videt, his mæſtis ingemit illa modis:
Cur ex æquoreæ ſpumâ cum naſcerer undæ,
Non ipſa, o inquit Jupiter! unda fui! MALONE.

[4] *Paler for ſorrow than her milk-white dove,*] The line preceding this is loſt. MALONE.

Her ſtand ſhe takes upon a ſteep-up hill[5]:
Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds;
She ſilly queen, with more than love's good will,
Forbade the boy he ſhould not paſs thoſe grounds;
Once, quoth ſhe, did I ſee a fair ſweet youth
Here in theſe brakes deep-wounded with a boar,
Deep in the thigh, a ſpectacle of ruth!
See, in my thigh, quoth ſhe, here was the ſore[6]:
She ſhowed hers; he ſaw more wounds than one,
And bluſhing fled, and left her all alone.

IV.

Fair Venus with Adonis ſitting by her[7],
Under a myrtle ſhade, began to woo him;
She told the youngling how god Mars did try her[8],
And as he fell to her, ſhe fell to him.

Even

[5] —*upon a ſteep-up-hill:*] It has been ſuggeſted to me that this ought to be printed—upon a ſteep *up-hill*; but the other regulation is undoubtedly right. So, in a former ſonnet:

"And having climb'd the *ſteep-up* heavenly *hill*,—".

MALONE.

[6] *See, in my thigh, quoth ſhe, here was the ſore,* &c.] Rabelais hath ſported with the ſame thought in a chapter where he relateth the ſtory of the *Old Woman and the Lion.* La Fontaine alſo indulgeth himſelf in *Le Diable Papefiguiere,* after a manner no whit more chaſtiſed:

"Bref auſſi tôt qu'il apperçut l'enorme
"Solution de continuité,
"Il demeura ſi fort épouvanté,
"Qu'il prit la fuite, et laiſſa-la Perrette."

The varlet Shakſpeare, however, on this occaſion might have remembered the ancient ballad of the *Gelding of the Devil,* which beginneth thus:

"A merry jeſt I will you tell," &c.

And now I bethink me, ſomewhat like the ſame fancy occurreth in the *Speculum Majus* of Vincentius Bellovacenſis, otherwiſe Vincent de Beauvais. AMNER.

[7] Fair *Venus with Adonis ſitting by her,*] The old copy reads:

Venus with Adonis ſitting by her.

The defect of the metre ſhows that a word was omitted at the preſs. This remark I owe to Dr. Farmer. MALONE.

[8] *She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,*] See *Venus and Adonis,* ante, p. 18:

I have

Even thus, quoth ſhe, the warlike god embrac'd me;
And then ſhe clipp'd Adonis in her arms:
Even thus, quoth ſhe, the warlike god unlac'd me,
As if the boy ſhould uſe like loving charms:
Even thus, quoth ſhe, he ſeized on my lips,
And with her lips on his did act the ſeizure;
And as ſhe fetched breath, away he ſkips,
And would not take her meaning nor her pleaſure.
Ah! that I had my lady at this bay,
To kiſs and clip me till I run away!

V.

Crabbed age and youth[9]
Cannot live together;
Youth is full of pleaſance,
Age is full of care:
Youth like ſummer morn,
Age like winter weather;
Youth like ſummer brave,
Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of ſport,
Age's breath is ſhort,
Youth is nimble, age is lame;
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.

And

" I have been woo'd, as I entreat thee now,
" Even by the ſtern and direful god of war," &c. MALONE.
—*bow god* Mars did try her,] So, Prior:
" By Mars himſelf *that armour has been try'd.*" STEEVENS.

9 *Crabbed age and youth*, &c.] This little poem is likewiſe found in the *Garland of Good Will*, Part III. Dr. Percy thinks that it was intended for the mouth of Venus, weighing the comparative merits of *youthful* Adonis and *aged* Vulcan." See the *Reliques of Anc. Poet.* vol. I. p. 337. 2d edit.

This ſong is alluded to in *The Woman's Prize, or the Tamer tam'd*, by B. and Fletcher:

" ———Thou fond man,
" Haſt thou forgot the ballad, *Crabbed age?*
" Can May and January match together,
" And never a ſtorm between them? MALONE.

Age, I do abhor thee,
Youth, I do adore thee;
O, my love, my love is young;
Age, I do defy thee [1];
O ſweet ſhepherd, hie thee,
For methinks thou ſtay'ſt too long.

VI.

Sweet roſe [2], fair flower, untimely pluck'd, ſoon faded,
Pluck'd in the bud, and faded in the ſpring [3]!
Bright orient pearl, alack! too timely ſhaded!
Fair creature, kill'd too ſoon by death's ſharp ſting!
Like a green plumb that hangs upon a tree,
And falls, through wind, before the fall ſhould be.

I weep for thee, and yet no cauſe I have;
For why? thou left'ſt me nothing in thy will.
And yet thou left'ſt me more than I did crave;
For why? I craved nothing of thee ſtill:
O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee:
Thy diſcontent thou didſt bequeath to me.

As we know not that Vulcan was much more *aged* than his brethren, Mars, Mercury, or Phœbus, and eſpecially as the fabled deities were ſuppoſed to enjoy a perpetuity of health, life, and pleaſure, I am unwilling to admit that the laughter-loving dame diſliked her huſband on any other account than his ungraceful form and his lameneſs. He who could forge the thunderbolts of Jove, was ſurely in full ſtrength, and equal to the taſk of diſcharging the higheſt claims and moſt terrifying exactions even of Venus herſelf. I do not, in ſhort, perceive how this little poem could have been put, with any ſingular propriety, into the mouth of the queen of Love, if due regard were paid to the claſſical ſituation of her and her huſband. STEEVENS.

[1] *Age, I do* defy *thee*;] I deſpiſe or reject thee. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"I do *defy* thy conjuration." MALONE.

[2] *Sweet roſe*, &c.] This ſeems to have been intended for a dirge to be ſung by Venus on the death of Adonis. MALONE.

[3] —*faded in the ſpring.*] The verb *fade* throughout theſe little fragments, &c. is always ſpelt *vaded*, either in compliance with ancient pronunciation, or in conſequence of a primitive which perhaps modern lexicographers may feel ſome reluctance to acknowledge. They tell us that we owe this word to the French *fade*; but I ſee no reaſon why we may not as well impute its origin to the Latin *vado*, which equally ſerves to indicate departure, motion, and evaneſcence. STEEVENS.

VII. Fair

VII.

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle,
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty;
Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle[4],
Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, rusty:
A lily pale *, with damask die to grace her,
None fairer, nor none falser to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath she join'd,
Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing!
How many tales to please me hath she coin'd,
Dreading my love, the loss thereof still fearing!
Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,
Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jestings.

She burn'd with love, as straw with fire flameth;
She burn'd out love, as soon as straw out-burneth[5];
She fram'd the love, and yet she foil'd the framing;
She bade love last, and yet she fell a turning.
Was this a lover, or a lecher whether?
Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

VIII.

Did not the heavenly rhetorick of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument[6],

4 *Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle,*]
Quam digna inscribi vitro, cum lubrica, lævis,
Pellucens, fragilis, vitrea tota nites!
Written under a lady's name on an inn window. STEEVENS.

* *A lily pale, with damask die to grace her,*] So, in *Venus and Adonis*:
"——a sudden pale,
"Like lawn being laid upon the blushing rose."
Again, in *the Rape of Lucrece*:
"This silent war of *lilies* and of *roses*—." MALONE.

5 *She burn'd out love, as soon as straw out-burneth*;] So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:
"——rash *bavin* wits,
"*Soon kindled and soon burnt.*" STEEVENS.

6 —cannot *hold argument*,] This is the reading in *Love's Labour's Lost*, where this Sonnet is also found. *The Passionate Pilgrim* has:—*could* not hold argument. MALONE.

Perſuade my heart to this falſe perjury?
Vows for thee broke deſerve not puniſhment.
A woman I forſwore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddeſs, I forſwore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all diſgrace in me.
My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is;
Then thou fair ſun, which on my earth doſt ſhine[7],
Exhal'ſt this vapour vow; in thee it is:
If broken, then it is no fault of mine.
If by me broke, what fool is not ſo wiſe
To break an oath, to win a paradiſe[8]?

IX.

If love make me forſworn, how ſhall I ſwear to love?
O, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd:
Though to myſelf forſworn, to thee I'll conſtant prove;
Thoſe thoughts, to me like oaks, to thee like oſiers bow'd.
Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes[9],
Where all thoſe pleaſures live, that art can comprehend.
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee ſhall ſuffice;
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend;
All ignorant that ſoul that ſees thee without wonder;
Which is to me ſome praiſe, that I thy parts admire:

7 —which *on* my *earth* doſt *ſhine*,] Such is the reading in *Love's Labour's Loſt*. *The Paſſionate Pilgrim* reads:
—*that* on *this* earth *doth* ſhine,
Exhale this vapour, &c. MALONE.
Then thou, fair ſun, which on my earth doſt ſhine,
Exhal'ſt *this vapour*—] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
"It is ſome meteor that the *ſun exhales*." STEEVENS.

8 *To break an oath, to win a paradiſe?*] So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:
"It is religion, to be thus forſworn." STEEVENS.

9 —*makes his book thine eyes*,] So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:
"From women's *eyes* this *doctrine* I derive," &c.
Again, *ibidem*:
"—women's *eyes*—
"They are the *books*, the *arts*, the academes—." MALONE.

Thine

Thine eye Jove's lightning ſeems, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which (not to anger bent) is muſick and ſweet fire [1].
Celeſtial as thou art, O do not love that wrong,
To ſing the heavens' praiſe with ſuch an earthly tongue [2].

X.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
A ſhining gloſs, that fadeth ſuddenly;
A flower that dies, when firſt it 'gins to bud;
A brittle glaſs, that's broken preſently;
A doubtful good, a gloſs, a glaſs, a flower,
Loſt, faded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods loſt are ſeld or never found,
As faded gloſs no rubbing will refreſh [3],
As flowers dead, lie wither'd on the ground,
As broken glaſs no cement can redreſs,

[1] —*thy voice his dreadful* thunder,
Which (not to anger bent) is muſick *and ſweet fire.*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*
" —his *voice* was property'd
" As all the *tuned ſpheres*, and that to friends;
" But when he meant to quail and ſhake the orb,
" He was as rattling *thunder.*" STEEVENS.

[2] This Sonnet is likewiſe found in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, with ſome ſlight alterations. The laſt couplet there ſtands thus:
" Celeſtial as thou art, *oh pardon, love, this* wrong,
" *That ſings* the heavens praiſe, &c. MALONE.

[3] *As faded gloſs no rubbing will* refreſh;] A copy of this poem ſaid to be printed from an ancient Mſ. and publiſhed in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. XXIX. p. 39. reads:
As faded gloſs no rubbing will *excite*,
and in the correſponding line:
As broken glaſs no cement can *unite*. MALONE.

Read the firſt of theſe lines how we will, it is founded on a falſe poſition. Every one knows that the gloſs or poliſh on all works of art may be reſtored, and that rubbing is the means of reſtoring it. STEEV.

Shakſpeare, I believe, alludes to faded ſilk, of which the colour, when once faded, cannot be reſtored but by a ſecond dying. MALONE.

So

So beauty blemiſh'd once, for ever's loſt,
In ſpite of phyſick, painting, pain, and coſt.

XI.

Good night, good reſt. Ah! neither be my ſhare:
She bade good night, that kept my reſt away;
And daff'd me[4] to a cabbin hang'd with care,
To deſcant on the doubts of my decay.
Farewel, quoth ſhe, and come again to-morrow;
Fare well I could not, for I ſupp'd with ſorrow.

Yet at my parting ſweetly did ſhe ſmile,
In ſcorn or friendſhip, nill I conſtrue whether:
'Tmay be, ſhe joy'd to jeſt at my exile,
'Tmay be[5], again to make me wander thither;
Wander, a word for ſhadows like myſelf,
As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

XII.

Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the eaſt!
My heart doth charge the watch[6]; the morning riſe
Doth cite each moving ſenſe from idle reſt.
Not daring truſt the office of mine eyes,

4 *And* daff'd *me*, &c.] So, in *Much Ado About Nothing*:
" — canſt thou ſo *daff* me?"
To *daff*, or *doff*, is to put off. MALONE.

5 'Tmay *be*, &c.] Thus the old copy. So alſo in the next line. I have obſerved the ſame eliſion in other poems of the ſame age, and once in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609, though I cannot at preſent turn to the inſtance that I had marked. MALONE.

I will never believe any poet could begin two lines together, with ſuch offenſive eliſions. They may both be omitted without injury to ſenſe or metre. STEEVENS.

6 *My heart doth* charge the watch;—] The meaning of this phraſe is not very clear. STEEVENS.

Perhaps the poet, wiſhing for the approach of morning, enjoins the watch to haſten through their nocturnal duty. MALONE.

While

While Philomela ſits and ſings, I ſit and mark,
And wiſh her lays were tuned like the lark [7];

For ſhe doth welcome day-light with her ditty [8],
And drives away dark diſmal-dreaming night:
The night ſo pack'd, I poſt unto my pretty;
Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wiſhed ſight;
Sorrow chang'd to ſolace, ſolace mix'd with ſorrow;
For why? ſhe ſigh'd, and bade me come to-morrow.

Were I with her, the night would poſt too ſoon;
But now are minutes added to the hours;
To ſpite me now, each minute ſeems a moon [9];
Yet not for me, ſhine ſun to ſuccour flowers!

Pack

7 *While Philomela ſits and ſings, I ſit and mark,*
And wiſh her lays were tuned like the lark.] In *Romeo and Juliet*, the lark and nightingale are in like manner oppoſed to each other. MALONE.

8 *For ſhe doth welcome day-light with her ditty,*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" It was the *lark*, the *herald* of the *morn*." MALONE.

9 —*each minute ſeems* a moon;] The old copy reads—each minute ſeems *an hour*. The want of rhyme to the correſponding line ſhews that it muſt be corrupt. I have therefore not heſitated to adopt an emendation propoſed by Mr. Steevens,—each minute ſeems a *moon*; i. e. month. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" Which had ſuperfluous kings for meſſengers,
" Not many *moons* gone by.

Again, in *Othello*:

" —Since theſe arms had ſeven years' pith
" Till now ſome nine *moons* waſted,—."

In *Romeo and Juliet* our poet deſcribes the impatience of a lover not leſs ſtrongly than in the paſſage before us:

" I muſt hear from thee *every day of the hour*,
" For *in a minute there are many days*." MALONE.

Were I with her, the night would poſt too ſoon;
But now are minutes added to the hours;
To ſpite me now, each minute ſeems a moon;] Thus, in Dr. Young's *Revenge*:

" While in the luſtre of her charms I lay,
" Whole ſummer ſuns roll'd unperceiv'd away;—

" Now

Pack night, peep day; good day, of night now borrow:
Short, night, to-night, and length thyſelf to-morrow.

XIII.

It was a lording's daughter, the faireſt one of three[1],
That liked of her maſter as well as well might be,
Till looking on an Engliſhman, the faireſt eye could ſee,
Her fancy fell a turning.
Long was the combat doubtful, that love with love did fight,
To leave the maſter loveleſs, or kill the gallant knight:
To put in practice either, alas it was a ſpite
Unto the ſilly damſel.
But one muſt be refuſed, more mickle was the pain,
That nothing could be uſed, to turn them both to gain,
For of the two the truſty knight was wounded with diſdain:
Alas, ſhe could not help it!

"Now fate does rigidly her dues regain,
"And every moment is an age of pain."

Dr. Young, however, was no needy borrower, and therefore the coincidence between theſe paſſages may be regarded as the effect of accident. There are, however, certain hyperbolical expreſſions which the inamoratoes of all ages have claimed as right of commonage. STEEVENS.

[1] *It was a lording's daughter*, &c.] This and the five following Sonnets are ſaid in the old copy to have been ſet to muſick. Mr. Oldys in one of his Mſſ. ſays they were ſet by John and Thomas Morley. MALONE.

There is a wretched ditty, beginning:

'*s It was a lady's daughter*
"*Of Paris, properly,*" &c.

Another:

"*It was a blind beggar*
"*That long had loſt his ſight.*—"

Another:

"*It was an old man and his poor wife*
"*In great diſtreſs did fall.*—"

and twenty more *It was's*, that might as reputably be imputed to Shakſpeare, who excells in ballads, as this deſpicable compoſition. STEEV.

I am afraid our authour is himſelf anſwerable for one of theſe *It was's*. See *As you like it*, Vol. III. p. 222:

"*It was* a lover and his laſs," &c. MALONE.

Thus art with arms contending was victor of the day,
Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid away;
Then lullaby, the learned man hath got the lady gay;
For now my ſong is ended.

XIV.

On a day (alack the day[2]!)
Love, whoſe month was ever May[3],
Spy'd a bloſſom paſſing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unſeen, 'gan paſſage find;
That the lover[4], ſick to death,
Wiſh'd himſelf the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph ſo!
But alas! my hand hath ſworn[5]
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet;
Youth, ſo apt to pluck a ſweet.
Do not call it ſin in me[6],
That I am forſworn for thee;
Thou for whom Jove would ſwear[7]
Juno but an Ethiope were;

[2] *On a day (alack the day!)* &c.] This Sonnet is likewiſe found in a collection of verſes entitled *England's Helicon*, printed in 1600. It is there called *The Paſſionate Sheepheard's Song*, and our authour's name is affixed to it. It occurs alſo in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Act IV. ſc. iii. MALONE.

[3] —*whoſe month* was *ever May*,] In *Love's Labour's Loſt*,—"*is* ever May." MALONE.

[4] *That the* lover,—] *England's Helicon* reads:
That the *ſhepherd*, &c. MALONE.

[5] —*my hand* hath *ſworn*] In *Love's Labour's Loſt*, this line is printed with a ſlight variation:
But alas my hand *is* ſworn. MALONE.

[6] *Do not call it*, &c.] Theſe two lines are ſupplied from the play. They are wanting in *England's Helicon*, and in the *Paſſionate Pilgrim*. MALONE.

[7] *Thou for whom Jove would* ſwear.] *Swear* is here uſed as a diſſyllable. MALONE.

And

And deny himſelf for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love [8].

XV.

My flocks feed not [9],
My ewes breed not,
My rams ſpeed not,
All is amiſs:
Love's denying [1],
Faith's defying,
Heart's renying,
Cauſer of this [2].
All my merry jigs are quite forgot [3],
All my lady's love is loſt, God wot:
Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,
There a nay [4] is plac'd without remove.
One filly croſs
Wrought all my loſs;
O frowning fortune, curſed, fickle dame!

[8] —*for* thy *love.*] *England's Helicon* reads:
Turning mortal for *my* love. MALONE.

[9] *My flocks feed not,* &c.] This Sonnet is alſo found in *England's Helicon,* 1600. It is there entitled *The Unknown Sheepheard's Complaint*; and ſubſcribed *Ignoto.* It is likewiſe printed with ſome variations, in a Collection of Madrigals, by Thomas Weelkes, quarto, 1597. MALONE.

[1] *Love's denying,* &c.] A denial of love, a breach of faith, &c. *being* the cauſe of all theſe misfortunes. *The Paſſionate Pilgrim* and Weelkes's book have—Love *is dying,* and—Heart's *denying.* The reading of the text is found in *England's Helicon,* except that it has—Love *is,* and Faith *is.* *Renying* is from the French, *renier,* to forſwear. MALONE.

[2] *Cauſer of this.*] Read—*'Cauſe* of this; i. e. *Becauſe* of this. STEEVENS.

The old copy is right. The word *cauſer* is again uſed by Shakſpeare in *Love's Labour's Loſt:*

"And ſtudy too, the *cauſer* of your vow." MALONE.

[3] *All my merry* jiggs *are quite forgot,*] A *jig* was a metrical compoſition. So, in *Ruſſy d' Ambois,* a tragedy by Chapman, 1607:

"'Tis one of the beſt *jigs* that ever was *acted.*" MALONE.

[4] *There* a nay—] So *The Paſſionate Pilgrim. Annoy,* Weelkes's Madrigals. MALONE.

For

For now I ſee
Inconſtancy
More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I [5],
All fears ſcorn I,
Love hath forlorn me [6],
Living in thrall:
Heart is bleeding,
All help needing,
(O cruel ſpeeding!)
Fraughted with gall.
My ſhepherd's pipe can ſound no deal [7],
My wethers' bell rings doleful knell;
My curtail dog that wont to have play'd,
Plays not at all, but ſeems afraid;
My ſighs ſo deep [8],
Procure to weep,
In howling-wiſe, to ſee my doleful plight.

5 *In black* mourn *I*,] Jaggard's copy has—*morne*. The reading of the text was ſupplied by *England's Helicon*. MALONE.

6 *Love* hath *forlorn* me;] As the metre as well as rhime in this paſſage is defective, I ſuſpect ſome corruption, and would read:

Love forlorn I,

i. e. I love-forlorn, i. e. deſerted, forſaken, &c. STEEVENS.

All the copies agree in the reading of the text. The metre is the ſame as in the correſponding line:

O cruel ſpeeding.

To the exactneſs of rhyme the authour appears to have paid little attention. We have juſt had *dame* and *remain*. MALONE.

7 *My ſhepherd's pipe can ſound no* deal,] i. e. in no degree, more or leſs. Thus Fairfax:

"This charge ſome *deal* thee haply honour may." STEEV.

8 My *ſighs ſo deep*.] Jaggard's copy and *England's Helicon* read—*With* ſighs, &c. I ſome years ago conjectured that Shakſpeare wrote —*My* ſighs, and the copy in Weelkes's Madrigals which I have lately ſeen, confirms my conjecture. After the word *procure*, *him*, or the dog, muſt be underſtood. MALONE.

The verb *procure* is uſed with great laxity by Shakſpeare in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"——it is my lady mother:
"What unaccuſtom'd cauſe *procures* her hither?" STEEV.

How

How ſighs reſound
Through harkleſs ground [9],
Like a thouſand vanquiſh'd men in bloody fight!

Clear wells ſpring not,
Sweet birds ſing not,
Loud bells ring not
Cheerfully [1];
Herds ſtand weeping,
Flocks all ſleeping,
Nymphs back creeping [2]
Fearfully:
All our pleaſure known to us poor ſwains,
All our merry meetings on the plains,
All our evening ſport from us is fled,
All our love is loſt, for love is dead.
Farewel, ſweet laſs [3],
Thy like ne'er was
For a ſweet content, the cauſe of all my moan [4]:

9 —*through* harkleſs *ground.*] This is the reading furniſhed by Weelkes's copy. The other old editions have *heartleſs* ground. If *heartleſs* ground be the true reading, it means, I think, uncultivated, deſolated ground, correſponding in its appearance with the unhappy ſtate of its owner. An hypercritick will perhaps aſk, how can the ground be *harkleſs*, if ſighs *reſound*? The anſwer is, that no *other* noiſe is heard but that of ſighs: "The birds do not ſing, the bells ring not," &c. MALONE.

1 *Loud bells ring not*
Cheerfully;] Thus Weelkes's copy. The others have:
Green plants bring not
Forth: they die. MALONE.

2 —*back* creeping—.] So Weelkes. *England's Helicon* and *Paſſionate Pilgrim—peeping.* MALONE.

3 *Farewell, ſweet* laſs,] The *Paſſionate Pilgrim* and *England's Helicon* read—Farewell, ſweet *love.* When I printed this poem in 1780, I propoſed to read—ſweet *laſs*, and ſuch I now find is the reading in Weelkes's Madrigal. MALONE.

4 *For a ſweet content, the cauſe of all my* moan:] This reading was furniſhed by the copy printed in *England's Helicon.* The rhyme ſhows it to be the true one. *The Paſſionate Pilgrim* and Weelkes's copy have—
——the cauſe of all my *woe.*
Perhaps we ought to read—*thou* cauſe, &c. MALONE.

Poor

Poor Coridon
Muſt live alone,
Other help for him I ſee that there is none.

XVI.

When as thine eye hath choſe the dame,
And ſtall'd the deer that thou would'ſt ſtrike [5],
Let reaſon rule things worthy blame,
As well as fancy, partial tike [6]:
Take counſel of ſome wiſer head,
Neither too young, nor yet unwed.

And when thou com'ſt thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk [7],
Leſt ſhe ſome ſubtle practice ſmell;
(A cripple ſoon can find a halt:)
But plainly ſay thou lov'ſt her well,
And ſet thy perſon forth to ſell [8].

And to her will [9] frame all thy ways;
Spare not to ſpend,—and chiefly there
Where thy deſert may merit praiſe,
By ringing always in her ear:

The

[5] *And ſtall'd the deer that thou would'ſt ſtrike,*] So, in *Cymbeline*:
"—when thou haſt ta'en thy ſtand,
"The elected deer before thee." MALONE.

[6] *As well as* fancy, *partial* tike:] *Fancy* here means *love*. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:
"A martial man to be ſoft *fancy's* ſlave!"
The old copy reads—partial *might*. Mr. Steevens ſome years ago propoſed to read—partial *tike*; a term of contempt (as he obſerved,) employed by Shakſpeare and our old writers: and a manuſcript copy of this poem, of the age of Shakſpeare, in the poſſeſſion of Samuel Lyſons, Eſq., which has —partial *like*, adds ſuch ſupport to his conjecture, that I have adopted it. MALONE.

[7] —*with* filed *talk*,] With ſtudied or poliſhed language. So, in B. Jonſon's Verſes on our authour:
"In his well-torned and true-*filed* lines." MALONE.

[8] *And ſet thy perſon forth to* ſell.] The old copy has
And ſet *her* perſon forth to *ſale*.
Mr. Steevens conjectured that *ſell* was the authour's word, and ſuch is the reading of the manuſcript above mentioned. It likewiſe furniſhed the true reading in a former part of the line. MALONE.

[9] *And to her will*, &c.] This ſtanza and the next in the *Paſſionate*

The ſtrongeſt caſtle, tower, and town,
The golden bullet beats it down[1].

Serve always with aſſured truſt,
And in thy ſuit be humble, true;
Unleſs thy lady prove unjuſt,
Seek never thou to chooſe anew:
When time ſhall ſerve, be thou not ſlack
To proffer, though ſhe put thee back.

What though her frowning brows be bent,
Her cloudy looks will clear[2] ere night;
And then too late ſhe will repent
That ſhe diſſembled her delight;

Pilgrim follow the two ſtanzas which now ſucceed them. The preſent arrangement, which ſeems preferable, is that of the manuſcript already mentioned. MALONE.

[1] *Spare not to ſpend,—*
The ſtrongeſt caſtle, tower, and town,
The golden bullet beats it down.] So, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"Win her with gifts, if ſhe reſpect not words;
"Dumb jewels often, in their ſilent kind,
"More than quick words do move a woman's mind."

A line of this ſtanza—

The ſtrongeſt *caſtle*, tower, and town,

and two in a ſucceeding ſtanza,

What though ſhe ſtrive to try her ſtrength,
And ban and brawl, *and ſay thee nay*,—

remind us of the following verſes in *The Hiſtorie of Graunde Amours*, [ſign. I. 2.] written by Stephen Hawes, near a century before thoſe of Shakſpeare:

"Forſake her not, *though that ſhe ſaye nay*;
"A womans guiſe is evermore delay.
"No *caſtell* can be of ſo great a ſtrength,
"If that there be a ſure ſiege to it layed,
"It muſt yelde up, or els be won at length,
"Though that 'to-fore it hath bene long delayed;
"So continuance may you right well ayde:
"Some womans harte can not ſo harded be,
"But buſy labour may make it agree." MALONE.

[2] *Her cloudy lookes will* clear—] So the manuſcript copy; inſtead of which the *Paſſionate Pilgrim* reads—will *calm*. See the 148th Sonnet:

"The ſun itſelf ſees not, till heaven *clears*." MALONE.

And

And twice desire, ere it be day,
That with such scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,
And ban and brawl[3], and say thee nay,
Her feeble force will yield at length,
When craft hath taught her thus to say,—
Had women been so strong as men,
In faith you had not had it then.

The wiles and guiles that women work,
Dissembled with an outward show,
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,
The cock that treads them shall not know.
Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman's nay doth stand for nought?

Think, women love to match with men[4],
And not to live so like a saint:
Here is no heaven; they holy then
Begin, when age doth them attaint.
Were kisses all the joys in bed,
One woman would another wed.

But soft; enough,—too much I fear;
For if my lady hear my song,
She will not stick to ring mine ear,
To teach my tongue to be so long:
Yet will she blush, here be it said,
To hear her secrets so bewray'd[5].

XVI. Take

[3] *And* ban *and brawl,—*] To *ban* is to curse. So, in *K. Rich. III:*
" You bade me *ban,* and will you have me leave?" MALONE.

[4] *Think, women love to match with men,* &c.] In printing this stanza I have followed the old manuscript copy, which has likewise furnished some other minute variations now adopted. *The Passionate Pilgrim* reads:

Think women still to *strive* with men,
To sin and never for to saint;
There is no heaven *by* holy then,
When time with age shall them attaint. MALONE.

[5] *bewray'd.*] The foregoing sixteen Sonnets are all

XVII.

Take, oh, take thoſe lips away [5],
That ſo ſweetly were forſworn;
And thoſe eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do miſlead the morn:
But my kiſſes bring again,
Seals of love [6], but ſeal'd in vain [7].

Hide, oh, hide thoſe hills of ſnow
Which thy frozen boſom bears,
On whoſe tops the pinks that grow [8]
Are of thoſe that April wears:
But firſt ſet my poor heart free,
Bound in thoſe icy chains by thee.

that are found in the Collection printed by W. Jaggard, in 1599, under the title of *The Paſſionate Pilgrim*, excepting two, which have been already inſerted in their proper places; (p. 305, and 309,) a Madrigal, beginning with the words, *Come live with me*, &c. which has been omitted, as being the production, not of Shakſpeare, but Marlowe; and the two Sonnets that were written by Richard Barnefielde. In the room of theſe the two following ſmall pieces have been added, the authenticity of which ſeems unqueſtionable. MALONE.

[5] *Take, oh, take thoſe lips away.*] This little poem is not printed in *The Paſſionate Pilgrim*, probably becauſe it was not written ſo early as 1599. The firſt ſtanza of it is introduced in *Meaſure for Meaſure*. In Fletcher's *Bloody Brother* it is found entire. Whether the ſecond ſtanza was alſo written by Shakſpeare, cannot now be aſcertained. All the ſongs, however, introduced in our authour's plays, appear to have been his own compoſition; and the preſent contains an expreſſion of which he ſeems to have been peculiarly fond. See the next note. MALONE.

[7] Seals of love, *but ſeal'd in vain.*] So, in Shakſpeare's 142d *Sonnet*:

"—not from thoſe lips of thine,
"That have profan'd their ſcarlet ornaments,
"And *ſeal'd falſe bonds of love*, as oft as mine."

Again, in his *Venus and Adonis*:

"Pure lips, ſweet *ſeals* in my ſoft lips imprinted,
"What bargains may I make, ſtill to be *ſealing?*" MALONE.

[8] *On whoſe tops the* pinks *that grow,*] The following thought in one of Prior's poems is akin to this:

"An ugly hard *roſe-bud* has fallen in my neck." STEEV.

Let

XVIII.

Let the bird of loudeſt lay [9],
On the ſole Arabian tree [1],
Herald ſad and trumpet be [2],
To whoſe ſound chaſte wings obey.

But thou ſhrieking harbinger,
Foul pre-currer of the fiend,

9 *Let the bird of loudeſt lay,*] In 1601 a book was publiſhed, entitled LOVES MARTYR, *or* ROSALINS COMPLAINT, *Allegorically ſhadowing the Truth of Love, in the conſtant Fate of the Phœnix and Turtle. A Po m enterlaced with much Varietie and Raritie; now firſt tranſlated out of the venerable Italian Torquato Cœliano, by* Robert Cheſter. *With the true Legend of famous King Arthur, the laſt of the nine Worthies; being the firſt Eſſay of a new Britiſh Poet: collected out of diverſe authentical Records.*

To theſe are added ſome new Compoſitions of ſeveral modern Writers, whoſe names are ſubſcribed to their ſeverall Workes; upon the firſt Subject, viz. the Phœnix and Turtle.

Among theſe new compoſitions is the following poem, ſubſcribed with our poet's name. The ſecond title prefixed to theſe verſes, is yet more full. "*Hereafter follow diverſe Poetical Eſſaies on the former Subject, viz. the Turtle and Phœnix. Done by the beſt and chiefeſt of our modern Writers, with their Names ſubſcribed to their particular Workes.* Never before extant.

And now firſt conſecrated by them all generally to the Love and Merit of the true-noble Knight, Sir John Saliſburie."

The principal writers aſſociated with Shakſpeare in this collection are B. Johnſon, Marſton, and Chapman. The above very particular account of theſe verſes leave us, I think, no room to doubt of the genuineneſs of this little poem. MALONE.

1 *On the* ſole *Arabian* tree,] A learned friend would read:

Sole on the Arabian tree.

As there are many Arabian trees, though fabulous narrations have celebrated but one Arabian bird, I was ſo thoroughly convinced of the propriety of this change, that I had once regulated the text accordingly. But in emendation, as in determining on the life of man, *nulla unquam cunctatio longa eſt*; for the following paſſage in *The Tempeſt* fully ſupports the old copy:

"——Now I will believe
"That there are unicorns; that in *Arabia*
"There is *one tree*, the *phœnix'* throne; one phœnix
"At this hour reigning there."

This ſingular coincidence likewiſe ſerves to authenticate the preſent poem. MALONE.

2 Herald ſad *and* trumpet *be,*] So, in *King John*:

"—Be thou the *trumpet* of our wrath,
"And *ſullen preſage* of your own decay." STEEVENS.

Augur of the fever's end[3],
To this troop come thou not near[4]!

From this seſſion interdict
Every fowl of tyrant wing,
Save the eagle, feather'd king[5]:
Keep the obſequy ſo ſtrict.

Let the prieſt in ſurplice white,
That defunctive muſick can[6],
Be the death-divining ſwan,
Leſt the *requiem* lack his right.

And thou, treble-dated crow[7],
That thy ſable gender mak'ſt[8]
With the breath thou giv'ſt and tak'ſt,
'Mongſt our mourners ſhalt thou go.

3 *But thou* ſhrieking harbinger,
Foul pre-currer *of the fiend*,
Augur of the fever's end,] So, in *Hamlet*:
" And even the like *precurſe* of fierce events,—
" As *harbingers* preceding ſtill the *fates*,
" And *prologue to the omen coming on*—
" Have heaven and earth together demonſtrated
" Unto our climatures and countrymen."
The *ſhrieking harbinger* here addreſſed, is the ſcritch-owl, the *foul precurrer* of death. So, in a *Midſummer-Night's Dream*:
" Now the waſted brands do glow,
" While the *ſcritch-owl*, ſcritching loud,
" Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
" In remembrance of a ſhrowd."

4 *To this troop come thou not near!*] Part of this poem reſembles the ſong in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*:
" Ye ſpotted ſnakes with double tongue,
" Thorny hedge-hogs, be not ſeen;
" Newts, and blind-worms, do no harm;
" *Come not near our fairy queen*," &c. STEEVENS.

5 —*the eagle*, feather'd *king*:] So, in Mr. Gray's *Ode on the Progreſs of Poetry*:
" —thy magick lulls the *feather'd king*
" With ruffled plumes and flagging wing." STEEVENS.

6 *That defunctive muſick can*,] That underſtands funereal muſick. To *con* in Saxon ſignifies to *know*. The modern editions read:
That defunctive muſick *ken*. MALONE.

Here the anthem doth commence:—
Love and conſtancy is dead;
Phœnix and the turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence.

So they lov'd, as love in twain
Had the eſſence but in one;
Two diſtincts, diviſion none:
Number there in love was ſlain.

Hearts remote, yet not aſunder;
Diſtance, and no ſpace was ſeen
'Twixt the turtle and his queen:
But in them it were a wonder[9].

So between them love did ſhine,
That the turtle ſaw his right
Flaming in the phœnix' ſight[1]:
Either was the other's mine.

Pro-

7 *And thou*, treble-dated *crow*,] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:
" To pluck the quills from *ancient* ravens' wings." MALONE.
——cornicum ut ſecla vetuſta.
Ter tres ætates humanas garrula vincit
Cornix.—*Lucret.* STEEVENS.

8 That thy ſable gender mak'ſt
With the breath thou giv'ſt and tak'ſt,] I ſuppoſe this uncouth expreſſion means, that the *crow*, or *raven*, continues its race by the *breath* it *gives* to them as its parent, and by *that* which it *takes* from other animals: i. e. by firſt producing its young from itſelf, and then providing for their ſupport by depredation. Thus, in *King John*:
" ——and vaſt confuſion waits
" (*As doth a raven on a ſick-fallen beaſt*)
" The imminent decay of wreſted pomp."
This is the beſt I can make of the paſſage. STEEVENS.

9 But in them *it were a wonder.*] So extraordinary a phænomenon as *hearts remote, yet not aſunder*, &c. would have excited admiration, had it been found any where elſe *except in theſe* two birds. In them it was not wonderful. MALONE.

1 *That the turtle ſaw his* right
Flaming in the phoenix' ſight:] I ſuppoſe we ſhould read *light*; i. e. the turtle ſaw all the *day* he wanted, in the eyes of the phœnix. So, Antony ſpeaking to Cleopatra:

Property was thus appall'd,
That the ſelf was not the ſame[2];
Single nature's double name
Neither two nor one was call'd.

Reaſon, in itſelf confounded,
Saw diviſion grow together;
To themſelves yet either-neither,
Simple were ſo well compounded;

That it cry'd, how true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one[3]!
Love hath reaſon, reaſon none,
If what parts can ſo remain[4].

"'—O thou *day* o' the world,
" Chain my arm'd neck!"

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

Baſſ. " We ſhould hold *day* with the Antipodes,
" *If you would walk in abſence of the ſun.*

Por. " Let me *give light*, but let me not be light." STEEVENS.

I do not perceive any need of change. The turtle ſaw thoſe qualities which were his *right*, which were peculiarly *appropriated* to him, in the phœnix.—*Light* certainly correſponds better with the word *flaming* in the next line; but Shakſpeare ſeldom puts his compariſons on four feet. MALONE.

[2] *Property was thus appall'd,* . . . . . .
That the ſelf was not the ſame;] This communication of *appropriated* qualities alarmed the power that preſides over *property*. Finding *that the ſelf was not the ſame*, he began to fear that nothing would remain diſtinct and individual; that all things would become common. MALONE.

[3] *That it cry'd, how true a* twain
Seemeth this concordant one!] So, in Dayton's *Mortimeriados*, quarto, 1596:

" Still in her breaſt his ſecret thoughts ſhe beares,
" Nor can her tongue pronounce an *I*, but *wee*;
" *Thus two in one, and one in two they bee*;
" And as his ſoule poſſeſſeth head and heart,
" She's all in all, and all in every part." MALONE.

[4] *Love hath reaſon, reaſon none,* . . . . . .
If what parts *can ſo remain.*] Love is reaſonable, and reaſon is folly, [has no reaſon,] *if two that are diſunited* from each other, can yet remain together and undivided. MALONE.

Whereupon

Whereupon it made this threne[5];
To the phœnix and the dove,
Co-ſupremes and ſtars of love;
As chorus to their tragick ſcene.

THRENOS.

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
Grace in all ſimplicity,
Here inclos'd in cinders lie.

Death is now the phœnix' neſt;
And the turtle's loyal breaſt
To eternity doth reſt,

Leaving no poſterity:—
'Twas not their infirmity,
It was married chaſtity.

Truth may ſeem, but cannot be;
Beauty brag, but 'tis not ſhe;
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let thoſe repair
That are either true or fair;
For theſe dead birds ſigh a prayer.

5 *Whereupon it made this* threne;] This *funeral ſong*. So, in Kendal's poems, 1577:

"Of verſes, *threnes*, and epitaphs,
"Full fraught with teares of *teene*."

A book entitled David's *Threanes*, by J. Heywood, was publiſhed in 1620. Two years afterwards it was reprinted under the title of David's *Tears*: the former title probably was diſcarded as obſolete. For this information I am indebted to Dr. Farmer. MALONE.

A LOVER's COMPLAINT.

A LOVER's COMPLAINT[1].

FROM off a hill whose concave womb re-worded[2]
A plaintful story from a sistering vale[3],
My spirits to attend this double voice accorded[4],
And down I lay to list the sad-tun'd tale:
Ere long espy'd a fickle maid full pale,
Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,
Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain[5].

Upon her head a platted hive of straw,
Which fortified her visage from the sun,

1 This beautiful poem was first printed in 1609, with our authour's name, at the end of the quarto edition of his *Sonnets*. I wonder that it has not attracted the attention of some English painter, the opening being uncommonly picturesque. The figures, however, of the lady and the old man should be standing, not sitting, by the river side; Shakspeare reclining on a hill. MALONE.

2 —*whose concave womb* re-worded] Repeated; re-echoed. The same verb is found in *Hamlet*:

" —Bring me to the test,
" And I the matter will *re-word*." MALONE.

3 —*from a* sistering *vale*,] This word is again employed in *Pericles*, 1609:

" That even her art *sisters* the natural roses."

It is not, I believe, used by any other authour. MALONE.

4 *My* spirits *to attend this double voice accorded*,] The poet meant, I think, that the word *spirits* should be pronounced as if written *sprights*. MALONE.

5 *Storming her* world *with sorrow's wind and rain*.] So, in *Julius Cæsar*:

" ——and the state of a man,
" Like to a little *kingdom*, suffers then
" The nature of an insurrection."

Again, in *Hamlet*:

" ——Remember thee?
" Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
" In this distracted *globe*."

Again, in *King Lear*:

" Strives in his little *world* of man to out-scorn
" The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain."

Sorrows *wind and rain* are *sighs* and *tears*. Thus, in *Antony and Cleopatra*: " We cannot call her *winds* and *waters*, *sighs* and *tears*." The modern editions read corruptedly:

Storming her *words* with *sorrows*, wind, &c. MALONE.

Whereon

Whereon the thought might think ſometime it ſaw
The carcaſe of a beauty ſpent and done[6].
Time had not ſcythed all that youth begun,
Nor youth all quit; but, ſpite of heaven's fell rage,
Some beauty peep'd through lattice of ſear'd age[7].

Oft did ſhe heave her napkin[8] to her eyne,
Which on it had conceited characters[9],
Laund'ring the ſilken figures in the brine
That ſeaſon'd woe had pelleted in tears[1],

And

6 —*ſpent and* done.] *Done*, it has been already obſerved, was anciently uſed in the ſenſe of *conſumed*. So, in the *Rape of Lucrece*:

" And, if poſſeſs'd, as ſoon decay'd and *done*." MALONE.

7 *Some* beauty *peep'd through* lattice *of* ſear'd *age*.] Thus, in the 3d *Sonnet*:

" So thou through *windows* of thine *age* ſhalt ſee,
" Deſpite of wrinkles, this thy golden time."

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

" ——or let her *beauty*
" *Look through a caſement*, to allure falſe hearts,
" And be falſe with them."

In *Macbeth* we meet with the ſame epithet applied as here:

" —my way of life
" Is fallen into the *ſear*, the yellow leaf." MALONE.

Shakſpeare has applied this image to a comick purpoſe in *King Henry VI.* P. II: " He call'd me even now, my lord, through a red *lattice*, and I could diſcern no part of his face from the window: at laſt I ſpied his eyes; and methought he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat, and *peep'd through*." STEEVENS.

8 *Oft did ſhe heave her* napkin—] Her *handkerchief*. See Vol. VII. p. 374, n. 7. MALONE.

9 *Which on it had* conceited characters,] Fanciful images. Thus, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

" Which the *conceited* painter drew ſo proud,—". MALONE.

1 Laund'ring *the ſilken figures in the* brine
That ſeaſon'd *woe had* pelleted *in tears*,] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

" *Seaſoning* the earth with ſhowers of ſilver *brine*."

Laundering is *wetting*. The verb is now obſolete. To *pellet* is to form into *pellets*, to which, being *round*, Shakſpeare, with his uſual licence, compares falling tears. The word, I believe, is found no where but here and in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" ——My brave Egyptians all,
" By the diſcandying of this *pelleted* ſtorm,
" Lie graveleſs."

In

And often reading what contents it bears;
As often ſhrieking undiſtinguiſh'd woe,
In clamours of all ſize [2], both high and low.

Sometimes her level'd eyes their carriage ride [3],
As they did battery to the ſpheres intend;
Sometime diverted [4] their poor balls are ty'd
To the orbed earth [5]; ſometimes they do extend
Their view right on; anon their gazes lend
To every place at once, and no where fix'd,
The mind and ſight diſtractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor looſe, nor ty'd in formal plat,
Proclaim'd in her a careleſs hand of pride;
For ſome, untuck'd, deſcended her ſheav'd hat [6],
Hanging her pale and pined cheek [7] beſide;

In *Julius Cæſar* we meet with a kindred thought:

" ——mine eyes,
" Seeing thoſe *beade* of ſorrow ſtand in thine,
" Began to water."

Again, in *King Henry IV.* P. I.

" —*beads* of ſweat have trod upon thy brow."

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

" A ſea of melting *pearl*, which ſome call *tears*." MALONE.

Seaſon'd *woe had* pelleted *in tears*,] This phraſe is from the kitchen. *Pellet* was the ancient culinary term for *a forced meat ball*, a well-known *ſeaſoning*. STEEVENS.

[2] —*of all* ſize,—] Size is here uſed, with Shakſpeare's uſual negligence, for *ſizes*. MALONE.

[3] *Sometimes her* level'd *eyes their* carriage *ride*,] The alluſion, which is to a piece of ordnance, is very quaint and far-fetched. MALONE.

In *The Merchant of Venice*, the eyes of Portia's picture are repreſented as mounted on thoſe of Baſſanio:

" ——Move theſe eyes?
" Or whether, *riding* on the balls of mine,
" Seem they in motion?" STEEVENS.

[4] *Sometime* diverted—] Turned from their former direction. So, in *As you like it*:

" I rather will ſubject me to the malice
" Of a *diverted* blood, and bloody brother." MALONE.

[5] *To the* orbed earth;—] So, in the mock tragedy in *Hamlet*:

" —and Tellus' *orbed ground*." STEEVENS.

[6] —*her* ſheav'd *hat*,] Her *ſtraw* hat. MALONE.

[7] —pined *cheek*—] So, Spenſer, (as an anonymous writer has obſerved,) B. III. c. ii. ſt. 51. " —like a *pined* ghoſt." MALONE.

Some

Some in her threaden fillet[8] ſtill did bide,
And, true to bondage, would not break from thence,
Though ſlackly braided in looſe negligence.

A thouſand favours from a maund ſhe drew[9]
Of amber, cryſtal, and of bedded jet[1],
Which one by one ſhe in a river threw,
Upon whoſe weeping margent ſhe was ſet;
Like uſury, applying wet to wet[2],

Or

[8] *Some in* her *threaden fillet*—] I ſuſpect Shakſpeare wrote—in *their* threaden fillet. MALONE.

[9] —*from a* maund *ſhe drew*] A *maund* is a hand-baſket. The word is yet uſed in Somerſetſhire. MALONE.

[1] *Of amber, cryſtal, and of* bedded *jet,*] Thus the quarto, 1609. If *bedded* be right, it muſt mean, *ſet* in ſome kind of metal. Our authour uſes the word in *The Tempeſt:*

" —my ſon i' the ooze is *bedded*."

The modern editions read—*beaded* jet, which may be right; *beads* made of jet. The conſtruction, I think, is,—ſhe drew from a maund a thouſand favours, of amber, cryſtal, &c. MALONE.

Baſkets made of *beads* were ſufficiently common even ſince the time of our author. I have ſeen many of them. *Beaded* jet, is jet formed into *beads*. STEEVENS.

[2] *Upon whoſe* weeping margent *ſhe was ſet,—*
Like uſury, applying wet to wet,] In *K. Henry VI.* P. III. we meet with a ſimilar thought:

" With tearful eyes add water to the ſea,
" And give more ſtrength to that which hath too much."

Theſe two lines are not in the old play on which the Third Part of *K. Henry VI.* is formed.

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" With tears augmenting the freſh morning dew,
" Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep ſighs."

Again, in *As you like it:*

" —Thou mak'ſt a teſtament
" As worldings do, giving the ſum of more
" To that which hath too much."

Perhaps we ſhould read:

Upon whoſe *margent weeping* ſhe was ſet.

The words might have been accidentally tranſpoſed at the preſs. *Weeping margent*, however, is, I believe, right, being much in our authour's manner. *Weeping* for *weeped* or *be-weeped*; the margin wetted with tears. MALONE.

To *weep* is to drop. Milton talks of

" Groves whoſe rich trees *wept* odorous gums and balm."

Pope

Or monarchs' hands, that let not bounty fall
Where want cries *some*[3], but where excefs begs all.

Of folded fchedules had fhe many a one,
Which fhe perus'd, figh'd, tore, and gave the flood;
Crack'd many a ring of poffied gold and bone,
Bidding them find their fepulchers in mud[4];
Found yet more letters fadly pen'd in blood,
With fleided filk feat and affectedly[5]
Enfwath'd, and feal'd to curious fecrecy[6].

Pope fpeaks of the "*weeping* amber," and Mortimer obferves that "rye-grafs grows on *weeping* ground," i. e. lands abounding with wet, like the margin of the river on which this damfel is fitting. The rock from which water drops, is likewife poetically called a *weeping* rock:

Κρήνην' ἐσναον πέτρης ἀπὸ ΔΑΚΡΥΟΕΣΣΗΣ. STEEVENS.

3 *Where want* cries *fome*,—] I once fufpected that our authour wrote:

Where want *craves* fome—. MALONE.

I *cry* halves, is a common phrafe among fchool-boys. STEEVENS.

4 *Bidding them find their* fepulchers in mud;] So, in *The Tempeft*:

"My fon i' the *ooze* is *bedded*." MALONE.

Again, ibidem:

"————I wifh
"Myfelf were *mudded* in that oozy *bed*
"Where my fon lies." STEEVENS.

5 *With* fleided *filk feat* and affectedly—] *Sleided* filk is, as Dr. Percy has elfewhere obferved, untwifted filk, prepared to be ufed in the weaver's *fley* or *flay*. So, in *Pericles*:

"Be't, when fhe weav'd the *fleided filk*."

A weaver's *fley* is formed with teeth like a comb. *Feat* is, curioufly, nicely. See Vol. VIII. p. 312, n. 6. MALONE.

6 *With* fleided filk *feat and affectedly*

Enfwath'd, and feal'd *to curious fecrecy*.] To be convinced of the propriety of this defcription, let the reader confult the *Royal Letters*, &c. in the Britifh Mufeum, where he will find that anciently the ends of a piece of narrow ribbon were placed under the *feals* of letters, to connect them more clofely. STEEVENS.

Florio's Italian and Engliſh Dialogues, entitled his *Second Frutes*, 1591, confirm Mr. Steevens's obfervation. In p. 89, a perfon, who is fuppofed to have juft written a letter, calls for "fome wax, fome *fealing thread*, his duft-box, and his feal." MALONE.

These often bath'd she in her fluxive eyes,
And often kiss'd, and often 'gan to tear[7];
Cry'd, O false blood! thou register of lies,
What unapproved witness dost thou bear!
Ink would have seem'd more black and damned here!
This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,
Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that graz'd his cattle nigh,
(Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffle knew[8]
Of court, of city, and had let go by
The swiftest hours[9],) observed as they flew[1];
Towards this afflicted fancy[2] fastly drew;
And, privileg'd by age, desires to know
In brief, the grounds and motives of her woe.

7 *And often kiss'd, and often* 'gan *to tear,*] The old copy reads, I think, corruptedly:

—and often *gave* to tear.

We might read:

—and often gave *a* tear.

But the corresponding rhyme rather favours the conjectural reading which I have inserted in the text. Besides, her *tears* had been mentioned in the preceding line. MALONE.

8 —*that the* ruffle *knew*—] *Rufflers* were a species of bullies in the time of Shakspeare. "To *ruffle* in the common-wealth," is a phrase in *Titus Andronicus*. STEEVENS.

In Sherwood's French and English Dictionary at the end of Cotgrave's Dictionary, *Ruffle* and *burliburly* are synonymous. See also Vol. III. p. 325, n. 7. MALONE.

9 —*and had let go by*

The swiftest hours—] Had passed the prime of life, when time appears to move with his quickest pace. MALONE.

1 —*observed* as they flew;] i. e. as the scattered fragments of paper flew. Perhaps, however, the parenthesis that I have inserted, may not have been intended by the authour. If it be omitted, and *the swiftest hours* be connected with what follows, the meaning will be, that this reverend man, though engaged in the bustle of court and city, had not suffered the busy and gay period of youth to pass by without gaining some knowledge of the world. MALONE.

2 —*this afflicted* fancy—]. This afflicted *love-sick* lady. *Fancy*, it has been already observed, was formerly sometimes used in the sense of *love*. So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

"Sighs and tears, poor *fancy's* followers." MALONE.

So

So slides he down upon his grained bat[3],
And comely-distant sits he by her side;
When he again desires her, being sat,
Her grievance with his hearing to divide:
If that from him there may be aught apply'd
Which may her suffering ecstasy[4] assuage,
'Tis promis'd in the charity of age.

Father, she says, though in me you behold
The injury of many a blasting hour[5],
Let it not tell your judgment I am old;
Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power[6]:
I might as yet have been a spreading flower,
Fresh to myself, if I had self-apply'd
Love to myself, and to no love beside.

But woe is me! too early I attended
A youthful suit (it was to gain my grace)
Of one by nature's outwards so commended[7],
That maidens' eyes stuck over all his face:

3 —*his* grained bat,] So, in *Coriolanus*:
" My *grained* ash—."
His *grained bat* is his staff on which the *grain* of the wood was visible. STEEVENS.

A *bat* is a club. The word is again used in *King Lear*: " Ise try whether your costard or my *bat* be the harder." MALONE.

4 —*her suffering* ecstasy—] Her painful perturbation of mind. See Vol. IV. p. 361, n. 9. MALONE.

5 *The injury of many a* blasting hour,] So in *K. Henry IV.* P. II. " —every part about you *blasted* with *antiquity*." MALONE.

6 *Let it not tell your judgment I am* old;
Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power:] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
" These griefs, these woes, these *sorrows*, make me *old*."
MALONE.

Thus Lusignan, in Voltaire's *Zayre*:
" Mes maux m'ont affaibli plus encor que mes ans."
STEEVENS.

7 Of *one by nature's outwards so commended*,] The quarto reads:
O one by nature's outwards, &c.
Mr. Tyrwhitt proposed the emendation inserted in the text, which appears to me clearly right. MALONE.

Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place [9];
And when in his fair parts she did abide,
She was new lodg'd, and newly deified.

His browny locks did hang in crooked curls;
And every light occasion of the wind
Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls.
What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find [1]:
Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind;
For on his visage was in little drawn,
What largeness thinks in paradise was sawn [2].

Small show of man was yet upon his chin;
His phœnix down [3] began but to appear,
Like unshorn velvet, on that termless skin,
Whose bare out-brag'd the web it seem'd to wear;
Yet show'd his visage [4] by that cost most dear;
And nice affections wavering stood in doubt
If best 'twere as it was, or best without.

His qualities were beauteous as his form,
For maiden-tongu'd he was, and thereof free;

9 —*made him her* place;] i. e. her seat, her mansion. In the sacred writings the word is often used with this sense. STEEVENS.

So, in *As you like it*, Vol. III. p. 147, n. 1.

" This is no *place*; this house is but a butchery."

Plas in the Welch language signifies a mansion-house. MALONE.

1 *What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find:*] I suppose he means, things pleasant to be done will easily find people enough to do them. STEEVENS.

2 —*in paradise was* sawn.] i. e. seen. This irregular participle, which was forced upon the authour by the rhyme, is, I believe, used by no other writer. MALONE.

The same thought occurs in *King Henry V*:

" Leaving his body as a *paradise*."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" In mortal *paradise* of such sweet flesh." STEEVENS.

3 *His* phœnix *down*—] I suppose she means *matchless*, *rare*, down. MALONE.

4 *Yet show'd his visage*—] The words are placed out of their natural order for the sake of the metre:

Yet his *visage show'd*, &c. MALONE.

Yet

Yet, if men mov'd him, was he ſuch a ſtorm [5]
As oft 'twixt May and April is to ſee,
When winds breathe ſweet, unruly though they be [6].
His rudeneſs ſo with his authoriz'd youth
Did livery falſeneſs in a pride of truth.

Well could he ride, and often men would ſay,
That horſe his mettle from his rider takes [7]:
Proud of ſubjection, noble by the ſway,
What rounds, what bounds, what courſe, what ſtop he makes!
And controverſy hence a queſtion takes,
Whether the horſe by him became his deed,
Or he his manage by the well-doing ſteed.

5 *Yet, if men mov'd him, was he ſuch a ſtorm,* &c.] Thus alſo in *Troilus and Creſſida* that prince is deſcribed as one
" Not ſoon provok'd, nor being provok'd, ſoon calm'd."
So alſo, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
" ——his voice was property'd
" As all the tuned ſpheres, and that to friends;
" But when he meant to quail, and ſhake the orb,
" He was as rattling thunder."
Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:
" He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
" Open as day to melting charity;
" Yet notwithſtanding, being *incens'd* he's flint;
" As humourous as winter, and as *ſudden*
" *As flaws congealed in the ſpring of day.*"
Again, in *K. Henry VIII:*
" The hearts of princes kiſs obedience,
" So much they love it; but to *ſtubborn ſpirits*
" *They ſwell and grow as terrible as ſtorms.*" MALONE.
Again, in *Cymbeline:*
" ——and yet as rough,
" Their royal blood enchaf'd, as the rudeſt wind,
" That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
" And make him ſtoop to the vale." STEEVENS.

6 *When* winds breathe *ſweet*, unruly *though they be.*] So, Amiens in *As you like it*, addreſſing the wind:
" Thou art not ſo unkind,
" Although thy *breath* be *rude.*" MALONE.

7 *That horſe his* mettle *from his rider takes:*] So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II:
" For from his *metal* was his party ſteel'd." STEEVENS.

But quickly on this side[8] the verdict went;
His real habitude gave life and grace
To appertainings and to ornament,
Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case:
All aids themselves made fairer by their place;
Came for additions[9], yet their purpos'd trim
Piec'd not his grace, but were all grac'd by him[1].

So on the tip of his subduing tongue
All kind of arguments and question deep,
All replication prompt, and reason strong,
For his advantage still did wake and sleep:
To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep,
He had the dialect and different skill,
Catching all passions in his craft of will[2];

That he did in the general bosom reign[3]
Of young, of old; and sexes both enchanted[4],

[8] *But quickly on* this *side*—] Perhaps the authour wrote—*bit*. There is however no need of change. MALONE.

[9] *All aids themselves made fairer by their place*;

Came *for additions*,—] The old copy and the modern editions read—*can* for additions. This appearing to me unintelligible. I have substituted what I suppose to have been the authour's word. The same mistake happened in *Macbeth*, where we find

" ——As thick as tale
" *Can* post with post—."

printed instead of—" *Came* post with post." MALONE.

[1] ——*yet their purpos'd trim*
Piec'd not his grace, but were all grac'd by him.] So, in *Timon of Athens*:

" You mend the jewel by the wearing it." MALONE.

[2] *Catching all passions in his craft of will*;] These lines, in which our poet has accidentally delineated his own character as a dramatist, would have been better adapted to his monumental inscription, than such as are placed on the scroll in Westminster Abbey. By our undiscerning audiences, however, they are always heard with profounder silence, and followed by louder applause, than accompany any other passage throughout all his plays. The vulgar seem to think they were selected for publick view, as the brightest gems in his poetick crown. STEEVENS.

[3] *That he did in the* general bosom *reign*—] So, in *Hamlet*:

" And cleave the *general ear* with horrid speech." STEEVENS

To

To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain
In perſonal duty, following where he haunted[5]:
Conſents bewitch'd, ere he deſire, have granted;
And dialogu'd for him what he would ſay,
Aſk'd their own wills, and made their wills obey.

Many there were that did his picture get,
To ſerve their eyes, and in it put their mind;
Like fools that in the imagination ſet
The goodly objects which abroad they find
Of lands and manſions, their's in thought aſſign'd;
And labouring in more pleaſures to beſtow them,
Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe them[6]:

So many have, that never touch'd his hand,
Sweetly ſuppos'd them miſtreſs of his heart.
My woeful ſelf, that did in freedom ſtand,
And was my own fee-ſimple[7], (not in part,)
What with his art in youth, and youth in art,
Threw my affections in his charmed power,
Reſerv'd the ſtalk, and gave him all my flower.

Yet did I not, as ſome my equals did,
Demand of him, nor being deſired, yielded;

4 —*he did in the general boſom reign*
Of young, of old; and ſexes both enchanted,—
Conſents, bewitch'd, &c.] So, in *Cymbeline*:
" ——Such a holy *witch*,
" That he *enchants* ſocieties to him."
A ſimilar panegyrick is beſtowed by our authour upon *Timon*:
" ——his large fortune
" Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
" Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
" All ſorts of hearts." MALONE.

5 —*following where he* haunted:] Where he frequented. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
" —here in the publick *haunt* of men." MALONE.

6 —*the true* gouty landlord *which doth owe them*:] So, *Timon*, addreſſing himſelf to the gold he had found:
" ——Thou'lt go, ſtrong thief,
" When *gouty keepers* of thee cannot ſtand." STEEVENS.

7 *And was my own* fee-ſimple—] Had an abſolute power over myſelf; as large as a tenant in fee has over his eſtate. MALONE.

Finding myſelf in honour ſo forbid,
With ſafeſt diſtance I mine honour ſhielded:
Experience for me many bulwarks builded
Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd the foil
Of this falſe jewel [8], and his amorous ſpoil.

But ah! who ever ſhun'd by precedent
The deſtin'd ill ſhe muſt herſelf aſſay?
Or forc'd examples, 'gainſt her own content,
To put the by-paſs'd perils in her way?
Counſel may ſtop a while what will not ſtay;
For when we rage, advice is often ſeen
By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

Nor gives it ſatisfaction to our blood *,
That we muſt curb it upon others' proof;
To be forbid the ſweets that ſeem ſo good,
For fear of harms that preach in our behoof.
O appetite, from judgment ſtand aloof!
The one a palate hath that needs will taſte,
Though reaſon weep, and cry—*it is thy laſt.*

For further I could ſay, *this man's untrue,*
And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling [9];
Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew [1],
Saw how deceits were gilded in his ſmiling;

[8] ——*the* foil
Of this falſe jewel,—] So, in *K. Richard II:*
" ——thy weary ſteps
" Eſteem a *foil*, in which thou art to ſet
" The precious *jewel* of thy home return." STEEVENS.

* —*to our* blood,—] i. e. to our paſſions. See Vol. III. p. 226, n. 5. MALONE.

[9] —*the* patterns *of his foul beguiling*;] The examples of his ſeduction. See p. 160, n. 2. MALONE.

[1] —*in others'* orchards *grew,*] *Orchard* and *garden* were, in ancient language, ſynonymous. Our authour has a ſimilar alluſion in his 16th *Sonnet:*
" ——many *maiden gardens* yet *unſet*,
" With virtuous wiſh would bear you living *flowers*,
" Much liker than your painted counterfeit." MALONE.

Knew

Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling [2];
Thought, characters, and words, merely but art [3],
And baſtards of his foul adulterate heart.

And long upon theſe terms I held my city [4],
Till thus he 'gan beſiege me: "Gentle maid,
Have of my ſuffering youth ſome feeling pity,
And be not of my holy vows afraid:
That's to you ſworn, to none was ever ſaid;
For feaſts of love I have been call'd unto,
Till now did ne'er invite, nor never vow.

All my offences that abroad you ſee,
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind;
Love made them not: with acture they may be,
Where neither party is nor true nor kind [5]:

2 *Knew* vows *were ever* brokers to defiling;] So, in *Hamlet*:
"Do not believe his *vows*; for they are *brokers*,
"Meer implorators of *unholy ſuits*." STEEVENS.
A *broker* formerly ſignified a pander. See Vol. VIII. p. 304, n. 9. MALONE.

3 Thought, *characters, and words, merely but art,*] *Thought* is here, I believe, a ſubſtantive. MALONE.

4 *And long upon theſe terms I held* my city,] Thus, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:
"So did I, Tarquin; ſo *my Troy* did periſh."
Again, *ibidem*:
"This moves in him more rage, and leſſer pity,
"To make the breach, and enter this ſweet *city*."
Again, in *All's well that ends well*:
"Virginity being blown down, man will quickly be blown up; marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourſelves made, you loſe your *city*." MALONE.

5 *Love made them not; with* acture *they may be,*
Where neither party is nor true nor kind:] Thus the old copy. I have not found the word *acture* in any other place, but ſuppoſe it to have been uſed as ſynonymous with *action*. His *offences* that might be *ſeen abroad* in the world, were the plants before mentioned, that he had ſet in others' gardens. The meaning of the paſſage then ſhould ſeem to be—My illicit amours were merely the effect of conſtitution, and not approved by my reaſon: Pure and genuine love had no ſhare in them or in their conſequences; for the mere congreſs of the ſexes may produce ſuch fruits, without the affections of the parties being at all engaged. MALONE.

They

They ſought their ſhame that ſo their ſhame did find;
And ſo much leſs of ſhame in me remains,
By how much of me their reproach contains.

Among the many that mine eyes have ſeen[6],
Not one whoſe flame my heart ſo much as warm'd,
Or my affection put to the ſmalleſt teen[7],
Or any of my leiſures ever charm'd:
Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harm'd;
Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,
And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.

Look here, what tributes wounded fancies ſent me[8],
Of paled pearls, and rubies red as blood;
Figuring that they their paſſions likewiſe lent me
Of grief and bluſhes, aptly underſtood
In bloodleſs white and the encrimſon'd mood;
Effects of terror and dear modeſty,
Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly[9].

And lo! behold theſe talents of their hair[1],
With twiſted metal amorouſly impleach'd[2],

I have

[6] *Among the many that mine eyes have ſeen*, &c.] So, in *The Tempeſt*:
" —Full many a lady
" I have ey'd with beſt regard,—but never any
" With ſo full ſoul,—." STEEVENS.

[7] *Or my affection* put to *the ſmalleſt* teen,] *Teen* is trouble. So, in *The Tempeſt*:
" —O, my heart bleeds,
" To think of the *teen I have turn'd you to*." MALONE.

[8] *Look here, what tributes wounded* fancies *ſent me*,] *Fancy* is here uſed for love or affection. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:
" A martial man to be ſoft *fancy's* ſlave." MALONE.

[9] *Encamp'd in* hearts, *but* fighting *outwardly*.] So, in *Hamlet*:
" Sir, in my *heart* there was a kind of *fighting*." STEEVENS.

[1] *And lo! behold theſe* talents *of their hair*, &c.] Theſe *lockets*, conſiſting of hair platted and ſet in *gold*. MALONE.

[2] —*amorouſly* impleach'd,] *Impleach'd* is *interwoven*; the ſame as *pleached*, a word which our authour uſes in *Much ado about Nothing*, and in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
" ——Steal into the *pleached* bower,

" Where

I have receiv'd from many a ſeveral fair,
(Their kind acceptance weepingly beſeech'd,)
With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,
And deep-brain'd ſonnets, that did amplify
Each ſtone's dear nature, worth, and quality [3].

The diamond; why 'twas beautiful and hard,
Whereto his invis'd properties did tend [4];
The deep-green emerald, in whoſe freſh regard
Weak ſights their ſickly radiance do amend;
The heaven-hued ſaphire and the opal blend
With objects manifold; each ſeveral ſtone,
With wit well blazon'd, ſmil'd or made ſome moan.

Lo! all theſe trophies of affections hot,
Of penſiv'd and ſubdued deſires the tender,
Nature hath charg'd me that I hoard them not,
But yield them up where I myſelf muſt render,
That is, to you, my origin and ender:
For theſe, of force, muſt your oblations be,
Since I their altar, you enpatron me.

O then advance of yours that phraſeleſs hand,
Whoſe white weighs down the airy ſcale of praiſe [5];
Take

" Where honey-ſuckles ripen'd by the ſun
" Forbid the ſun to enter."—
" ——with *pleach'd* arms bending down
" His corrigible neck." MALONE.

3 *Each ſtone's dear nature, worth, and quality.*] In the age of Shakſpeare, peculiar virtues were imputed to every ſpecies of precious ſtones. STEEVENS.

4 *Whereto his* invis'd *properties did tend*;] *Invis'd for Inviſible.* This is, I believe, a word of Shakſpeare's coining. His *inviſed* properties are the inviſible qualities of his mind. So, in our authour's *Venus and Adonis*:

" Had I no eyes, but ears, my ears would love
" Thy *inward beauty* and *inviſible*." MALONE.

5 *O then advance of yours that* phraſeleſs hand,
Whoſe white *weighs down the* airy *ſcale of praiſe*;] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" ——they

Take all these similes to your own command,
Hallow'd with sighs that burning lungs did raise;
What me your minister, for you obeys,
Works under you; and to your audit comes[6]
Their distract parcels in combined sums.

Lo! this device was sent me from a nun,
Or sister sanctified, of holiest note[7];
Which late her noble suit in court did shun[8],
Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote[9];
For she was sought by spirits of richest coat[1],
But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,
To spend her living in eternal love.

But O, my sweet, what labour is't to leave
The thing we have not, mastering what not strives?
Paling the place which did no form receive;—
Man patient sports in unconstrained gyves[2]:

She

"——they may seize
"On the *white wonder* of dear Juliet's *hand*."

The *airy* scale of praise is the scale filled with verbal elogiums. *Air* is often thus used by our authour. So, in *Much ado about Nothing*:

"Charm ache with *air*, and agony with words."

See also Vol. VIII. p. 164, n. 2. MALONE.

[6] —*and to your* audit *comes*—] So, in *Macbeth*:

"——in compt,
"To make their *audit* at your highness' pleasure,
"Still to return your own." STEEVENS.

[7] Or *sister sanctified, of honest note*;] The poet, I suspect, wrote:
A sister sanctified, of holiest note. MALONE.

[8] *Which late her* noble suit *in court did shun*,] Who lately retired from the solicitation of her noble admirers. The word *suit*, in the sense of *request* or *petition*, was much used in Shakspeare's time. MALONE.

[9] *Whose rarest* havings *made the* blossoms *date*,] Whose accomplishments were so extraordinary that the flower of the young nobility were passionately enamoured of her. MALONE.

[1] *For she was sought by spirits* of richest coat,] By nobles; whose high descent is marked by the number of quarters in their *coats* of arms. So, in our authour's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,
"And be an eye-sore in my *golden coat*." MALONE.

She that her fame so to herself contrives,
The scars of battle scapeth by the flight[3],
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

2 *But O, my sweet, what labour is't to leave*
The thing we have not, mastering what not strives?
Paling *the place which did no form receive*;—
Man *patient sports in unconstrained gyves*:] The old copy reads:
Playing the place which did no form receive,
Playing patient sports in unconstrained gyves:
It does not require a long note to prove that this is a gross corruption. How to amend it is the only question. *Playing* in the first line, I apprehend, was a misprint for *paling*; and the compositor's eye after he had printed the former line, I suppose glanced again upon it, and caught the first word of it instead of the first word of the line he was then composing.—The lover is speaking of a nun who had voluntarily retired from the world.—But what merit (he adds,) could she boast, or what was the difficulty of such an action? What labour is there in leaving what we have not, i. e. what we do not enjoy, [See *Rape of Lucrece*, p. 95, n. 6.] or in restraining desires that do not agitate our breast? *Paling the place*, &c. securing within the pale of a cloister that heart which had never received the impression of love.—When fetters are put upon us by our consent, they do not appear irksome, &c. Such is the meaning of the text as now regulated.

In *Antony and Cleopatra* the verb to *pale* is used in the sense of to hem in:

"Whate'er the ocean *pales*, or sky inclips,
"Is thine, if thou wilt have it."

The word *form*, which I once suspected to be corrupt, is undoubtedly right. The same phraseology is found in the *Rape of Lucrece*:

"—the *impression* of strange kinds
"Is *form'd* in them, [women,] by force, by fraud, or skill."

It is also still more strongly supported by the passage quoted by Mr. Steevens from *Twelfth Night*. MALONE.

I do not believe there is any corruption in the words

——did no *form receive*,

as the same expression occurs again in the last stanza but three:

"——a plenitude of subtle matter,
"Applied to cautels, all strange *forms receives*."

Again, in *Twelfth Night*:

"How easy is it for the proper false
"In women's waxen hearts *to set their forms*?" STEEVENS.

3 —*by* the *flight*,] Perhaps the authour wrote—by *her* flight. STEEVENS.

O pardon

O pardon me, in that my boaſt is true;
The accident which brought me to her eye,
Upon the moment did her force ſubdue,
And now ſhe would the caged cloiſter fly:
Religious love put out religion's eye:
Not to be tempted, would ſhe be immur'd[4],
And now, to tempt all, liberty procur'd.

How mighty then you are, O hear me tell!
The broken boſoms that to me belong,
Have emptied all their fountains in my well,
And mine I pour your ocean all among:
I ſtrong o'er them, and you o'er me being ſtrong,
Muſt for your victory us all congeſt,
As compound love to phyſick your cold breaſt.

My parts had power to charm a ſacred ſun[5],
Who, diſciplin'd and dieted in grace,
Believ'd her eyes, when they to aſſail begun,
All vows and conſecrations giving place[6]:

O moſt

4 *Not to be tempted, would ſhe be immur'd,*] The quarto has *enur'd*; for which the modern editions have properly given *immur'd*. MALONE.

Immur'd is a verb uſed by Shakſpeare in *K. Richard III.* and *The Merchant of Venice.* We have likewiſe *immures*, ſubſt. in the Prologue to *Troilus and Creſſida.* STEEVENS.

5 *My parts had power to charm a ſacred ſun,*] Perhaps the poet wrote:

——a ſacred *nun.*

If *ſun* be right, it muſt mean, *the brighteſt luminary of the cloiſter.* So, in *King Henry VIII.*

" ——When theſe *ſuns*
" (For ſo they phraſe them) by their heralds challeng'd
" The noble ſpirits to arms, they did perform
" Beyond thought's compaſs." MALONE.

In *Coriolanus*, the chaſte Valeria is called " the *moon* of Rome." STEEVENS.

6 *My parts had power to charm a ſacred ſun,*
Who, diſciplin'd and dieted in grace,
Believ'd her eyes, when they to aſſail begun,
All vows and conſecrations giving place:] The old copy reads:

My

O moſt potential love! vow, bond, nor ſpace,
In thee hath neither ſting, knot, nor confine,
For thou art all, and all things elſe are thine.

When thou impreſſeſt, what are precepts worth
Of ſtale example? When thou wilt inflame[7],
How coldly thoſe impediments ſtand forth
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame?
Love's arms are peace, 'gainſt rule, gainſt ſenſe, 'gainſt
ſhame[8];

And

My parts had power to charm a ſacred ſun,
Who diſciplin'd *I* died in grace.—

For the preſent regulation of the text, the propriety of which, I think, will at once ſtrike every reader, I am indebted to an anonymous correſpondent, whoſe communications have been already acknowledged.

The ſame gentleman would read

—when *I* the aſſail begun—

and I formerly admitted that emendation, but it does not ſeem abſolutely neceſſary. The nun believ'd or yielded to her eyes, when they, captivated by the external appearance of her wooer, began to aſſail her chaſtity. MALONE.

7 —*When thou wilt inflame,*
How coldly thoſe impediments ſtand forth
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame?] Thus, in Rowe's *Lady Jane Gray*:

" —every other joy, how dear ſoever,
" Gives way to that, and we leave all for love.
" At the imperious tyrant's lordly call,
" In ſpite of reaſon and reſtraint we come,
" Leave kindred, parents, and our native home.
" The trembling maid, with all her fears he charms," &c.

STEEVENS.

8 *Love's arms are* peace, *'gainſt rule*, &c.] I ſuſpect our authour wrote

Love's arms are *proof* 'gainſt rule, &c.

The meaning, however, of the text as it ſtands, may be—The *warfare* that love carries on againſt rule, ſenſe, &c. produces to the parties engaged a *peaceful* enjoyment, *and ſweetens*, &c. The conſtruction in the next line is perhaps irregular.—Love's arms are peace, &c. and *love* ſweetens—. MALONE.

Perhaps

And ſweetens, in the ſuffering pangs it bears,
The aloes of all forces, ſhocks, and fears [9].

Now all theſe hearts that do on mine depend,
Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine;
And ſupplicant their ſighs to you extend,
To leave the battery that you make 'gainſt mine,
Lending ſoft audience to my ſweet deſign,
And credent ſoul to that ſtrong-bonded oath
That ſhall prefer and undertake my troth."

This ſaid, his watery eyes he did diſmount,
Whoſe ſights till then were level'd on my face [1];
Each cheek a river running from a fount
With briniſh current downward flow'd apace:
O, how the channel to the ſtream gave grace!
Who, glaz'd with cryſtal, gate the glowing roſes
That flame [2] through water which their hue incloſes.

O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the ſmall orb of one particular tear?
But with the inundation of the eyes
What rocky heart to water will not wear?

Perhaps we ſhould read:
Love *aims at* peace—
Yet ſweetens, &c. STEEVENS.

9 *And ſweetens in the ſufferings pangs it bears,*
The aloes of all forces, ſhocks, and fears.] So, in *Cymbeline:*
" —a touch more rare
" Subdues all pangs, all fears." STEEVENS.

1 *This ſaid, his watery eyes he did diſmount,*
Whoſe ſights *till then were* level'd *on my face*;] The alluſion is to the old Engliſh fire-arms, which were ſupported on what was called a *reſt*. MALONE.

2 —gate *the glowing roſes*
That flame—] That is, procured for the glowing roſes in his cheeks that flame, &c. *Gate* is the ancient perfect tenſe of the verb *to get*. MALONE.

What

What breaſt ſo cold that is not warmed here?
O cleft effect[3]! cold modeſty, hot wrath,
Both fire from hence and chill extincture hath!

For lo! his paſſion, but an art of craft,
Even there reſolv'd my reaſon into tears[4];
There my white ſtole of chaſtity I daff'd[5],
Shook off my ſober guards, and civil fears *;
Appear to him, as he to me appears,
All melting; though our drops this difference bore,
His poiſon'd me, and mine did him reſtore.

In him a plenitude of ſubtle matter,
Applied to cautels[6], all ſtrange forms receives,
Of burning bluſhes, or of weeping water,
Or ſwooning paleneſs; and he takes and leaves,
In either's aptneſs, as it beſt deceives,
To bluſh at ſpeeches rank, to weep at woes,
Or to turn white and ſwoon at tragick ſhows:

That not a heart which in his level came,
Could ſcape the hail of his all-hurting aim[7],
Showing

[3] O *cleft effect!*—] O divided and diſcordant effect!—*O* cleft, &c. is the modern reading. The old copy has—*Or* cleft effect, from which it is difficult to draw any meaning. MALONE.

[4] —reſolv'd *my reaſon* into tears;] So, in *Hamlet*:

" Thaw, and *reſolve* itſelf *into a dew*." STEEVENS.

[5] —*my white ſtole of chaſtity I* daff'd,] To *daff* or *doff* is to put off,—*do off*. MALONE.

* —*and* civil *fears*,] *Civil* formerly ſignified *grave, decorous*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" —Come, *civil* night,
" Thou ſober-ſuited matron, all in black." MALONE.

[6] *Applied to* cautels,—] Applied to inſidious purpoſes, with ſubtilty and cunning. So, in *Hamlet*:

" Perhaps he loves you now;—
" And now no ſoil of *cautel* doth beſmirch
" The virtue of his will," MALONE.

[7] —*not a heart which in his* level *came*,
Could ſcape the hail *of his all-hurting aim*,] So, in *K. Henry VIII*:

" —I ſtood i' the *level*
" Of a full-charg'd confederacy." STEEVENS.

Showing fair nature is both kind and tame;
And veil'd in them, did win whom he would maim:
Againſt the thing he ſought he would exclaim:
When he moſt burn'd in heart-wiſh'd luxury [8],
He preach'd pure maid [9], and prais'd cold chaſtity.

Thus merely with the garment of a Grace
The naked and conceaſed fiend he cover'd;
That the unexperienc'd gave the tempter place,
Which, like a cherubin, above them hover'd [1].
Who, young and ſimple, would not be ſo lover'd?
Ah me! I fell; and yet do queſtion make
What I ſhould do again for ſuch a ſake.

O, that infected moiſture of his eye,
O, that falſe fire which in his cheek ſo glow'd,
O, that forc'd thunder from his heart did fly [2],
O, that ſad breath his ſpungy lungs beſtow'd,
O, all that borrow'd motion, ſeeming ow'd [3],

Would

Again, in our authour's 117th *Sonnet*:

"Bring me within the *level* of your frown,
"But ſhoot not at me in your waken'd hate."

Again, in *All's well that ends well*:

"I am not an impoſtor, that proclaim
"Myſelf againſt the *level* of my *aim*."

I ſuſpect that for *bail* we ought to read *ill*. So, in the *Rape of Lucrece*:

"End thy *ill aim*, before thy ſhoot be ended." MALONE.

[8] —*in heart-wiſh'd* luxury,] *Luxury* formerly was uſed for *laſciviouſneſs*. See Vol. VIII. p. 277, n. 2. MALONE.

[9] *He preach'd pure maid*,—] We meet with a ſimilar phraſeology in *K. John*:

"He *ſpeaks plain cannon fire*, and bounce, and ſmoke."

Again, in *K. Henry V.*:

"*I ſpeak to thee plain ſoldier*." MALONE.

[1] —*like a* cherubin *above them hover'd*.] So, in *Macbeth*:

"—or heaven's *cherubin*, hors'd
"Upon the ſightleſs couriers of the air." STEEVENS.

[2] *O, that forc'd* thunder *from his heart did fly*,] So, in *Twelfth Night*:

"With groans that *thunder* love, and ſighs of fire." MALONE.

[3] —*that borrow'd motion, ſeeming* ow'd,] That paſſion which he copied from others ſo naturally that it ſeemed real and his *own*. *Ow'd* has

Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,
And new pervert a reconciled maid [4]!

has here, as in many other places in our authour's works, the ſignification of *owned*. MALONE.

4 In this beautiful poem, in every part of which the hand of Shakſpeare is viſible, he perhaps meant to break a lance with Spenſer. It appears to me to have more of the ſimplicity and pathetick tenderneſs of the elder poet, in his ſmaller pieces, than any other poem of that time; and ſtrongly reminds us of our authour's deſcription of an ancient ſong, in *Twelfth Night*:

" —It is ſilly ſooth,
" And dallies with the innocence of youth,
" Like the old age." MALONE.

TITUS ANDRONICUS,

A TRAGEDY ERRONEOUSLY ASCRIBED TO
SHAKSPEARE.

Perſons Repreſented.

Saturninus, *Son to the late Emperor of* Rome, *and afterwards declared Emperor himſelf.*
Baſſianus, *Brother to* Saturninus; *in love with* Lavinia.
Titus Andronicus, *a noble* Roman, *General againſt the* Goths.
Marcus Andronicus, *Tribune of the People, and Brother to* Titus.
Lucius, Quintus, Martius, Mutius, } *Sons to* Titus Andronicus.
Young Lucius, *a Boy, Son to* Lucius.
Publius, *Son to* Marcus *the Tribune.*
Æmilius, *a noble* Roman.
Alarbus, Chiron, Demetrius, } *Sons to* Tamora.
Aaron, *a Moor, beloved by* Tamora.
A Captain, Tribune, Meſſenger, and Clown; Romans.
Goths, and Romans.

Tamora, *Queen of the* Goths.
Lavinia, *Daughter to* Titus Andronicus.
A Nurſe, and a black Child.

Kinſmen of Titus, *Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.*

SCENE, Rome; *and the Country near it.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS[1].

ACT I. SCENE I.

Rome. *Before the Capitol.*

The tomb of the Andronici *appearing; the* Tribunes *and* Senators *aloft, as in the ſenate. Enter, below,* SATURNINUS *and his followers, on one ſide; and* BASSIANUS *and his followers, on the other; with drum and colours.*

Sat. Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the juſtice of my cauſe with arms;

And,

[1] On what principle the editors of the firſt complete edition of our poet's plays admitted this into their volume, cannot now be aſcertained. The moſt probable reaſon that can be aſſigned, is, that he wrote a few lines in it, or gave ſome aſſiſtance to the authour, in reviſing it, or in ſome other way aided him in bringing it forward on the ſtage. The tradition mentioned by Ravenſcroft in the time of King Charles II. warrants us in making one or other of theſe ſuppoſitions. "I have been told" (ſays he in his preface to an alteration of this play publiſhed in 1687,) "by ſome anciently converſant with the ſtage, that it was not originally his, but brought by a private author to be acted, and he only gave ſome maſter touches to one or two of the principal parts or characters."

"A booke entitled *A noble Roman Hiſtorie of Titus Andronicus*" was entered at Stationers-Hall, Feb. 6, 1593-4. This was undoubtedly the play, as it was printed in that year (according to Langbaine, who alone appears to have ſeen the firſt edition,) and acted by the ſervants of the Earls of Pembroke, Derby, and Suſſex. It is obſervable that in the entry no authour's name is mentioned, and that the play was originally performed by the ſame company of comedians who exhibited the old drama, entitled *The Contention of the Houſes of Yorke and Lancaſter*, *The* old *Taming of a Shrew*, and Marlowe's *King Edward II.* by whom not one of Shakſpeare's plays is ſaid to have been performed. See the *Diſſertation on King Henry VI.* Vol. VI. p. 19.

From Ben Jonſon's Induction to *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614, we learn that *Andronicus* had been exhibited twenty five or thirty years before; that is, according to the loweſt computation in 1589; or taking a middle period, which is perhaps more juſt, in 1587.

To enter into a long diſquiſition to prove this piece not to have been written by Shakſpeare, would be an idle waſte of time. To thoſe who are not converſant with his writings, if particular paſſages were examined, more words would be neceſſary than the ſubject is worth; thoſe who are well acquainted with his works, cannot entertain a

 doubt

And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my ſucceſſive title [2] with your ſwords:

I am

doubt on the queſtion.—I will however mention one mode by which it may be eaſily aſcertained. Let the reader only peruſe a few lines of *Appius and Virginia*, *Tancred and Giſmund*, *the Battle of Alcazar*, *Jeronimo*, *Selimus Emperor of the Turks*, *the Wounds of Civil War*, *the Wars of Cyrus*, *Locrine*, *Arden of Feverſham*, *King Edward I*, *the Spaniſh Tragedy*, *Solyman and Perſeda*, *King Leir*, the old *King John*, or any other of the pieces that were exhibited before the time of Shakſpeare, and he will at once perceive that *Titus Andronicus* was coined in the ſame mint.

The teſtimony of Meres, mentioned in a ſubſequent note, alone remains to be conſidered. His *enumerating* this among Shakſpeare's plays may be accounted for in the ſame way in which we may account for its being *printed* by his fellow-comedians in the firſt folio edition of his works. Meres was in 1598, when his book appeared, intimately connected with Drayton, and *probably* acquainted with ſome of the dramatick poets of the time, from ſome or other of whom he might have heard that Shakſpeare intereſted himſelf about this tragedy, or had written a few lines for the authour. The internal evidence furniſhed by the piece itſelf, and proving it not to have been the production of Shakſpeare, greatly outweighs any ſingle teſtimony on the other ſide. Meres might have been miſinformed, or inconſiderately have given credit to the rumour of the day. For ſix of the plays which he has mentioned, (excluſive of the evidence which the repreſentation of the pieces themſelves might have furniſhed,) he had perhaps no better authority than the whiſper of the theatre; for they were not then printed. He could not have been deceived by a title-page, as Dr. Johnſon ſuppoſes; for Shakſpeare's name is *not* in the title-page of the edition printed in quarto in 1611, and therefore we may conclude, was not in the title-page of that in 1594, of which the other was undoubtedly a re-impreſſion. Had this mean performance been the work of Shakſpeare, can it be ſuppoſed that the bookſellers would not have endeavoured to procure a ſale for it by ſtamping his name upon it?

In ſhort, the high antiquity of the piece, its entry on the ſtationers' books and being afterwards printed without the name of our authour, its being performed by the ſervants of Lord Pembroke, &c. the ſtately march of the verſification, the whole colour of the compoſition, its reſemblance to ſeveral of our moſt ancient dramas, the diſſimilitude of the ſtyle from our authour's undoubted compoſitions, and the tradition mentioned by Ravenſcroft, when ſome of his contemporaries had not been long dead, (for Lowin and Taylor, two of his fellow-comedians, were alive a few years before the Reſtoration, and Sir William D'Avenant, who had himſelf written for the ſtage in 1629, did not die till April 1668;) all theſe circumſtances combined, prove with irreſiſtible force that the play of *Titus Andronicus* has been erroneouſly aſcribed to

[2] —*my* ſucceſſive *title*—] i. e. my title to *the* ſucceſſion. MALONE.

I am his firſt-born ſon, that was the laſt
That ware the imperial diadem of Rome;

Then

Shakſpeare.—I once intended not to have admitted it into the preſent edition; but that every reader may be enabled to judge for himſelf, I have inſerted it here, having firſt placed our authour's poems as a barrier between this ſpurious piece, and his undoubted dramas. MALONE.

It is obſervable, that this play is printed in the quarto of 1611, with exactneſs equal to that of the other books of thoſe times. The firſt edition was probably corrected by the authour, ſo that here is very little room for conjecture or emendation; and accordingly none of the editors have much moleſted this piece with officious criticiſm. JOHNSON.

There is an authority for aſcribing this play to Shakſpeare, which I think a very ſtrong one, though not made uſe of, as I remember, by any one of his commentators. It is given to him, among other plays, which are undoubtedly his, in a little book, called *Palladis Tamia, or the Second Part of Wit's Commonwealth*, written by Francis Meres, Maiſter of arts, and printed at London in 1598. The other tragedies, enumerated as his in that book, are *King John*, *Richard the Second*, *Henry the Fourth*, *Richard the Third*, and *Romeo and Juliet*. The comedies are, the *Midſummer-Night's Dream*, the *Gentlemen of Verona*, the *Errors*, the *Love's Labour Loſt*, the *Love's Labour Won*, and the *Merchant of Venice*. I have given this liſt, as it ſerves ſo far to aſcertain the date of theſe plays; and alſo, as it contains a notice of a comedy of Shakſpeare, the *Love's Labour Won*, not included in any collection of his works; nor, as far as I know, attributed to him by any other authority. If there ſhould be a play in being, with that title, though without Shakſpeare's name, I ſhould be glad to ſee it; and I think the editor would be ſure of the publick thanks, even if it ſhould prove no better than the *Love's Labour Loſt*. TYRWHITT.

The work of criticiſm on the plays of this author, is, I believe, generally found to extend or contract itſelf in proportion to the value of the piece under conſideration; and we ſhall always do little where we deſire but little ſhould be done. I know not that this piece ſtands in need of much emendation; though it might be treated as condemned criminals are in ſome countries,—any experiments might be juſtifiably made on it.

The author, whoever he was, might have borrowed the ſtory, the names, the characters, &c. from an old ballad, which is entered in the books of the Stationers' Company immediately after the play on the ſame ſubject. "John Danter] Feb. 6. 1593. A book entitled *A Noble Roman Hiſtorie of Titus Andronicus.*"

"Entered unto him alſo the ballad thereof."

Entered again April 19, 1602, by Tho. Pavyer.

The reader will find it in Dr. Percy's *Reliques of ancient Engliſh Poetry*, vol. I. Dr. Percy adds that "there is reaſon to conclude that this play was rather improved by Shakſpeare with a few fine touches of his pen, than originally writ by him; for not to mention that the

ſtyle

Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Baſ. Romans,—friends, followers, favourers of my right,—
If ever Baſſianus, Cæſar's ſon,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this paſſage to the Capitol;
And ſuffer not diſhonour to approach
The imperial ſeat, to virtue conſecrate,
To juſtice, continence, and nobility:
But let deſert in pure election ſhine;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS *aloft, with the crown.*

Mar. Princes,—that ſtrive by factions, and by friends,

ſtyle is leſs figurative than his others generally are, this tragedy is mentioned with diſcredit in the induction to Ben Jonſon's *Bartholomew Fair* in 1614, as one that had then been exhibited "five and twenty or thirty years:" which, if we take the loweſt number, throws it back to the year 1589, at which time Shakſpeare was but 25: an earlier date than can be found for any other of his pieces, and if it does not clear him entirely of it, ſhews at leaſt it was a firſt attempt."

Though we are obliged to Dr. Percy for his attempt to clear our great dramatic writer from the imputation of having produced this ſanguinary performance, yet I cannot admit that the circumſtance of its being diſcreditably mentioned by Ben Jonſon, ought to have any weight; for Ben has not very ſparingly cenſured the *Tempeſt*, and other pieces which are undoubtedly among the moſt finiſhed works of Shakſpeare. The whole of Ben's Prologue to *Every Man in his Humour*, is a malicious ſneer on him.

Sir W. Painter in his *Palace of Pleaſure*, tom. II. ſpeaks of the ſtory of *Titus* as well known, and particularly mentions the cruelty of *Tamora*: and in *A Knack to know a Knave*, 1594, is the following alluſion to it:

"——as welcome ſhall you be
"To me, my daughters, and my ſon-in-law,
"As *Titus* was unto the Roman ſenators,
"When he had made a conqueſt on the *Goths*."

Whatever were the motives of Heming and Condell for admitting this tragedy among thoſe of Shakſpeare, all it has gained by their favour is, to be delivered down to poſterity with repeated remarks of contempt,—a Therſites babbling among heroes, and introduced only to be derided.

See the notes at the concluſion of this piece. STEEVENS.

Ambitiouſly for rule and empery,—
Know, that the people of Rome, for whom we ſtand
A ſpecial party, have, by common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,
Choſen Andronicus, ſurnamed Pius
For many good and great deſerts to Rome;
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls:
He by the ſenate is accited home,
From weary wars againſt the barbarous Goths;
That, with his ſons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yok'd a nation ſtrong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are ſpent, ſince firſt he undertook
This cauſe of Rome, and chaſtiſed with arms
Our enemies' pride: Five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant ſons
In coffins from the field;
And now at laſt, laden with honour's ſpoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flouriſhing in arms.
Let us entreat,—By honour of his name,
Whom, worthily, you would have now ſucceed,
And in the Capitol and ſenate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,—
That you withdraw you, and abate your ſtrength;
Diſmiſs your followers, and, as ſuitors ſhould,
Plead your deſerts in peace and humbleneſs.

Sat. How fair the tribune ſpeaks to calm my thoughts!

Baſ. Marcus Andronicus, ſo I do affy
In thy uprightneſs and integrity,
And ſo I love and honour thee, and thine,
Thy noble brother Titus, and his ſons,
And her, to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here diſmiſs my loving friends;
And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,
Commit my cauſe in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt the followers of* Baſſianus.

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,
I thank

I thank you all, and here dismiss you all;
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit myself, my person, and the cause.
[*Exeunt the followers of* Saturninus.
Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.—
Open the gates, and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes! and me, a poor competitor.
[Sat. *and* Bas. *go into the Capitol, and exeunt with* Senators, Marcus, &c.

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter a Captain, *and Others.*

Cap. Romans, make way; The good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd,
From where he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

Flourish of trumpets, &c. Enter MUTIUS *and* MARTIUS: *after them, two men bearing a coffin cover'd with black; then* QUINTUS *and* LUCIUS. *After them,* TITUS ANDRONICUS; *and then* TAMORA, *with* ALARBUS, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, AARON, *and other Goths, prisoners; soldiers, and people, following. The bearers set down the coffin, and* TITUS *speaks.*

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds[3]!
Lo, as the bark, that hath discharg'd her fraught[4],
Returns

[3] *Hail, Rome, victorious in* thy *mourning weeds!*] I suspect that the poet wrote—*in* my *mourning weeds!* i. e. Titus would say; Thou, Rome, art victorious, though I am a mourner for those sons which I have lost in obtaining that victory. WARBURTON.

Thy is as well as *my*. We may suppose the Romans in a grateful ceremony, meeting the dead sons of Andronicus with mourning habits. JOHNSON.

Or

Returns with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at firſt ſhe weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-ſalute his country with his tears;
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.—
Thou great defender of this Capitol [5],
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!—
Romans, of five and twenty valiant ſons,
Half of the number that king Priam had,
Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead!
Theſe, that ſurvive, let Rome reward with love;
Theſe, that I bring unto their lateſt home,
With burial amongſt their anceſtors:
Here Goths have given me leave to ſheath my ſword.
Titus, unkind, and careleſs of thine own,
Why ſuffer'ſt thou thy ſons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful ſhore of Styx [6]?—
Make way to lay them by their brethren.
[*The tomb is opened.*
There greet in ſilence, as the dead are wont,
And ſleep in peace, ſlain in your country's wars!
O ſacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many ſons of mine haſt thou in ſtore,
That thou wilt never render to me more?

Luc. Give us the proudeſt priſoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs, and, on a pile,
Ad manes fratrum ſacrifice his fleſh,
Before this earthly priſon of their bones;
That ſo the ſhadows be not unappeas'd,

Or that they were in mourning for their emperor who was juſt dead. STEEVENS.

4 —her *fraught*,] Old Copies—*his* fraught. Corrected in the fourth folio. MALONE.

5 *Thou great defender of this Capitol*,] Jupiter, to whom the Capitol was ſacred. JOHNSON.

6 *To hover on the dreadful ſhore of Styx?*] Here we have one of the numerous claſſical notions that are ſcattered with a pedantick profuſion through this piece. MALONE.

Nor

Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth[7].

Tit. I give him you; the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressed queen.

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren;—Gracious conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son:
And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my son to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs, and return,
Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke;
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
For valiant doings in their country's cause?
O! if to fight for king and common weal
Were piety in thine, it is in these.
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood:
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful[8]:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge;
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient yourself[9], madam, and pardon me.
These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld
Alive, and dead; and for their brethren slain,
Religiously they ask a sacrifice:
To this your son is mark'd; and die he must,
To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him! and make a fire straight;
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,

7 *Nor we disturb'd by prodigies on earth.*] It was supposed by the ancients, that the ghosts of unburied people appeared to their friends and relations, to solicit the rites of funeral. STEEVENS.

8 *Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?*

Draw near them then in being merciful:] "Homines enim ad deos nulla re propius accedunt, quam salutem hominibus dando." *Cicero pro Ligario.* From this passage Mr. Whalley infers the learning of Shakspeare. STEEVENS.

9 Patient *yourself*, &c.] This verb is used by other dramatic writers So, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:

"*Patient* yourself, we cannot help it now."

Again, in *King Edward I.* 1593:

"*Patient* your highness, 'tis but mother's love." STEEVENS.

Let's

Let's hew his limbs, till they be clean conſum'd.

[*Exeunt* Lucius, Quintus, Martius, *and* Mutius, *with* Alarbus.

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety!

Chi. Was ever Scythia half ſo barbarous?

Dem. Oppoſe not Scythia to ambitious Rome.

Alarbus goes to reſt; and we ſurvive
To tremble under Titus' threatening look.
Then, madam, ſtand reſolv'd; but hope withal,
The ſelf-ſame gods, that arm'd the queen of Troy
With opportunity of ſharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent[1],
May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths,
(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen,)
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Re-enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, *and* MUTIUS, *with their ſwords bloody.*

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
And entrails feed the ſacrificing fire,
Whoſe ſmoke, like incenſe, doth perfume the ſky.

[1] *The ſelf-ſame gods, that arm'd the queen of Troy*
With opportunity of ſharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent, &c.] I read, againſt the authority of all the copies:—*in* her *tent*, i. e. in the tent where ſhe and the other Trojan captive women were kept: for thither Hecuba by a wile had decoyed Polymneſtor, in order to perpetrate her revenge. This we may learn from Euripides's *Hecuba*; the only author, that I can at preſent remember, from whom our writer muſt have gleaned this circumſtance. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald ſhould firſt have proved to us that our author underſtood Greek, or elſe that this play of Euripides had been tranſlated. In the mean time, becauſe neither of theſe particulars are verified, we may as well ſuppoſe he took it from the old ſtory-book of the *Trojan War*, or the old tranſlation of *Ovid*. See Metam. xiii. The writer of the play, whoever he was, might have been miſled by the paſſage in *Ovid*: "——vadit ad *artificem*," and therefore took it for granted that ſhe found him in *his tent*. STEEVENS.

I have no doubt that the writer of this play had read Euripides in the original. Mr. Steevens juſtly obſerves in a ſubſequent note near the end of this ſcene, that there is "a plain alluſion to the *Ajax* of Sophocles, of which no tranſlation was extant in the time of Shakſpeare." MALONE.

Re-

Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so, and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewel to their souls.

[*Trumpet sounded, and the coffins laid in the tomb.*

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons;
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned grudges; here, are no storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep:

Enter LAVINIA.

In peace and honour rest you here my sons!

Lav. In peace and honour live lord Titus long;
My noble lord and father, live in fame!
Lo! at this tomb my tributary tears
I render, for my brethren's obsequies;
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome:
O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserv'd
The cordial of mine age, to glad my heart!—
Lavinia, live; out-live thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise[2]!

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, SATURNINUS, BASSIANUS, *and Others.*

Mar. Long live lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome!

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

Mar. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame.
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your swords:

[2] And *fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!*] This absurd wish is made sense of, by changing *and* into *in*. WARBURTON.

To *live in fame's date* is, if an allowable, yet a harsh expression. To *outlive* an *eternal date*, is, though not philosophical, yet poetical sense. He wishes that her life may be longer than his, and her praise longer than fame. JOHNSON.

But

But ſafer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aſpir'd to Solon's happineſs [3],
And triumphs over chance, in honour's bed.—
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whoſe friend in juſtice thou haſt ever been,
Send thee by me, their tribune, and their truſt,
This palliament of white and ſpotleſs hue;
And name thee in election for the empire,
With theſe our late-deceaſed emperor's ſons:
Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,
And help to ſet a head on headleſs Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,
Than his, that ſhakes for age and feebleneſs:
What! ſhould I don this robe [4], and trouble you?
Be choſen with proclamations to-day;
To-morrow, yield up rule, reſign my life,
And ſet abroad new buſineſs for you all?
Rome, I have been thy ſoldier forty years,
And led my country's ſtrength ſucceſsfully;
And buried one and twenty valiant ſons,
Knighted in field, ſlain manfully in arms,
In right and ſervice of their noble country:
Give me a ſtaff of honour for mine age,
But not a ſceptre to control the world:
Upright he held it, lords, that held it laſt.

Mar. Titus, thou ſhalt obtain and aſk the empery [5].

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canſt thou tell?—

Tit. Patience, prince Saturninus.

Sat. Romans, do me right;—
Patricians, draw your ſwords, and ſheath them not
Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor:—
Andronicus, 'would thou wert ſhipp'd to hell,

3 *That hath aſpir'd to Solon's happineſs,*] The maxim of Solon here alluded to is, that no man can be pronounced to be happy before his death:

——ultima ſemper
Expectanda dies homini; dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo, ſupremaque funera, debet. Ovid. MALONE.

4 —don *this robe,*] i. e. *do on* this robe, put it on. So, in *Hamlet*:
"Then up he roſe, and *don'd* his clothes." STEEVENS.

5 *Titus, thou ſhalt* obtain *and* aſk *the empery.*] Here is rather too much of the ὕστερον πρότερον. STEEVENS.

Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.
Luc. Proud Saturninus! interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee!
Tit. Content thee, prince; I will reſtore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from themſelves.
Baſ. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do till I die;
My faction if thou ſtrengthen with thy friends[6],
I will moſt thankful be: and thanks, to men
Of noble minds, is honourable meed.
Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,
I aſk your voices, and your ſuffrages;
Will you beſtow them friendly on Andronicus?
Trib. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his ſafe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.
Tit. Tribunes, I thank you: and this ſuit I make,
That you create your emperor's eldeſt ſon,
Lord Saturnine; whoſe virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome, as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen juſtice in this common-weal:
Then if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and ſay,—*Long live our emperor!*
Mar. With voices and applauſe of every ſort,
Patricians, and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus, Rome's great emperor;
And ſay,—*Long live our emperor Saturnine!* [*A long flouriſh.*
Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deſerts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleneſs:
And, for an onſet, Titus, to advance
Thy name, and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my empreſs,
Rome's royal miſtreſs, miſtreſs of my heart,
And in the ſacred Pantheon her eſpouſe:
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion pleaſe thee?
Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and, in this match,
I hold me highly honour'd of your grace:

[6] —*thy* friends,] Old Copies—*friend.* Corrected in the fourth folio. MALONE.

And

And here, in ſight of Rome, to Saturnine,—
King and commander of our common-weal,
The wide world's emperor,—do I conſecrate
My ſword, my chariot, and my priſoners;
Preſents well worthy Rome's imperial lord:
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's enſigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
Rome ſhall record; and, when I do forget
The leaſt of theſe unſpeakable deſerts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. Now, madam, are you priſoner to an emperor;
[*to* Tamora.
To him, that for your honour and your ſtate,
Will uſe you nobly, and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, truſt me; of the hue
That I would chooſe, were I to chooſe anew.—
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance;
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
Thou com'ſt not to be made a ſcorn in Rome:
Princely ſhall be thy uſage every way.
Reſt on my word, and let not diſcontent
Daunt all your hopes; Madam, he comforts you,
Can make you greater than the queen of Goths.—
Lavinia, you are not diſpleas'd with this?

Lav. Not I, my lord[7]; ſith true nobility
Warrants theſe words in princely courteſy.

Sat. Thanks, ſweet Lavinia —Romans, let us go:
Ranſomleſs here we ſet our priſoners free:
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

[7] *Lav. Not I, my lord;*—] It was pity to part a couple who ſeem to have correſponded in diſpoſition ſo exactly as Saturninus and Lavinia. Saturninus, who has juſt promiſed to eſpouſe her, already wiſhes he were to chooſe again; and ſhe who was engaged to Baſſianus (whom ſhe afterwards marries) expreſſes no reluctance when her father gives her to Saturninus. Her ſubſequent raillery to Tamora is of ſo coarſe a nature, that if her tongue had been all ſhe was condemned to loſe, perhaps the author (whoever he was) would have eſcaped cenſure on the ſcore of poetic juſtice. STEEVENS.

Baſ. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.
[*ſeizing* Lavinia.

Tit. How, ſir? Are you in earneſt then, my lord?

Baſ. Ay, noble Titus; and reſolv'd withal,
To do myſelf this reaſon and this right.
[*The emperor courts* Tamora *in dumb ſhew.*

Mar. Suum cuique is our Roman juſtice:
This prince in juſtice ſeizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and ſhall, if Lucius live.

Tit. Traitors, avaunt! Where is the emperor's guard?
Treaſon, my lord; Lavinia is ſurpriz'd.

Sat. Surpriz'd! By whom?

Baſ. By him that juſtly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.
[*Exeunt* Marcus *and* Baſſianus, *with* Lavinia.

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my ſword I'll keep this door ſafe.
[*Exeunt* Lucius, Quintus, *and* Martius.

Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll ſoon bring her back.

Mut. My lord, you paſs not here.

Tit. What, villain boy!
Barr'ſt me my way in Rome? [Titus *kills* Mutius.

Mut. Help, Lucius, help!

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. My lord, you are unjuſt; and, more than ſo,
In wrongful quarrel you have ſlain your ſon.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any ſons of mine;
My ſons would never ſo diſhonour me:
Traitor, reſtore Lavinia to the emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promis'd love. [*Exit.*

Sat. No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy ſtock:
I'll truſt, by leiſure, him that mocks me once;
Thee never, nor thy traiterous haughty ſons,
Confederates all thus to diſhonour me.
Was there[8] none elſe in Rome to make a ſtale of,

[8] *Was* there, *&c.*] The words, *there, elſe,* and *of,* are not found in the old copies. This conjectural emendation was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

But

But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That said'st, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are these?

Sat. But go thy ways; go, give that changing piece[9]
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword:
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome[1].

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of Goths,—
That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,
Dost over-shine the gallant'st dames of Rome[2],—
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee empress of Rome.
Speak, queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?
And here I swear by all the Roman Gods,—
Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
In readiness for Hymeneus stand,—
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place

9 —*changing piece*—] Spoken of Lavinia. *Piece* was then, as it is now, used personally as a word of contempt. JOHNSON.

So in *Britannia's Pastorals* by Brown, 1613:

"——her husband, weaken'd *piece*,
"Must have his cullis mix'd with ambergrease;
"Pheasant and partridge into jelly turn'd,
"Grated with gold." STEEVENS.

1 *To* ruffle *in the common-wealth of Rome.*] A *ruffler* was a kind of cheating bully; and is so called in a statute made for the punishment of vagabonds in the 27th year of K. Henry VIII. See Greene's *Groundwork of Conny-catching*, 1592. Hence, I suppose, this sense of the verb, to *ruffle*. *Rufflers* are likewise enumerated among other vagabonds, by Holinshed, Vol. I. p. 183. STEEVENS.

To *ruffle* meant, to be noisy, *disorderly*, turbulent. A ruffler was a boisterous swaggerer. MALONE.

2 *That, like the stately* Phœbe *'mongst her nymphs,*
Dost over-shine the gallant'st dames of Rome,]
—*Micat* inter omnes
Julium sidus, *velut inter ignes*
Luna minores. Hor. MALONE.

I lead eſpous'd my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in ſight of heaven to Rome I ſwear,
If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his deſires,
A loving nurſe, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Aſcend, fair queen, Pantheon:—Lords, accompany
Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for prince Saturnine,
Whoſe wiſdom hath her fortune conquered:
There ſhall we conſummate our ſpouſal rites.

[*Exeunt* SATURNINUS, *and his followers*; TAMORA, *and her ſons*; AARON *and Goths.*

Tit. I am not bid [3] to wait upon this bride;—
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Diſhonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, *and* MARTIUS

Mar. O, Titus, ſee, O, ſee, what thou haſt done!
In a bad quarrel ſlain a virtuous ſon.

Tit. No, fooliſh tribune, no; no ſon of mine,—
Nor thou, nor theſe, confederates in the deed
That hath diſhonour'd all our family;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy ſons!

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes;
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he reſts not in this tomb.
This monument five hundred years hath ſtood,
Which I have ſumptuouſly re-edified;
Here none but ſoldiers, and Rome's ſervitors,
Repoſe in fame; none baſely ſlain in brawls:—
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Mar. My lord, this is impiety in you:
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him;
He muſt be buried with his brethren.

Quin. Mart. And ſhall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And ſhall? What villain was it ſpoke that word?

Quin. He that would vouch't in any place but here.

Tit. What, would you bury him in my deſpight?

Mar. No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

[3] *I am not* bid—] i. e. invited. See Vol. III. p. 36, n. 3. MALONE.

Tit.

Tit. Marcus, even thou haſt ſtruck upon my creſt,
And, with theſe boys, mine honour thou haſt wounded:
My foes I do repute you every one;
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.
Mart. He is not with himſelf; let us withdraw.
Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.
[Marcus *and the ſons of* Titus *kneel.*
Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.
Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature ſpeak.
Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the reſt will ſpeed.
Mar. Renowned Titus, more than half my ſoul,—
Luc. Dear father, ſoul and ſubſtance of us all,—
Mar. Suffer thy brother Marcus to interr
His noble nephew here in virtue's neſt,
That died in honour and Lavinia's cauſe.
Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous.
The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax
That ſlew himſelf; and wiſe Laertes' ſon
Did graciouſly plead for his funerals[4].
Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.
Tit. Riſe, Marcus, riſe:—
The diſmall'ſt day is this, that e'er I ſaw,
To be diſhonour'd by my ſons in Rome!—
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.
[Mutius is *put into the tomb.*
Luc. There lie thy bones, ſweet Mutius, with thy friends,
Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb!—
All. No man ſhed tears[5] for noble Mutius;

4 *The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax,*
That ſlew himſelf; and wiſe Laertes' ſon
Did graciouſly plead for his funerals.] This paſſage alone ſufficiently convinces me, that the play before us was the work of one who was converſant with the Greek tragedies in their original language. We have here a plain alluſion to the *Ajax* of Sophocles, of which no tranſlation was extant in the time of Shakſpeare. In that piece, Agamemnon conſents at laſt to allow Ajax the rites of ſepulture, and Ulyſſes is the pleader, whoſe arguments prevail in favour of his remains. STEEVENS.

5 *No man ſhed tears,* &c.] This is evidently a tranſlation of the diſtich of Ennius:

Nemo me lacrumeis decoret: nec funera fletu
Faciſt. quur? volito vivu' per ora virûm. STEEVENS.

He lives in fame, that dy'd in virtue's cauſe.

Mar. My lord,—to ſtep out of theſe dreary dumps,—
How comes it, that the ſubtle queen of Goths
Is of a ſudden thus advanc'd in Rome?

Tit. I know not, Marcus; but, I know, it is;
Whether by device, or no, the heavens can tell:
Is ſhe not then beholding to the man
That brought her for this high good turn ſo far?
Yes [6], and will nobly him remunerate.

Flouriſh. Re-enter, at one ſide, SATURNINUS, *attended*; TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS *and* AARON: *At the other,* BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, *and Others.*

Sat. So, Baſſianus, you have play'd your prize;
God give you joy, ſir, of your gallant bride.

Baſ. And you of yours, my lord: I ſay no more,
Nor wiſh no leſs; and ſo I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction ſhall repent this rape.

Baſ. Rape, call you it, my lord, to ſeize my own,
My true-betrothed love, and now my wife?
But let the laws of Rome determine all;
Mean while I am poſſeſt of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, ſir: You are very ſhort with us;
But, if we live, we'll be as ſharp with you.

Baſ. My lord, what I have done, as beſt I may,
Anſwer I muſt, and ſhall do with my life.
Only thus much I give your grace to know,—
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This noble gentleman, lord Titus here,
Is in opinion, and in honour, wrong'd;
That, in the reſcue of Lavinia,
With his own hand did ſlay his youngeſt ſon,
In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath
To be control'd in that he frankly gave:
Receive him then to favour, Saturnine;

[6] *Yes, &c.*] This line is not in the quarto. I ſuſpect, when it was added by the editor of the folio, he inadvertently omitted to prefix the name of the ſpeaker, and that it belongs to Marcus. In the ſecond line of this ſpeech the modern editors read—*If* by device, &c. MALONE.

That

That hath expreſs'd himſelf, in all his deeds,
A father, and a friend, to thee, and Rome.
Tit. Prince Baſſianus, leave to plead my deeds;
'Tis thou, and thoſe, that have diſhonour'd me:
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine!
Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in thoſe princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me ſpeak indifferently for all;
And at my ſuit, ſweet, pardon what is paſt.
Sat. What! madam! be diſhonour'd openly,
And baſely put it up without revenge?
Tam. Not ſo, my lord; The gods of Rome forefend,
I ſhould be author to diſhonour you!
But, on mine honour, dare I undertake
For good lord Titus' innocence in all,
Whoſe fury, not diſſembled, ſpeaks his griefs:
Then, at my ſuit, look graciouſly on him;
Loſe not ſo noble a friend on vain ſuppoſe,
Nor with ſour looks afflict his gentle heart.—
My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at laſt,
Diſſemble all your griefs and diſcontents:
You are but newly planted in your throne;
Leſt then the people, and patricians too,
Upon a juſt ſurvey, take Titus' part,
And ſo ſupplant us for ingratitude,
(Which Rome reputes to be a heinous ſin,) [*Aſide.*
Yield at entreats, and then let me alone:
I'll find a day to maſſacre them all,
And raze their faction, and their family,
The cruel father, and his traiterous ſons,
To whom I ſued for my dear ſon's life;
And make them know, what 'tis to let a queen
Kneel in the ſtreets, and beg for grace in vain.—
Come, come, ſweet emperor,—come, Andronicus,
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempeſt of thy angry frown.
Sat. Riſe, Titus, riſe; my empreſs hath prevail'd.

Tit.

Tit. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord:
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.
Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;—
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.—
For you, prince Bassianus, I have past
My word and promise to the emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.—
And fear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia;—
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.
Luc. We do; and vow to heaven, and to his highness,
That, what we did, was mildly, as we might,
Tend'ring our sister's honour, and our own.
Mar. That on mine honour here I do protest,
Sat. Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.—
Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be friends:
The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;
I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.
Sat. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults.
Stand up.
Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend; and sure as death I swore,
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends:
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.
Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majesty,
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound, we'll give your grace *bon-jour*.
Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.[1]

The ſame. Before the Palace.

Enter AARON.

Aar. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's ſhot; and ſits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning flaſh;
Advanc'd above pale envy's threatning reach.
As when the golden ſun ſalutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiack in his gliſtering coach,
And over-looks the higheſt-peering hills;
So Tamora.—
Upon her wit[2] doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue ſtoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial miſtreſs,
And mount her pitch; whom thou in triumph long
Haſt priſoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains;
And faſter bound to Aaron's charming eyes,
Than is Prometheus ty'd to Caucaſus.
Away with ſlaviſh weeds, and idle thoughts!
I will be bright, and ſhine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made empereſs.
To wait, ſaid I? to wanton with this queen,
This goddeſs, this Semiramis;—this queen[3],
This ſyren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And ſee his ſhipwreck, and his common-weal's.
Holla! what ſtorm is this?

[1] In the quarto, the direction is, *Manet Aaron*, and he is before made to enter with Tamora, though he ſays nothing. This ſcene ought to continue the firſt act. JOHNSON.

[2] *Upon her* wit—] We ſhould read,
Upon her will— WARBURTON.
I think *wit*, for which ſhe is eminent in the drama, is right.
JOHNSON.
The *wit* of Tamora is again mentioned in this ſcene:
" Come, come, our empreſs with her ſacred *wit*," &c.
MALONE.

[3] —*this* queen,] The compoſitor probably repeated the word *queen* inadvertently; [ſee the preceding line:] what was the poet's word, it is hardly worth while to conjecture. MALONE.

Enter CHIRON, *and* DEMETRIUS, *braving.*

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge,
And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd;
And may, for aught thou know'ſt, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou doſt over-ween in all;
And ſo in this, to bear me down with braves.
'Tis not the difference of a year, or two,
Makes me leſs gracious, or thee more fortunate:
I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
To ſerve, and to deſerve my miſtreſs' grace;
And that my ſword upon thee ſhall approve,
And plead my paſſions for Lavinia's love.

Aar. Clubs, clubs [4]! theſe lovers will not keep the peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,
Gave you a dancing rapier by your ſide [5],
Are you ſo deſperate grown, to threat your friends?
Go to; have your lath glued within your ſheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Mean while, ſir, with the little ſkill I have,
Full well ſhalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye ſo brave? [*They draw.*

Aar. Why, how now, lords?
So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain ſuch a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge;
I would not for a million of gold,
The cauſe were known to them it moſt concerns:
Nor would your noble mother, for much more,
Be ſo diſhonour'd in the court of Rome.
For ſhame, put up.

Dem. Not I; till I have ſheath'd
My rapier in his boſom, and, withal,
Thruſt theſe reproachful ſpeeches down his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my diſhonour here.

Chi. For that I am prepar'd and full reſolv'd,—

[4] *Clubs, clubs!* &c.] The uſual exclamation formerly, when an affray aroſe. See Vol. III. p. 219, n. 6, and Vol. VI. p. 22. n. 1. MALONE.

[5] —*a* dancing rapier *by your ſide,*] So in *All's Well that Ends Well:*

" ——no *ſword* worn
" But one to *dance* with." STEEVENS.

See Vol. III. p. 386, n. 4. MALONE.

Foul-

Foul-ſpoken coward! that thunder'ſt with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'ſt perform.

Aar. Away, I ſay.—
Now by the gods, that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all.—
Why, lords,—and think you not how dangerous
It is to jut upon a prince's right?
What, is Lavinia then become ſo looſe,
Or Baſſianus ſo degenerate,
That for her love ſuch quarrels may be broach'd,
Without controlment, juſtice, or revenge?
Young lords, beware!—an ſhould the empreſs know
This diſcord's ground, the muſick would not pleaſe.

Chi. I care not, I, knew ſhe and all the world;
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make ſome meaner choice:
Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aar. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.

Chi. Aaron, a thouſand deaths
Would I propoſe[6], to achieve her whom I do love.

Aar. To achieve her!—How?

Dem. Why mak'ſt thou it ſo ſtrange?
She is a woman*, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore muſt be lov'd.
What, man! more water glideth by the mill[7]

6 ——*a thouſand deaths*
Would I propoſe,] Whether Chiron means he would *contrive* a thouſand deaths for others, or *imagine* as many cruel ones for himſelf, I am unable to determine. STEEVENS.

Aaron's words, to which theſe are an anſwer, ſeems to lead to the latter interpretation. MALONE.

* *She is a woman, &c.*] Suffolk in the firſt part of *King Henry VI.* makes uſe of almoſt the ſame words:

"She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;
"She is a woman; therefore to be won." ANONYMUS.

7 —*more water glideth by the mill, &c.*] A Scots proverb. "Mickle water goes by the miller when he ſleeps." STEEVENS.

Than

Than wots the miller of; and eaſy it is
Of a cut loaf to ſteal a ſhive [8], we know:
Though Baſſianus be the emperor's brother,
Better than he have worn * Vulcan's badge.

Aar. Ay, and as good as Saturninus may. [*Aſide.*

Dem. Then why ſhould he deſpair, that knows to court it
With words, fair looks, and liberality?
What, haſt thou not full often ſtruck a doe [9],
And born her cleanly by the keeper's noſe?

Aar. Why then, it ſeem, ſome certain ſnatch or ſo
Would ſerve your turns.

Chi. Ay, ſo the turn were ſerv'd.

Dem. Aaron, thou haſt hit it.

Aar. 'Would you had hit it too;
Then ſhould not we be tir'd with this ado.
Why, hark ye, hark ye,—And are you ſuch fools,
To ſquare for this [1]? Would it offend you then
That both ſhould ſpeed?

Chi. 'Faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me, ſo I were one.

Aar. For ſhame, be friends; and join for that you jar.
'Tis policy and ſtratagem muſt do

[8] —*to ſteal a* ſhive,] A *ſhive* is a *ſlice*. So in the Tale of *Argentile and Curan* in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602:

" A *ſheeve* of bread as browne as nut.

Demetrius is again indebted to a Scots proverb:

" It is ſafe taking a *ſhive* of a cut loaf." STEEVENS.

* —*have* worn—] *Worn* is here uſed as a diſſyllable. The modern editors, however, after the ſecond folio, read—have *yet* worn. MALONE.

[9] —*ſtruck a doe,*] Mr. Holt is willing to infer from this paſſage that *Titus Andronicus* was not only the work of Shakſpeare, but one of his earlieſt performances, becauſe the ſtratagams of his former profeſſion ſeem to have been yet freſh in his mind. I had made the ſame obſervation in *K. Henry VI.* before I had ſeen his; but when we conſider how many phraſes are borrowed from the ſports of the field, which were more followed in our author's time, than any other amuſement; I do not think there is much in either his remark or my own.—Let me add, that we have here Demetrius, the ſon of a queen, demanding of his brother prince if he has not often been reduced to practice the common artifices of a deer-ſtealer:—an abſurdity right worthy of the reſt of the piece. STEEVENS.

Demetrius ſurely here addreſſes Aaron, not his brother. MALONE.

[1] *To* ſquare *for this?*—] To *ſquare* is to *quarrel*. STEEVENS.

See Vol. II. p. 459, n. 2. MALONE.

That

That you affect; and ſo muſt you reſolve;
That what you cannot, as you would, achieve,
You muſt perforce accompliſh as you may.
Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaſte
Than this Lavinia, Baſſianus' love.
A ſpeedier courſe than lingering languiſhment [2]
Muſt we purſue, and I have found the path.
My lords, a ſolemn hunting is in hand;
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:
The foreſt walks are wide and ſpacious;
And many unfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kind [3] for rape and villainy:
Single you thither then this dainty doe,
And ſtrike her home by force, if not by words:
This way, or not at all, ſtand you in hope.
Come, come, our empreſs, with her ſacred wit *,
To villainy and vengeance conſecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend;
And ſhe ſhall file our engines with advice [4],
That will not ſuffer you to ſquare yourſelves,
But to your wiſhes' height advance you both.
The emperor's court is like the houſe of fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears:
The woods are ruthleſs, dreadful, deaf, and dull;
There ſpeak, and ſtrike, brave boys, and take your turns:
There ſerve your luſt, ſhadow'd from heaven's eye
And revel in Lavinia's treaſury.

Chi. Thy counſel, lad, ſmells of no cowardice.

Dem. Sit fas aut nefas, till I find the ſtream
To cool this heat, a charm to calm theſe fits,

[2] — than *lingering languiſhment*] The quarto and folio read:
A ſpeedier courſe *this* lingering languiſhment—.
The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[3] —*by kind*—] That is, by *nature*, which is the old ſignification of *kind*. JOHNSON.

* —*with her* ſacred *wit*,] *Sacred* here ſignifies *accurſed*; a Latiniſm.
—Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,
Auri *ſacra* fames? Virg. MALONE.

[4] —file *our engines with advice*,] i. e. remove all impediments from our deſigns by advice. The alluſion is to the operation of the file, which, by conferring ſmoothneſs, facilitates the motion of the wheels which compoſe an engine or piece of machinery. STEEVENS.

Per

Per Styga, per manes vehor[5].— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II[6].

A Foreſt near Rome. *A Lodge ſeen at a diſtance. Horns, and cry of hounds, heard.*

Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, *with Hunters, &c.* MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, *and* MARTIUS.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey[7],
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green:
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor, and his lovely bride,
And rouſe the prince; and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noiſe.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To tend the emperor's perſon carefully:
I have been troubled in my ſleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inſpir'd.

Horns wind a peal. Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, *and Attendants.*

Tit. Many good morrows to your majeſty;—
Madam, to you as many and as good!—
I promiſed your grace a hunter's peal.

5 *Per Styga*, &c.] Theſe ſcraps of Latin are, I believe, taken, though not exactly, from ſome of Seneca's tragedies. STEEVENS.

6 The diviſion of this play into acts, which was firſt made by the editors in 1623, is improper. There is here an interval of action, and here the ſecond act ought to have begun. JOHNSON.

7 —*the morn is bright and grey*,] i. e. bright and yet not red, which was a ſign of ſtorms and rain, but *gray*, which foretold fair weather. Yet the Oxford editor alters *gray* to *gay*. WARBURTON.

Surely the Oxford editor is in the right; unleſs we reaſon like the Witches in *Macbeth*, and ſay,

"Fair is foul, and foul is fair." STEEVENS.

The old copy is, I think, right, nor did *grey* anciently denote any thing of an uncheerful hue. It ſignified *blue*, "of heaven's own tinct," So, in Shakſpeare's 132d Sonnet:

"And truly not the *morning* ſun of heaven
"Better becomes the *grey* cheeks of the eaſt,—."

Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II.

"—it ſtuck upon him as the ſun
"In the *grey* vault of heaven." MALONE.

Sat.

Sat. And you have rung it luſtily, my lords,
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.
Baſ. Lavinia, how ſay you?
Lav. I ſay, no;
I have been broad awake two hours and more.
Sat. Come on then, horſe and chariots let us have,
And to our ſport:—Madam, now ſhall ye ſee
Our Roman hunting. [*to* Tamora.
Mar. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouſe the proudeſt panther in the chaſe,
And climb the higheſt promontory top.
Tit. And I have horſe will follow where the game
Makes way, and run like ſwallows o'er the plain.
Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horſe nor hound,
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A deſart part of the foreſt.

Enter AARON, *with a bag of gold.*

Aar. He, that had wit, would think, that I had none,
To bury ſo much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it[8].
Let him, that thinks of me ſo abjectly,
Know, that this gold muſt coin a ſtratagem;
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villainy:
And ſo repoſe, ſweet gold, for their unreſt[9],
[*hides the gold.*
That have their alms out of the empreſs' cheſt[1].

[8] —*to* inherit *it.*] To *inherit* formerly ſignified to poſſeſs. See Vol. I. p. 79, n. 9; and Vol. V. p. 7, n. 5. MALONE.

9 —*for their unreſt,*] *Unreſt*, for *diſquiet*, is a word frequently uſed by the old writers. So, in *The Spaniſh Tragedy*, 1605:

"Thus therefore will I reſt me, in *unreſt*." STEEVENS.

[1] *That have their alms*, &c.] This is obſcure. It ſeems to mean only, that they who are to come at this gold of the empreſs are to ſuffer by it. JOHNSON.

Enter TAMORA.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'ſt thou ſad [2],
When every thing doth make a gleeful boaſt?
The birds chaunt melody on every buſh;
The ſnake lies rolled in the cheerful ſun;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequer'd ſhadow [3] on the ground:
Under their ſweet ſhade, Aaron, let us ſit,
And—whilſt the babling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying ſhrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,—
Let us ſit down, and mark their yelling noiſe:
And—after conflict, ſuch as was ſuppos'd
The wandering prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy ſtorm they were ſurpriz'd,
And curtain'd with a counſel-keeping cave,—
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
Our paſtimes done, poſſeſs a golden ſlumber;
Whiles hounds, and horns, and ſweet melodious birds,
Be unto us, as is a nurſe's ſong

[2] *My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'ſt thou ſad,*] In the courſe of the following notes ſeveral examples of the ſavage genius of Ravenſcroft, who altered this play in the reign of K. Charles II. are ſet down for the entertainment of the reader. The following is a ſpecimen of his deſcriptive talents. Inſtead of the line with which this ſpeech of Tamora begins, ſhe is made to ſay:

The emperor, with *wine* and *luxury* o'ercome,
Is fallen *aſleep*; in's *pendant couch* he's laid,
That *bangs* in yonder grotto *rock'd* by winds,
Which rais'd by art do give it gentle motion:
And troops of ſlaves ſtand round with fans perfum'd,
Made of the feathers pluck'd from Indian birds,
And cool him into golden ſlumbers:
This time I choſe to come to thee, my Moor.
My lovely Aaron, wherefore, &c.

An emperor who has had too large a doſe of love and wine, and in conſequence of ſatiety in both, falls aſleep on a bed which partakes of the nature of a ſailor's hammock and of a child's cradle, is a curioſity which only Ravenſcroft could have ventured to deſcribe on the ſtage. I hope I may be excuſed for tranſplanting a few of his flowers into the barren deſart of our comments on this tragedy. STEEVENS.

[3] — *a* chequer'd *ſhadow*—] Milton has the ſame expreſſion:

"— many a maid
"Dancing in the *chequer'd* ſhade." STEEVENS.

Of lullaby, to bring her babe aſleep.
Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your deſires,
Saturn is dominator over mine[4]:
What ſignifies my deadly-ſtanding eye,
My ſilence, and my cloudy melancholy?
My fleece of woolly hair, that now uncurls,
Even as an adder, when ſhe doth unroll
To do ſome fatal execution?
No, madam, theſe are no venereal ſigns;
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, Tamora,—the empreſs of my ſoul,
Which never hopes more heaven than reſts in thee,—
This is the day of doom for Baſſianus;
His Philomel muſt loſe her tongue to-day[5]:
Thy ſons make pillage of her chaſtity,
And waſh their hands in Baſſianus' blood.
Seeſt thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,
And give the king this fatal-plotted ſcroll:—
Now queſtion me no more, we are eſpied;
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' deſtruction.
Tam. Ah, my ſweet Moor, ſweeter to me than life!
Aar. No more, great empreſs, Baſſianus comes:
Be croſs with him; and I'll go fetch thy ſons
To back thy quarrels, whatſoe'er they be. [*Exit.*

4 —*though* Venus *govern your deſires,*
Saturn *is dominator over mine:*] The meaning of this paſſage may be illuſtrated by the aſtronomical deſcription of *Saturn*, which *Venus* gives in Greene's *Planetomachia*, 1585. "The ſtar of *Saturn* is eſpecially *cooling*, and ſomewhat *drie*, &c." Again, in the *Sea Voyage*, by B. and Fletcher.

"—for your aſpect,
"You're much inclin'd to melancholy, and that
"Tells me, the *ſullen Saturn* had predominance
"At your nativity, a malignant planet!
"And if not qualified by a ſweet conjunction
"Of a ſoft ruddy wench, born under Venus,
"It may prove fatal." COLLINS.

5 *His* Philomel *muſt loſe her tongue to-day:*] See p. 149, n. 1. MALONE.

Enter BASSIANUS, *and* LAVINIA.

Baſ. Who have we here? Rome's royal empereſs,
Unfurniſh'd of her * well-beſeeming troop?
Or is it Dian, habited like her;
Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
To ſee the general hunting in this foreſt?

Tam. Saucy controller of our private ſteps!
Had I the power, that, ſome ſay, Dian had,
Thy temples ſhould be planted preſently
With horns, as was Acteon's; and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs [6],
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

Lav. Under your patience, gentle empereſs,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;
And to be doubted, that your Moor and you
Are ſingled forth to try experiments:
Jove ſhield your huſband from his hounds to-day!
'Tis pity, they ſhould take him for a ſtag.

Baſ. Believe me, queen, your ſwarth Cimmerian [7]
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, deteſted, and abominable.
Why are you ſéqueſter'd from all your train?
Diſmounted from your ſnow-white goodly ſteed,
And wander'd hither to an obſcure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous Moor,
If foul deſire had not conducted you?

Lav. And, being intercepted in your ſport,
Great reaſon that my noble lord be rated
For ſaucineſs.—I pray you, let us hence,

*—*of* her—] Old Copies—of *our*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[6] *Should* drive *upon thy new-transformed limbs,*] The author of the *Reviſal* ſuſpects that the poet wrote:

Should thrive *upon thy new-transformed limbs,*

as the former is an expreſſion that ſuggeſts no image to the fancy. But *drive*, I think, may ſtand, with this meaning: *the hounds ſhould paſs with impetuous haſte*, &c. So, in *Hamlet*:

Pyrrhus at Priam drives, &c.

i. e. flies with impetuoſity at him. STEEVENS.

The old copies have—upon *his* new-transformed limbs. The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[7] *—ſwarth Cimmerian*] *Swarth* is *black*. The Moor is called Cimmerian, from the affinity of blackneſs to darkneſs. JOHNSON.

And

And let her 'joy her raven-colour'd love;
This valley fits the purpoſe paſſing well.
Baſ. The king, my brother, ſhall have notice of this.
Lav. Ay, for theſe ſlips have made him noted long[8]:
Good king! to be ſo mightily abus'd!
Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter CHIRON, *and* DEMETRIUS.

Dem. How now, dear ſovereign, and our gracious mother,
Why doth your highneſs look ſo pale and wan?
Tam. Have I not reaſon, think you, to look pale?
Theſe two have 'tic'd me hither to this place,
A barren deteſted vale, you ſee, it is:
The trees, though ſummer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moſs, and baleful miſletoe.
Here never ſhines the ſun[9]; here nothing breeds,
Unleſs the nightly owl, or fatal raven.
And, when they ſhew'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
A thouſand fiends, a thouſand hiſſing ſnakes,
Ten thouſand ſwelling toads, as many urchins,
Would make ſuch fearful and confuſed cries,
As any mortal body, hearing it,
Should ſtraight fall mad, or elſe die ſuddenly[1].
No ſooner had they told this helliſh tale,
But ſtraight they told me, they would bind me here
Unto the body of a diſmal yew;
And leave me to this miſerable death.
And then they call'd me, foul adultereſs,
Laſcivious Goth, and all the bittereſt terms

8 —*noted long:*] He had not yet been married but one night JOHNSON.

9 *Here never ſhines the ſun*, &c.] Mr. Rowe ſeems to have thought on this paſſage in his *Jane Shore*:

" This is the houſe where the ſun never dawns;
" The bird of night ſits ſcreaming o'er its roof;
" Grim ſpectres ſweep along the horrid gloom,
" And nought is heard but wailings and lamentings." STEEV.

1 *Should ſtraight fall mad, or elſe die ſuddenly.*] This is ſaid in fabulous phyſiology, of thoſe that hear the groan of the mandrake torn up. JOHNSON.

The ſame thought and almoſt the ſame expreſſions occur in *Romeo and Juliet*. STEEVENS.

That ever ear did hear to ſuch effect.
And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed:
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witneſs that I am thy ſon. [*ſtabs* Baſſianus.

Chi. And this for me, ſtruck home to ſhew my ſtrength.
[*ſtabbing him likewiſe.*

Lav. Ay come, Semiramis,—nay, barbarous Tamora!
For no name fits thy nature but thy own!

Tam. Give me thy poniard; you ſhall know, my boys,
Your mother's hand ſhall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her;
Firſt, thraſh the corn, then after burn the ſtraw:
This minion ſtood upon her chaſtity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And with that painted hope braves your mightineſs [2]:
And ſhall ſhe carry this unto her grave?

Chi. An if ſhe do, I would I were an eunuch.
Drag hence her huſband to ſome ſecret hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our luſt.

Tam. But when you have the honey you deſire *,
Let not this waſp out-live, us both to ſting.

Chi. I warrant you, madam; we will make that ſure.—
Come, miſtreſs, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice-preſerved honeſty of yours.

Lav. O Tamora! thou bear'ſt a woman's face,—

Tam. I will not hear her ſpeak; away with her.

Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

Dem. Liſten, fair madam: Let it be your glory,
To ſee her tears; but be your heart to them,
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the tyger's young ones teach the dam?
O, do not learn her wrath; ſhe taught it thee:
The milk, thou ſuck'dſt from her, did turn to marble;

[2] *And with that painted* hope *braves your mightineſs:*] *Painted hope* is only *ſpecious* hope, or ground of confidence more plauſible than ſolid. JOHNSON.

* —you *deſire*,—] Old Copies—*we* deſire. Corrected in the ſecond folio. MALONE.

Even

Even at thy teat thou hadſt thy tyranny.—
Yet every mother breeds not ſons alike;
Do thou entreat her ſhew a woman pity. [*to* Chiron.

Chi. What! would'ſt thou have me prove myſelf a baſtard?

Lav. 'Tis true; the raven doth not hatch a lark:
Yet have I heard, (O could I find it now!)
The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure
To have his princely paws par'd all away.
Some ſay, that ravens foſter forlorn children,
The whilſt their own birds famiſh in their neſts:
O, be to me, though thy hard heart ſay no,
Nothing ſo kind, but ſomething pitiful!

Tam. I know not what it means; away with her.

Lav. O, let me teach thee: for my father's ſake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have ſlain thee,
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Hadſt thou in perſon ne'er offended me,
Even for his ſake am I pitileſs:—
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
To ſave your brother from the ſacrifice;
But fierce Andronicus would not relent;
Therefore away with her, and uſe her as you will;
The worſe to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lav. O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place:
For 'tis not life, that I have begg'd ſo long;
Poor I was ſlain, when Baſſianus dy'd.

Tam. What begg'ſt thou then? fond woman, let me go.

Lav. 'Tis preſent death I beg; and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
O, keep me from their worſe than killing luſt,
And tumble me into ſome loathſome pit;
Where never man's eye may behold my body:
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So ſhould I rob my ſweet ſons of their fee:
No, let them ſatisfy their luſt on thee.

Dem. Away; for thou haſt ſtaid us here too long.

Lav. No grace? no womanhood? Ah beaſtly creature!
The blot and enemy to our general name!

Confuſion fall—

Chi. Nay, then I'll ſtop your mouth :—Bring thou her huſband ; [*dragging off* Lavinia.

This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him. [*Exeunt.*

Tam. Farewel, my ſons : ſee, that you make her ſure :
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
Till all the Andronici be made away.
Now will I hence to ſeek my lovely Moor,
And let my ſpleenful ſons this trull deflow'r. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The ſame.

Enter AARON, *with* QUINTUS *and* MARTIUS.

Aar. Come on, my lords ; the better foot before :
Straight will I bring you to the loathſome pit,
Where I eſpy'd the panther faſt aſleep.

Quin. My ſight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mart. And mine, I promiſe you ; wer't not for ſhame,
Well could I leave our ſport to ſleep a while.

[Martius *falls into the pit.*

Quin. What, art thou fallen ? What ſubtle hole is this,
Whoſe mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars ;
Upon whoſe leaves are drops of new-ſhed blood,
As freſh as morning's dew diſtill'd on flowers ?
A very fatal place it ſeems to me :—
Speak, brother, haſt thou hurt thee with the fall ?

Mart. O, brother, with the diſmalleſt object
That ever eye, with ſight, made heart lament.

Aar. [*Aſide.*] Now will I fetch the king to find them here ;
That he thereby may have a likely gueſs,
How theſe were they, that made away his brother.

[*Exit* AARON.

Mart. Why doſt not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-ſtained hole ?

Quin. I am ſurprized with an uncouth fear :
A chilling ſweat oe'r-runs my trembling joints ;
My heart ſuſpects more than mine eye can ſee.

Mart.

Mart. To prove thou haſt a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And ſee a fearful ſight of blood and death.

Quin. Aaron is gone; and my compaſſionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing, whereat it trembles by ſurmiſe:
O, tell me how it is; for ne'er till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

Mart. Lord Baſſianus lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a ſlaughter'd lamb,
In this deteſted, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how doſt thou know 'tis he?

Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring [3], that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in ſome monument,
Doth ſhine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And ſhews the ragged entrails of this pit:
So pale did ſhine the moon on Pyramus,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand,—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' miſty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out;
Or, wanting ſtrength to do thee ſo much good,
I may be pluck'd into the ſwallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Baſſianus' grave.

3 *A precious ring*,—] There is ſuppoſed to be a gem called a carbuncle, which emits not reflected but native light. Mr. Boyle believes the reality of its exiſtence. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Geſta Romanorum*, hiſtory the ſixth: "He farther beheld and ſaw a *carbuncle* in the hall that lighted all the houſe." Again, in Lydgate's *Deſcription of king Priam's Palace*, l. 2:

"And for moſt cheſe all dirkeneſs to confound,
"A *carbuncle* was ſet as kyng of ſtones all,
"To recomforte and gladden all the hall;
"And it to enlumine in the black night
"With the freſhnes of his ruddy light."

Chaucer, in the *Romaunt of the Roſe*, attributes the ſame properties to the *carbuncle*:

"Soche light yſprang out of the ſtone." STEEVENS.

I have

I have no ſtrength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mart. Nor I no ſtrength to climb without thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more; I will not looſe again,
Till thou art here aloft, or I below:
Thou canſt not come to me, I come to thee. [*falls in.*

Enter SATURNINUS, *and* AARON.

Sat. Along with me:—I'll ſee what hole is here,
And what he is, that now is leap'd into it.—
Say, who art thou, that lately didſt deſcend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Mart. The unhappy ſon of old Andronicus;
Brought hither in a moſt unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Baſſianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead? I know, thou doſt but jeſt:
He and his lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north ſide of this pleaſant chaſe;
'Tis not an hour ſince I left him there.

Mart. We know not where you left him all alive,
But, out alas! here have we found him dead.

Enter TAMORA, *with Attendants*; TITUS ANDRONICUS, *and* LUCIUS.

Tam. Where is my lord, the king?

Sat. Here, Tamora; though griev'd with killing grief.

Tam. Where is thy brother Baſſianus?

Sat. Now to the bottom doſt thou ſearch my wound;
Poor Baſſianus here lies murdered.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
[*giving a letter.*
The complot of this timeleſs tragedy;
And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold
In pleaſing ſmiles ſuch murderous tyranny.

Sat. [reads.] *An if we miſs to meet him handſomely,—*
Sweet huntſman, Baſſianus 'tis, we mean,—
Do thou ſo much as dig the grave for him;
Thou know'ſt our meaning: Look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder tree,

Which

Which over-ſhades the mouth of that ſame pit,
Where we decreed to bury Baſſianus.
Do this, and purchaſe us thy laſting friends.
O, Tamora! was ever heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the elder tree:
Look, ſirs, if you can find the huntſman out,
That ſhould have murder'd Baſſianus here.

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold. [*ſhewing it.*

Sat. Two of thy whelps, [*to* Tit.] fell curs of bloody kind,
Have here bereft my brother of his life:—
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the priſon;
There let them bide, until we have devis'd
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What, are they in this pit? O wondrous thing!
How eaſily murder is diſcovered!

Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly ſhed,
That this fell fault of my accurſed ſons,
Accurſed, if the fault be prov'd in them,—

Sat. If it be prov'd! you ſee, it is apparent.—
Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

Tam. Andronicus himſelf did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail:
For by my father's reverend tomb, I vow,
They ſhall be ready at your highneſs' will,
To anſwer their ſuſpicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou ſhalt not bail them; ſee, thou follow me.
Some bring the murder'd body, ſome the murderers:
Let them not ſpeak a word, the guilt is plain;
For, by my ſoul, were there worſe end than death,
That end upon them ſhould be executed.

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king;
Fear not thy ſons, they ſhall do well enough.

Tit. Come, Lucius, come; ſtay not to talk with them.
[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

The ſame.

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON, *with* LAVINIA, *raviſh'd; her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.*

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can ſpeak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue, and raviſh'd thee.

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning ſo;
And, if thy ſtumps will let thee, play the ſcribe.

Dem. See how with ſigns and tokens ſhe can ſcowl.

Chi. Go home, call for ſweet water, waſh thy hands.

Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to waſh;
And ſo let's leave her to her ſilent walks.

Chi. An 'twere my caſe, I ſhould go hang myſelf.

Dem. If thou hadſt hands to help thee knit the cord.

[*Exeunt* DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON.

Enter MARCUS.

Mar. Who's this,—my niece, that flies away ſo faſt?
Couſin, a word; Where is your huſband?—
If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would wake me[4]!
If I do wake, ſome planet ſtrike me down,
That I may ſlumber in eternal ſleep!—
Speak, gentle niece, what ſtern ungentle hands
Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare
Of her two branches? thoſe ſweet ornaments,
Whoſe circling ſhadows kings have ſought to ſleep in;
And might not gain ſo great a happineſs,
As half thy love? Why doſt not ſpeak to me?—
Alas, a crimſon river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain ſtirr'd with wind,
Doth riſe and fall between thy roſed lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But, ſure, ſome Tereus hath deflow'red thee;
And, leſt thou ſhould'ſt detect him[5], cut thy tongue.

[4] *If I do dream*, &c.] If this be a dream, I would give all my poſſeſſions to be delivered from it by waking. JOHNSON.

[5] —*leſt thou ſhould'ſt detect* him, *&c.*] Old Copies—detect *them*. The ſame miſtake has happened in many other old plays. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe.

Tereus, having raviſhed Philomela, his wife's ſiſter, cut out her tongue, to prevent a diſcovery. See p. 149, n. 1. MALONE.

Ah,

Ah, now thou turn'ſt away thy face for ſhame!
And, notwithſtanding all this loſs of blood,—
As from a conduit with their iſſuing ſpouts,—
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face,
Bluſhing to be encounter'd with a cloud.
Shall I ſpeak for thee? ſhall I ſay, 'tis ſo?
O, that I knew thy heart; and knew the beaſt,
That I might rail at him to eaſe my mind!
Sorrow concealed, like an oven ſtopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair Philomela, ſhe but loſt her tongue,
And in a tedious ſampler ſew'd her mind:
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier Tereus haſt thou met withal,
And he hath cut thoſe pretty fingers off,
That could have better ſew'd than Philomel.
O, had the monſter ſeen thoſe lily hands
Tremble, like aſpen leaves, upon a lute,
And make the ſilken ſtrings delight to kiſs them;
He would not then have touch'd them for his life:
Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony,
Which that ſweet tongue hath made,
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell aſleep,
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;
For ſuch a ſight will blind a father's eye:
One hour's ſtorm will drown the fragrant meads;
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee;
O, could our mourning eaſe thy miſery! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Rome. *A Street.*

Enter Senators, Tribunes, and Officers of juſtice, with Martius *and* Quintus, *bound, paſſing on to the place of execution;* Titus *going before, pleading.*

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, ſtay!
For pity of mine age, whoſe youth was ſpent

In

In dangerous wars, whilſt you ſecurely ſlept;
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel ſhed;
For all the froſty nights that I have watch'd;
And for theſe bitter tears, which now you ſee
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;
Be pitiful to my condemned ſons,
Whoſe ſouls are not corrupted as 'tis thought!
For two and twenty ſons I never wept,
Becauſe they died in honour's lofty bed.
For theſe, theſe, tribunes*, in the duſt I write
[*throwing himſelf on the ground.*
My heart's deep languor, and my ſoul's ſad tears.
Let my tears ſtanch the earth's dry appetite;
My ſons' ſweet blood will make it ſhame and bluſh.
[*Exeunt* Senators, Tribunes, &c. *with the priſoners.*
O earth! I will befriend thee more with rain,
That ſhall diſtil from theſe two ancient urns[6],
Than youthful April ſhall with all his ſhowers:
In ſummer's drought, I'll drop upon thee ſtill;
In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the ſnow,
And keep eternal ſpring-time on thy face,
So thou refuſe to drink my dear ſons' blood.

Enter LUCIUS, *with his ſword drawn.*

O, reverend tribunes! O gentle aged men!
Unbind my ſons, reverſe the doom of death;
And let me ſay, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. O, noble father, you lament in vain;
The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
And you recount your ſorrows to a ſtone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead:
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you.

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you ſpeak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man: if they did hear,
They would not mark me; or, if they did mark,
All bootleſs unto them, they would not pity me.

* *For theſe, theſe, tribunes,*] The latter *theſe* was added for the ſake of the metre, by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[6] —*two ancient* urns,] Oxford editor.—Vulg. *two ancient* ruins. JOHNSON.

Therefore

Therefore I tell my ſorrows to the ſtones;
Who, though they cannot anſwer my diſtreſs,
Yet in ſome ſort they're better than the tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale:
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears, and ſeem to weep with me;
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to theſe.
A ſtone is ſoft as wax, tribunes more hard than ſtones:
A ſtone is ſilent, and offendeth not;
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
But wherefore ſtand'ſt thou with thy weapon drawn?

Luc. To reſcue my two brothers from their death:
For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd
My everlaſting doom of baniſhment.

Tit. O happy man! they have befriended thee.
Why, fooliſh Lucius, doſt thou not perceive,
That Rome is but a wilderneſs of tygers?
Tygers muſt prey; and Rome affords no prey,
But me and mine: How happy art thou then,
From theſe devourers to be baniſhed?
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter MARCUS *and* LAVINIA.

Mar. Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to weep;
Or, if not ſo, thy noble heart to break;
I bring conſuming ſorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it conſume me? let me ſee it then.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, ſo ſhe is.

Luc. Ah me! this object kills me!

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, ariſe, and look upon her:—
Speak, Lavinia, what accurſed hand
Hath made thee handleſs in thy father's ſight?
What fool hath added water to the ſea?
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?
My grief was at the height, before thou cam'ſt,
And now like Nilus, it diſdaineth bounds.—
Give me a ſword, I'll chop off my hands too[7];

For

[7] —I'll *chop off my hands too*;] Perhaps we ſhould read:—or *chop off*, &c. It is not eaſy to diſcover how Titus, when he had chopp'd off

For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain;
And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life;
In bootleſs prayer have they been held up,
And they have ſerv'd me to effectleſs uſe:
Now, all the ſervice I require of them
Is, that the one will help to cut the other.—
'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou haſt no hands;
For hands, to do Rome ſervice, are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle ſiſter, who hath martyr'd thee?

Mar. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts *,
That blab'd them with ſuch pleaſing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage;
Where, like a ſweet melodious bird, it ſung
Sweet vary'd notes, enchanting every ear!

Luc. O, ſay thou for her, who hath done this deed?

Mar. O, thus I found her, ſtraying in the park,
Seeking to hide herſelf; as doth the deer,
That hath receiv'd ſome unrecuring wound.

Tit. It was my deer [8]; and he, that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more, than had he kill'd me dead:
For now I ſtand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderneſs of ſea;
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when ſome envious ſurge
Will in his briniſh bowels ſwallow him.
This way to death my wretched ſons are gone;
Here ſtands my other ſon, a baniſh'd man;
And here my brother, weeping at my woes;
But that, which gives my ſoul the greateſt ſpurn,
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my ſoul.—

off one of his hands, would have been able to have chopp'd off the other. STEEVENS.

I have no doubt the text is as the authour wrote it. Let him anſwer for the blunder. In a ſubſequent line he ſuppoſes himſelf his own executioner: "Now, all the ſervice I require of *them*, &c." MALONE.

* *O, that delightful* engine of her thoughts,] This piece furniſhes ſcarce any reſemblances to Shakſpeare's works; this one expreſſion, however, is found in his *Venus and Adonis*:

"Once more *the engine of her thoughts* began." MALONE.

[8] *It was my deer*;—] The play upon *deer* and *dear* has been uſed by Waller, who calls a lady's girdle,

"The pale that held my lovely *deer*." JOHNSON.

Had

Had I but ſeen thy picture in this plight,
It would have madded me; What ſhall I do
Now I behold thy lively body ſo?
Thou haſt no hands, to wipe away thy tears;
Nor tongue, to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:
Thy huſband he is dead; and, for his death,
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this:—
Look, Marcus! ah, ſon Lucius, look on her!
When I did name her brothers, then freſh tears
Stood on her cheeks; as doth the honey dew
Upon a gather'd lily almoſt wither'd.

Mar. Perchance, ſhe weeps becauſe they kill'd her huſband:
Perchance, becauſe ſhe knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy huſband, then be joyful,
Becauſe the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—
No, no, they would not do ſo foul a deed;
Witneſs the ſorrow, that their ſiſter makes.—
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiſs thy lips;
Or make ſome ſign how I may do thee eaſe:
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou, and I, ſit round about ſome fountain;
Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
How they are ſtain'd; like meadows *, yet not dry
With miry ſlime left on them by a flood?
And in the fountain ſhall we gaze ſo long,
Till the freſh taſte be taken from that clearneſs,
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
Or ſhall we cut away our hands, like thine?
Or ſhall we bite our tongues, and in dumb ſhows
Paſs the remainder of our hateful days?
What ſhall we do? let us, that have our tongues,
Plot ſome device of further miſery,
To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, ceaſe your tears; for, at your grief,
See, how my wretched ſiſter ſobs and weeps.

Mar. Patience, dear niece:—good Titus, dry thine eyes.

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot,
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,

* —*like meadows*—] Old Copies—*in* meadows. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

For thou, poor man, haſt drown'd it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark! I underſtand her ſigns:
Had ſhe a tongue to ſpeak, now would ſhe ſay
That to her brother which I ſaid to thee;
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no ſervice on her ſorrowful cheeks.
O, what a ſympathy of woe is this!
As far from help as limbo is from bliſs*.

Enter AARON.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word,—that if thou love thy ſons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyſelf, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And ſend it to the king: he for the ſame,
Will ſend thee hither both thy ſons alive;
And that ſhall be the ranſom for their fault.

Tit. O, gracious emperor! O, gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven ſing ſo like a lark,
That gives ſweet tidings of the ſun's upriſe?
With all my heart, I'll ſend the emperor my hand;
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

Luc. Stay, father; for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down ſo many enemies,
Shall not be ſent; my hand will ſerve the turn:
My youth can better ſpare my blood than you;
And therefore mine ſhall ſave my brothers' lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-ax,
Writing deſtruction on the enemy's caſtle[9]?

O, none

* —*as* limbo *is from bliſs.*] The *limbus patrum*, as it was called, is a place that ſchoolmen ſuppoſed to be in the neighbourhood of hell, where the ſouls of the patriarchs were detained, and thoſe good men who died before our Saviour's reſurrection. Milton gives the name of *limbo* to his Paradiſe of Fools. REED.

9 *Writing deſtruction on the enemy's caſtle?*] Thus all the editions. But Mr. Theobald, after ridiculing the ſagacity of the former editors at the expence of a great deal of aukward mirth, corrects it to *caſque*; and this, he ſays, he'll ſtand by: And the Oxford editor, taking his ſecurity, will ſtand by it too. But what a ſlippery ground is critical confidence! Nothing could bid fairer for a right conjecture; yet 'tis all

O, none of both but are of high deſert:
My hand hath been but idle; let it ſerve
To ranſom my two nephews from their death;
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come, agree, whoſe hand ſhall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand ſhall go.

Luc. By heaven, it ſhall not go.

Tit. Sirs, ſtrive no more; ſuch wither'd herbs as theſe
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I ſhall be thought thy ſon,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Mar. And, for our father's ſake, and mother's care,

all imaginary. A cloſe helmet, which covered the whole head, was called a *caſtle*, and, I ſuppoſe, for that very reaſon. Don Quixote's barber, at leaſt as good a critic as theſe editors, ſays, (in Shelton's tranſlation, 1612,) "I know what is a helmet, and what a morrion, and what a cloſe *caſtle*, and other things touching warfare." Lib. iv. cap. 18. And the original, *celada de encaxe*, has ſomething of the ſame ſignification. Shakſpeare uſes the word again in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"——and, Diomede,

"Stand faſt, and wear a *caſtle* on thy head." WARBURTON.

"Dr. Warburton's proof (ſays the author of the *Reviſal*) reſts wholly on two miſtakes; one of a printer, the other of his own. In Shelton's *Don Quixote* the word *cloſe caſtle* is an error of the preſs for a *cloſe caſque*, which is the exact interpretation of the Spaniſh original, *celada de encaxe*; this Dr. Warburton muſt have ſeen, if he had underſtood Spaniſh as well as he pretends to do. For the primitive *caxa*, from whence the word, *encaxe*, is derived, ſignifies a *box*, or *coffer*; but never a *caſtle*. His other proof is taken from this paſſage in *Tro. and Cr.*

"——and, Diomede,

"Stand faſt, and wear a *caſtle* on thy *head*."

wherein Troilus doth not adviſe Diomede to wear a helmet on his head, for that would be poor indeed, as he always wore one in battle; but to guard his head with the moſt impenetrable armour, to ſhut it up even in a *caſtle*, if it were poſſible, or elſe his ſword ſhould reach it."

After all this reaſoning, however, it appears that a *caſtle* did actually ſignify a *cloſe helmet*. So, in Holinſhed, vol. II. p. 815:—"Then ſuddenlie with great noiſe of trumpets entered ſir Thomas Knevet in a *caſtell* of cole blacke, and over the *caſtell* was written, The dolorous *caſtell*, and ſo he and the earle of Eſſex, &c. ran their courſes with the king," &c. STEEVENS.

The inſtance quoted does not appear to me to prove what it was adduced for; wooden caſtles having been ſometimes introduced in ancient tourneaments. The paſſage in the text is itſelf much more deciſive. MALONE.

Now let me ſhew a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you; I will ſpare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe.

Mar. But I will uſe the axe.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS *and* MARCUS.

Tit. Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them both;
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honeſt,
And never, whilſt I live, deceive men ſo:—
But I'll deceive you in another ſort,
And that you'll ſay, ere half an hour paſs. [*Aſide.*

[*He cuts off* Titus's *hand.*

Enter LUCIUS, *and* MARCUS.

Tit. Now, ſtay your ſtrife; what ſhall be, is diſpatch'd.—
Good Aaron, give his majeſty my hand:
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
From thouſand dangers; bid him bury it;
More hath it merited, that let it have.
As for my ſons, ſay, I account of them
As jewels purchas'd at an eaſy price;
And yet dear too, becauſe I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, Andronicus: and for thy hand,
Look by and by to have thy ſons with thee:—
Their heads, I mean.—O, how this villainy [*Aſide.*
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his ſoul black like his face. [*Exit.*

Tit. O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call:—What, wilt thou kneel with me? [*to* Lav.
Do then, dear heart; for heaven ſhall hear our prayers;
Or with our ſighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And ſtain the ſun with fog, as ſometime clouds,
When they do hug him in their melting boſoms.

Mar. O! brother ſpeak with poſſibilities,
And do not break into theſe deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my ſorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my paſſions bottomleſs with them.

Mar.

Mar. But yet let reaſon govern thy lament.
Tit. If there were reaſon for theſe miſeries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes:
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the ſea wax mad,
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-ſwoln face?
And wilt thou have a reaſon for this coil?
I am the ſea; hark, how her ſighs do blow[9]!
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then muſt my ſea be moved with her ſighs;
Then muſt my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:
For why? my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard muſt I vomit them.
Then give me leave; for loſers will have leave
To eaſe their ſtomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Meſſenger, *with two heads and a hand.*

Meſſ. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repay'd
For that good hand thou ſent'ſt the emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble ſons;
And here's thy hand, in ſcorn to thee ſent back;
Thy griefs their ſports, thy reſolution mock'd:
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death. [*Exit.*
Mar. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!
Theſe miſeries are more than may be borne!
To weep with them that weep doth eaſe ſome deal,
But ſorrow flouted at is double death.
Luc. Ah, that this ſight ſhould make ſo deep a wound,
And yet deteſted life not ſhrink thereat!
That ever death ſhould let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more intereſt but to breathe!
[Lavinia *kiſſes him.*
Mar. Alas, poor heart, that kiſs is comfortleſs,
As frozen water to a ſtarved ſnake.
Tit. When will this fearful ſlumber have an end?
Mar. Now, farewel, flattery: Die, Andronicus;
Thou doſt not ſlumber: ſee, thy two ſons' heads;

9 —*do* blow!] Old Copies—do *flow*. Corrected in the ſecond folio. MALONE.

Thy warlike hand; thy mangled daughter here;
Thy other baniſh'd ſon, with this dear ſight
Struck pale and bloodleſs; and thy brother, I,
Even like a ſtony image, cold and numb.
Ah! now no more will I control thy griefs[1]:
Rent off thy ſilver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this diſmal ſight
The cloſing up of our moſt wretched eyes!
Now is a time to ſtorm; why art thou ſtill?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha!

Mar. Why doſt thou laugh! it fits not with this hour.

Tit. Why I have not another tear to ſhed:
Beſides, this ſorrow is an enemy,
And would uſurp upon my watry eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears;
Then which way ſhall I find revenge's cave?
For theſe two heads do ſeem to ſpeak to me;
And threat me, I ſhall never come to bliſs,
Till all theſe miſchiefs be return'd again,
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me ſee what taſk I have to do.—
You heavy people, circle me about;
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And ſwear unto my ſoul to right your wrongs.
The vow is made.—Come, brother, take a head;
And in this hand the other will I bear:
Lavinia, thou ſhalt be employed in theſe things[2];
Bear thou my hand, ſweet wench, between thy teeth.
As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my ſight;
Thou art an exile, and thou muſt not ſtay:
Hie to the Goths, and raiſe an army there:
And, if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiſs and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, MARCUS, *and* LAVINIA.

Luc. Farewel, Andronicus, my noble father;

[1] —*thy griefs*:] The old copies have *my* griefs. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

[2] *Lavinia, thou ſhalt be employed in theſe things*;] Thus the folio, 1623. The quarto 1611 thus:

And Lavinia thou ſhalt be employ'd in theſe *arms*. STEEVENS.

The folio alſo reads—*And* Lavinia; the reſt as above. The compoſitor probably caught the word *And* from the preceding line. MALONE.

The

The woeful'ſt man that ever liv'd in Rome!
Farewel, proud Rome! till Lucius come again,
He leaves * his pledges dearer than his life.
Farewel, Lavinia, my noble ſiſter;
O, 'would thou wert as thou 'tofore haſt been!
But now nor Lucius, nor Lavinia lives,
But in oblivion, and hateful griefs.
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs;
And make proud Saturnine and his empreſs
Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
Now will I to the Goths, and raiſe a power,
To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine. [*Exit.*

SCENE II[3].

A Room in Titus's *Houſe. A banquet ſet out.*

Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, *and young* LUCIUS, *a boy.*

Tit. So, ſo; now ſit: and look, you eat no more
Than will preſerve juſt ſo much ſtrength in us
As will revenge theſe bitter woes of ours.
Marcus, unknit that ſorrow-wreathen knot;
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands
And cannot paſſionate[4] our tenfold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breaſt;
And when† my heart, all mad with miſery,
Beats in this hollow priſon of my fleſh,
Then thus I thump it down.—
Thou map of woe, that thus doſt talk in ſigns! [*to* Lav.
When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,

* *He* leaves, &c.] Old Copies—He *loves*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

3 This ſcene, which does not contribute any thing to the action, yet ſeems to have the ſame author with the reſt, is omitted in the quarto of 1611, but found in the folio of 1623. JOHNSON.

4 *And cannot* paſſionate, &c.] This obſolete verb is likewiſe found in Spenſer:

"Great pleaſure mix'd with pitiful regard,
"That godly king and queen did *paſſionate*." STEEVENS.

† And *when*, &c.] Old Copies—*Who* when—. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Thou canſt not ſtrike it thus to make it ſtill.
Wound it with ſighing, girl, kill it with groans;
Or get ſome little knife between thy teeth,
And juſt againſt thy heart make thou a hole;
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall,
May run into that ſink, and ſoaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in ſea-ſalt tears.

Mar. Fye, brother, fye! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now! has ſorrow made thee dote already?
Why, Marcus, no man ſhould be mad but I.
What violent hands can ſhe lay on her life?
Ah, wherefore doſt thou urge the name of hands;—
To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burnt, and he made miſerable?
O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands;
Leſt we remember ſtill, that we have none.—
Fye, fye, how frantickly I ſquare my talk!
As if we ſhould forget we had no hands,
If Marcus did not name the word of hands!—
Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this:—
Here is no drink! Hark, Marcus, what ſhe ſays;—
I can interpret all her martyr'd ſigns;—
She ſays, ſhe drinks no other drink but tears,
Brew'd with her ſorrows, meſh'd upon her cheeks[5]:—
Speechleſs complainer, I will learn thy thought;
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect,
As begging hermits in their holy prayers:
Thou ſhalt not ſigh, nor hold thy ſtumps to heaven,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a ſign,
But I, of theſe, will wreſt an alphabet,
And, by ſtill practice[6], learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandſire, leave theſe bitter deep laments;
Make my aunt merry with ſome pleaſing tale.

Mar. Alas, the tender boy, in paſſion mov'd,
Doth weep to ſee his grandſire's heavineſs.

Tit. Peace, tender ſapling; thou art made of tears,

[5] —meſh'd *upon her cheeks:*] A very coarſe alluſion to brewing. STEEVENS.

[6] —*by ſtill practice,*—] By *conſtant* or *continual* practice. JOHNSON.

And

And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—
[Marcus *ſtrikes the diſh with a knife.*
What doſt thou ſtrike at, Marcus, with thy knife?
Mar. At that that I have kill'd, my lord; a fly.
Tit. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'ſt my heart;
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:
A deed of death, done on the innocent,
Becomes not Titus' brother; Get thee gone;
I ſee, thou art not for my company.
Mar. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.
Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and mother[7]?
How would he hang his ſlender gilded wings,
And buz lamenting doings in the air[8]?
Poor harmleſs fly!
That with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry; and thou haſt kill'd him.
Mar. Pardon me, ſir; it was a black ill-favour'd fly,
Like to the empreſs' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.
Tit. O, O, O,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou haſt done a charitable deed.
Give me thy knife, I will inſult on him;
Flattering myſelf, as if it were the Moor,
Come hither purpoſely to poiſon me.—
There's for thyſelf, and that's for Tamora.—
Ah, ſirrah *, yet I think we are not brought ſo low,
But that, between us, we can kill a fly,
That comes in likeneſs of a coal-black Moor.

7 —*a father and* mother?] *Mother* perhaps ſhould be omitted, as the following line ſpeaks only in the ſingular number, and Titus moſt probably confines his thoughts to the ſufferings of a father. STEEV.

8 *And buz lamenting* doings *in the air?*] *Lamenting doings* is a very idle expreſſion, and conveys no idea. I read—dolings - .
The alteration which I have made, though it is but the addition of a ſingle letter, is a great increaſe of the ſenſe; and though, indeed, there is ſomewhat of a tautology in the epithet and ſubſtantive annexed to it, yet that's no new thing with our author. THEOBALD.

There is no need of change. *Sad doings* for any unfortunate event, is a common though not an elegant expreſſion. STEEVENS.

* *Ah*, ſirrah,—] This was formerly not a diſreſpectful expreſſion. Poins uſes the ſame addreſs to the Prince of Wales. See Vol. V. p. 128, n. *. MALONE.

Mar.

Mar. Alas, poor man! grief has ſo wrought on him,
He takes falſe ſhadows for true ſubſtances.
Tit. Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me:
I'll to thy cloſet; and go read with thee
Sad ſtories, chanced in the times of old.—
Come, boy, and go with me; thy ſight is young,
And thou ſhalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The ſame. Before Titus's *Houſe.*

Enter TITUS *and* MARCUS. *Then enter young* LUCIUS, LAVINIA *running after him.*

Boy. Help, grandſire, help! my aunt Lavinia
Follows me every where, I know not why:—
Good uncle Marcus, ſee how ſwift ſhe comes!
Alas, ſweet aunt, I know not what you mean.
Mar. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine aunt.
Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.
Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome, ſhe did.
Mar. What means my niece Lavinia by theſe ſigns?
Tit. Fear her not, Lucius:—Somewhat doth ſhe mean:—
See, Lucius, ſee, how much ſhe makes of thee:
Somewhither would ſhe have thee go with her.
Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care
Read to her ſons, than ſhe hath read to thee,
Sweet poetry, and Tully's Orator[9].
Canſt thou not gueſs wherefore ſhe plies thee thus!
Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I gueſs,
Unleſs ſome fit or frenzy do poſſeſs her:
For I have heard my grandſire ſay full oft,
Extremity of griefs would make men mad;
And I have read, that Hecuba of Troy

9 —*Tully's* Orator.] Tully's treatiſe on eloquence, addreſſed to Brutus, and entitled *Orator*. The quantity of Latin words was formerly little attended to. Mr. Rowe and all the ſubſequent editors read Tully's *oratory*. MALONE.

Ran mad through ſorrow; That made me to fear;
Although, my lord, I know, my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth:
Which made me down to throw my books, and fly;
Cauſeleſs, perhaps: But pardon me, ſweet aunt:
And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
I will moſt willingly attend your ladyſhip.

Mar. Lucius, I will.

[Lavinia *turns over the books which* Lucius *has let fall.*

Tit. How now, Lavinia?—Marcus, what means this?
Some book there is that ſhe deſires to ſee:—
Which is it, girl, of theſe?—Open them, boy.—
But thou art deeper read, and better ſkill'd;
Come, and take choice of all my library,
And ſo beguile thy ſorrow, till the heavens
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.—
Why lifts ſhe up her arms in ſequence thus?

Mar. I think, ſhe means, that there was more than one
Confederate in the fact;—Ay, more there was:—
Or elſe to heaven ſhe heaves them for revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that ſhe toſſeth ſo?

Boy. Grandſire, 'tis Ovid's Metamorphoſis;
My mother gave it me.

Mar. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps ſhe cull'd it from among the reſt.

Tit. Soft! ſee, how buſily ſhe turns the leaves *!
Help her: What would ſhe find? Lavinia, ſhall I read?
This is the tragick tale of Philomel,
And treats of Tereus' treaſon, and his rape;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Mar. See, brother ſee; note, how ſhe quotes the leaves[1].

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus ſurpriz'd, ſweet girl,
Raviſh'd, and wrong'd, as Philomela was,

* *Soft!* ſee, how *buſily, &c.*] Old Copies—Soft, *ſo* buſily, &c. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[1] —*how ſhe* quotes *the leaves.*] To *quote* is to obſerve. STEEVENS. See Vol. II. p. 378, n. 6, and Vol. III. p. 471, n. 6. MALONE.

Forc'd

Forc'd in the ruthleſs, vaſt, and gloomy woods?—
See, ſee!——
Ay, ſuch a place there is, where we did hunt,
(O, had we never, never, hunted there!)
Pattern'd by that the poet here deſcribes,
By nature made for murders, and for rapes.
Mar. O, why ſhould nature build ſo foul a den,
Unleſs the gods delight in tragedies!
Tit. Give ſigns, ſweet girl,—for here are none but friends,—
What Roman lord it was durſt do the deed:
Or ſlunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erſt,
That left the camp to ſin in Lucrece' bed?
Mar. Sit down, ſweet niece;—brother, ſit down by me.—
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inſpire me, that I may this treaſon find!—
My lord, look here;—look here, Lavinia:
This ſandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canſt,
This after me, when I have writ my name
Without the help of any hand at all.
[*He writes his name with his ſtaff, and guides it with his feet and mouth.*
Curs'd be that heart, that forc'd us to this ſhift!—
Write thou, good niece; and here diſplay, at laſt,
What God will have diſcover'd for revenge:
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy ſorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors, and the truth!
[*She takes the ſtaff in her mouth, and guides it with her ſtumps, and writes.*
Tit. O, do you read, my lord, what ſhe hath writ?
Stuprum—Chiron—Demetrius.
Mar. What, what!—the luſtful ſons of Tamora
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?
Tit.—Magne Dominator poli[2],
Tam lentus audis ſcelera? tam lentus vides?

[2] *Magne Regnator Deum*, &c. is the exclamation of *Hippolitus* when *Phædra* diſcovers the ſecret of her inceſtuous paſſion in *Seneca's* tragedy. STEEVENS.

Mar.

Mar. O, calm thee, gentle lord! although, I know,
There is enough written upon this earth,
To ſtir a mutiny in the mildeſt thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.
My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;
And kneel, ſweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;
And ſwear with me,—as with the woeful feere [3],
And father, of that chaſte diſhonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus ſware for Lucrece' rape,—
That we will proſecute, by good advice,
Mortal revenge upon theſe traiterous Goths,
And ſee their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis ſure enough, an you knew how,
But if you hurt theſe bear-whelps, then beware:
The dam will wake; and, if ſhe wind you once,
She's with the lion deeply ſtill in league,
And lulls him whilſt ſhe playeth on her back,
And, when he ſleeps, will ſhe do what ſhe liſt.
You're a young huntſman, Marcus; let it alone;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of braſs,
And with a gad of ſteel * will write theſe words,
And lay it by: the angry northern wind
Will blow theſe ſands, like Sybil's leaves, abroad,
And where's your leſſon then?—Boy, what ſay you?

Boy. I ſay, my lord, that if I were a man,

3 *And ſwear with me, as with the woeful* feere,] *Feere* ſignifies a *companion*, and here metaphorically a *huſband*. The proceeding of Brutus, which is alluded to, is deſcribed at length in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, as putting an end to the lamentations of Collatinus and Lucretius, the huſband and father of Lucretia. So, in *Sir Eglamour of Artoys*, ſig. A 4,

"Chriſtabell, your daughter free,
"When ſhall ſhe have a *fere*?" i. e. a huſband.

Sir Thomas More's *Lamentation on the Death of Q. Elizabeth, Wife of Henry VII*:

"Was I not a kings *fere* in marriage?" TYRWHITT.

The word *feere* or *fpheere* very frequently occurs among the old dramatic writers and others. STEEVENS.

* *And with* a gad *of ſteel*—] *A gad*, from the Saxon ȝæd, i. e. the point of a ſpear, is uſed here for ſome ſimilar pointed inſtrument. MALONE.

Their

Their mother's bed-chamber ſhould not be ſafe
For theſe bad-bondmen to the yoke of Rome.
Mar. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft
For this ungrateful country done the like.
Boy. And, uncle, ſo will I, an if I live.
Tit. Come, go with me into mine armoury;
Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal, my boy
Shall carry from me to the empreſs' ſons
Preſents, that I intend to ſend them both:
Come, come; thou'lt do thy meſſage, wilt thou not?
Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their boſoms, grandſire.
Tit. No, boy, not ſo; I'll teach thee another courſe.
Lavinia, come:—Marcus, look to my houſe;
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court:
Ay, marry, will we, ſir; and we'll be waited on.
[*Exeunt* TITUS, LAVINIA, *and* Boy.
Mar. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compaſſion him?
Marcus, attend him in his ecſtaſy:
That hath more ſcars of ſorrow in his heart,
Than foe-men's marks upon his batter'd ſhield:
But yet ſo juſt, that he will not revenge:—
Revenge the heavens[4] for old Andronicus! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. A Room in the Palace.

Enter AARON, CHIRON, *and* DEMETRIUS, *at one door: at another door, young* LUCIUS, *and an Attendant, with a bundle of weapons, and verſes writ upon them.*

Chi. Demetrius, here's the ſon of Lucius;
He hath ſome meſſage to deliver to us.

4 *Revenge* the *heavens*—] We ſhould read:
Revenge thee, *heavens*?— WARBURTON.
It ſhould be:
Revenge, ye *heavens!*
Ye was by the tranſcriber taken for *y^e*, the. JOHNSON.
I believe the old reading is right, and ſignifies—*may the heavens revenge*, &c. STEEVENS.
I believe we ſhould read
Revenge then *heavens*. TYRWHITT.

Aar.

Aar. Ay, ſome mad meſſage from his mad grandfather.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleneſs I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus;—
And pray the Roman gods, confound you both. [*Aſide.*

Dem. Gramercy [5], lovely Lucius; What's the news?

Boy. That you are both decypher'd, that's the news,
For villains mark'd with rape. [*Aſide.*] May it pleaſe you,
My grandſire, well-advis'd, hath ſent by me
The goodlieſt weapons of his armoury,
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome; for ſo he bade me ſay;
And ſo I do, and with his gifts preſent
Your lordſhips, that whenever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well:
And ſo I leave you both, [*Aſide.*] like bloody villains.
[*Exeunt* Boy *and* Attendant.

Dem. What's here? A ſcroll; and written round about?
Let's ſee;
Integer vitæ, ſceleriſque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis nec arcu.

Chi. O, 'tis a verſe in Horace; I know it well:
I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aar. Ay, juſt;—a verſe in Horace;—right, you have it.
Now, what a thing it is to be an aſs!
Here's no ſound jeſt [6]! the old man hath found their guilt;
And ſends the weapons wrapp'd about with lines,
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick.
But were our witty empreſs well a-foot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit.
But let her reſt in her unreſt a while.— } *Aſide.*
And now, young lords, was't not a happy ſtar

[5] *Gramercy,*—] i. e. *grand mercy*; *great thanks.* STEEVENS.

[6] *Here's no* ſound *jeſt!*] Thus the old copies. This mode of expreſſion was common formerly; So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I. "Here's no fine villainy!"—We yet talk of giving a *ſound* drubbing. Mr. Theobald, however, and the modern editors, read—Here's no *fond* jeſt. MALONE.

Led

Led us to Rome, ſtrangers, and, more than ſo,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good, before the palace gate
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.
Dem. But me more good, to ſee ſo great a lord
Baſely inſinuate, and ſend us gifts.
Aar. Had he not reaſon, lord Demetrius?
Did you not uſe his daughter very friendly?
Dem. I would, we had a thouſand Roman dames
At ſuch a bay, by turn to ſerve our luſt.
Chi. A charitable wiſh, and full of love.
Aar. Here lacks but your mother for to ſay amen.
Chi. And that would ſhe for twenty thouſand more.
Dem. Come, let us go; and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.
Aar. Pray to the devils; the gods have given us o'er.
[*Aſide.* *Flouriſh.*
Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets flouriſh thus?
Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a ſon.
Dem. Soft; who comes here?

Enter a Nurſe, with a Black-a-moor Child in her arms.

Nur. Good-morrow, lords:
O, tell me, did you ſee Aaron the Moor?
Aar. Well, more, or leſs, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?
Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!
Aar. Why, what a caterwauling doſt thou keep?
What doſt thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?
Nur. O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our empreſs' ſhame, and ſtately Rome's diſgrace;—
She is deliver'd, lords, ſhe is deliver'd.
Aar. To whom?
Nur. I mean, ſhe is brought to bed.
Aar. Well, God
Give her good reſt! What hath he ſent her?
Nur. A devil.
Aar. Why, then ſhe is the devil's dam; a joyful iſſue.
Nur. A joyleſs, diſmal, black, and ſorrowful iſſue:

Here

Here is the babe, as loathſome as a toad
Amongſt the faireſt breeders of our clime.
The empreſs ſends it thee, thy ſtamp, thy ſeal,
And bids thee chriſten it with thy dagger's point.
Aar. Out, you whore! is black ſo baſe a hue?—
Sweet blowſe, you are a beauteous bloſſom, ſure.
Dem. Villain, what haſt thou done?
Aar. That which thou
Canſt not undo.
Chi. Thou haſt undone our mother.
Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother[7].
Dem. And therein, helliſh dog, thou haſt undone.
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice!
Accurs'd the offſpring of ſo foul a fiend!
Chi. It ſhall not live.
Aar. It ſhall not die.
Nur. Aaron, it muſt; the mother wills it ſo.
Aar. What, muſt it, nurſe? then let no man, but I,
Do execution on my fleſh and blood.
Dem. I'll broach the tadpole[8] on my rapier's point:
Nurſe, give it me; my ſword ſhall ſoon diſpatch it.
Aar. Sooner this ſword ſhall plough thy bowels up.
[*takes the child from the nurſe, and draws.*
Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?
Now, by the burning tapers of the ſky,
That ſhone ſo brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my ſcymitar's ſharp point,
That touches this my firſt-born ſon and heir!
I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,
With all his threat'ning band of Typhon's brood,
Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,

7 *Villain, I have* done *thy mother.*] To *do* is here uſed obſcenely. So, in Taylor the water poet's character of a *Proſtitute*:
" She's *facile fieri*, (quickly wonne,)
" Or, conſt'ring truly, eaſy to be *done*." COLLINS.
See Vol. II. p. 11, n. 4. MALONE.

8 *I'll broach the tadpole*—] A *broach* is a *ſpit*. I'll *ſpit* the tadpole. JOHNSON.
In Greene's *Pleaſant Diſcovery of the Coſenage of Colliers*, 1592: " —with that ſhe caught a *ſpit* in her hand, and ſwore if he offered to ſtirre, ſhe ſhould therewith *broach* him." COLLINS.

Shall ſeize this prey, out of his father's hands.
What, what; ye ſanguine, ſhallow-hearted boys!
Ye white-limn'd walls[9]! ye alehouſe painted ſigns!
Coal-black is better than another hue,
In that it ſcorns to bear another hue[1]:
For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn the ſwan's black legs to white,
Although ſhe lave them hourly in the flood.—
Tell the empreſs from me, I am of age
To keep mine own; excuſe it how ſhe can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble miſtreſs thus?

Aar. My miſtreſs is my miſtreſs; this, myſelf;
The vigour, and the picture of my youth:
This, before all the world, do I prefer;
This, maugre all the world, will I keep ſafe,
Or ſome of you ſhall ſmoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever ſham'd.

Chi. Rome will deſpiſe her for this foul eſcape[2].

Nur. The emperor, in his rage, will doom her death.

Chi. I bluſh to think upon this ignomy[3].

Aar. Why there's the privilege your beauty bears:
Fye, treacherous hue! that will betray with bluſhing
The cloſe enacts and counſels of the heart!
Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer[4]:

Look,

9 *Ye white* limn'd *walls*—] The old copies have—white-*limb'd*. The word intended, I think, was white-*limn'd*. Mr. Pope and the ſubſequent editors read white-*lim'd*. MALONE.

1 *In that it* ſcorns *to bear another hue:*] Thus both the quarto and folio. Some modern editions had *ſeems* inſtead of *ſcorns*, which was reſtored by Dr. Johnſon. MALONE.

2 —*for this foul* eſcape.] This foul illegitimate child. See p. 128, n. 5. MALONE.

3 —*this ignomy,*] i. e. ignominy. See Vol. V. p. 258, n. 1. MALONE.

4 —*another* leer:] *Leer* is complexion, or hue. So, in *As you like it:* "—a Roſalind of a better *leer* than you." See Mr. Tollet's note on Act IV. ſc. i. In the notes on the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer, late edit. Vol. IV. p. 320, *lere* is ſuppoſed to mean *ſkin*. So, in *Iſumbras*, MS. *Cott*, Cal. 11. fol. 129:

"His

Look, how the black ſlave ſmiles upon the father;
As who ſhou'd ſay, *Old lad, I am thine own.*
He is your brother, lords; ſenſibly fed
Of that ſelf-blood that firſt gave life to you;
And, from that womb, where you impriſon'd were,
He is infranchiſed and come to light:
Nay, he's your brother by the ſurer ſide,
Although my ſeal be ſtamped in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what ſhall I ſay unto the empreſs?

Dem. Adviſe thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all ſubſcribe to thy advice;
Save thou the child, ſo we may all be ſafe.

Aar. Then ſit we down, and let us all conſult.
My ſon and I will have the wind of you:
Keep there: Now talk at pleaſure of your ſafety.

[*They ſit on the ground.*

Dem. How many women ſaw this child of his?

Aar. Why, ſo, brave lords; When we all join in league,
I am a lamb: but if you brave the Moor,
The chafed boar, the mountain lioneſs,
The ocean ſwells not ſo as Aaron ſtorms.—
But, ſay again, how many ſaw the child?

Nur. Cornelia the midwife, and myſelf,
And no one elſe, but the deliver'd empreſs.

Aar. The empreſs, the midwife, and yourſelf:
Two may keep counſel, when the third's away[5]:
Go to the empreſs; tell her this I ſaid:— [*ſtabbing her.*
Weke, weke!—ſo cries a pig, prepar'd to the ſpit.

Dem. What mean'ſt thou, Aaron? Wherefore didſt thou this?

Aar. O lord, ſir, 'tis a deed of policy:
Shall ſhe live to betray this guilt of ours?
A long-tongu'd babbling goſſip? no, lords, no.
And now be it known to you my full intent.

" His lady is white as wales bone,
" Here *lere* brygte to ſe upon,
" So faire as bloſme on tre." STEEVENS.

[5] *Two may keep counſel, when the third's away:*] This proverb is introduced likewiſe in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. STEEVENS.

Not far, one Muliteus lives[6], my countryman,
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed;
His child is like to her, fair as you are:
Go pack with him[7], and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all;
And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,
And be received for the emperor's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the court;
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, lords; ye see, I have given her physick,
[*pointing to the nurse.*
And you must needs bestow her funeral;
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:
This done, see that you take no longer days,
But send the midwife presently to me.
The midwife, and the nurse, well made away,
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see, thou wilt not trust the air
With secrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora,
Herself, and hers, are highly bound to thee.
[*Exeunt* DEM. *and* CHI. *bearing off the nurse.*

Aar Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies;
There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
And secretly to greet the empress' friends.—
Come on, you thick-lip'd slave, I'll bear you hence;
For it is you that puts us to our shifts:
I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave; and bring you up
To be a warrior, and command a camp. [*Exit.*

[6] —*one Muliteus* lives—] The word *lives*, which is wanting in the old copies, was supplied by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[7] *Go pack with him,*—] *Pack* here seems to have the meaning of *make a bargain.* Or it may mean, as in the phrase of modern gamesters, to act collusively.

And mighty dukes pack knaves for half a crown. POPE.

To *pack* is to contrive insidiously. So, in *King Lear:*

" —snuffs and *packings* of the dukes." STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE III.

The ſame. A publick Place.

Enter TITUS, *bearing arrows, with letters at the ends of them; with him* MARCUS, *young* LUCIUS, *and other Gentlemen, with bows.*

Tit. Come, Marcus, come;—Kinſmen, this is the way:—
Sir boy, let me ſee your archery; look
Ye draw home enough, and 'tis there ſtraight:
Terras Aſtræa reliquit:—
Be you remember'd, Marcus, ſhe's gone, ſhe's fled.
Sirs, take you to your tools. You, couſins, ſhall
Go ſound the ocean, and caſt your nets;
Happily you may find her in the ſea;
Yet there's as little juſtice as at land:—
No; Publius and Sempronius, you muſt do it;
'Tis you muſt dig with mattock, and with ſpade,
And pierce the inmoſt center of the earth;
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
I pray you, deliver him this petition:
Tell him, it is for juſtice, and for aid;
And that it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with ſorrows in ungrateful Rome.—
Ah, Rome!—Well, well; I made thee miſerable,
What time I threw the people's ſuffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.—
Go, get you gone; and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man of war unſearch'd;
This wicked emperor may have ſhipp'd her hence,
And, kinſmen, then we may go pipe for juſtice.

Mar. O, Publius, is not this a heavy caſe,
To ſee thy noble uncle thus diſtract?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,
By day and night to attend him carefully;
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget ſome careful remedy.

Mar. Kinſmen, his ſorrows are paſt remedy.
Join with the Goths; and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,

And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now? how now, my maſters,
What, have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good lord; but Pluto ſends you word
If you will have revenge from hell, you ſhall:
Marry, for juſtice, ſhe is ſo employ'd,
He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or ſomewhere elſe,
So that perforce you muſt needs ſtay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong, to feed me with delays.
I'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.—
Marcus, we are but ſhrubs, no cedars we;
No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclops' ſize;
But metal, Marcus, ſteel to the very back;
Yet wrung with wrongs [8], more than our backs can bear:—
And ſith there is no juſtice in earth nor hell,
We will ſolicit heaven; and move the gods,
To ſend down juſtice for to wreak our wrongs:
Come, to this gear. You are a good archer, Marcus.

[*He gives them the arrows.*

Ad Jovem, that's for you:—Here, *ad Apollinem*:—
Ad Martem, that's for myſelf;—
Here, boy, to Pallas:—Here to Mercury:
To Saturn, Caius [9], not to Saturnine,—
You were as good to ſhoot againſt the wind.—
To it, boy. Marcus, looſe when I bid:
O' my word, I have written to effect;
There's not a god left unſolicited.

Mar. Kinſmen, ſhoot all your ſhafts into the court [1]:

[8] *Yet wrung with wrongs,*—] To *wring* a horſe is to preſs or ſtrain his back. JOHNSON.

[9] *To Saturn, Caius,*—] The old copies have—To *Saturnine, to* Caius, &c. *Saturnine* was corrected by Mr. Rowe. *To* was inadvertently repeated by the compoſitor. *Caius* appears to have been one of the kinſmen of Titus Publius and Sempronius have been already mentioned. Publius and *Caius*, are again introduced in Act V. ſc. ii:

"*Tit.* Publius, come hither; *Caius*, and Valentine."

The modern editors read—To Saturn, to *Clum*, &c. MALONE.

[1] —*ſhoot all your ſhafts into the court:*] In the ancient ballad of *Titus Andronicus's Complaint*, is the following paſſage:

"Then paſt relieſe I upp and downe did goe,
And with my tears wrote in the duſt my woe:

We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*] O, well said, Lucius!

Good boy, in Virgo's lap; give it Pallas.

Mar. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon[2];
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done!
See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Mar. This was the sport, my lord; when Publius shot,
The bull being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock
That down fell both the ram's horns in the court;
And who should find them but the empress' villain?
She laugh'd, and told the Moor, he should not choose
But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes: God give your lordship joy!

Enter a Clown, with a basket and two pigeons.

News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come.
Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?
Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

Clown. Ho! the gibbet-maker? he says, that he hath taken them down again, for the man must not be hang'd till the next week.

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

Clown. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter; I never drank with him in all my life.

"*I shot my arrowes towards heaven hie,*
"And for revenge to hell did often cry."

On this Dr. Percy has the following observation: "If the ballad was written before the play, I should suppose this to be only a metaphorical expression, taken from the Psalms: "*They shoot out their arrows, even bitter words,* Ps. lxiv, 3." *Reliques of ancient English Poetry,* Vol. I. p. 228, third edit. STEEVENS.

[2] —*I* aim a *mile beyond the moon*;] Thus the quarto and folio. Mr. Rowe for *aim* substituted *am*, which has been adopted by all the modern editors. MALONE.

To "cast beyond the moon," is an expression used in Hinde's *Elioste Libidinose*, 1606. Again, in *Mother Bombie*, 1594: "Risio hath gone beyond himself in *casting beyond the moon.*" Again, in *A Woman kill'd with kindness*, 1617:

"——I talk of things impossible,
"And *cast beyond the moon.*" STEEVENS.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clown. Ay, of my pigeons sir; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Clown. From heaven? alas, sir, I never came there: God forbid, I should be so bold to press to heaven in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs[3], to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the emperial's men.

Mar. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be, to serve for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?

Clown. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither; make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the emperor:
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.
Hold, hold;—mean while, here's money for thy charges.
Give me a pen and ink.—
Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clown. Ay, sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach, you must kneel; then kiss his foot; then deliver up your pigeons; and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand; sir; see you do it bravely.

Clown. I warrant you, sir; let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see it.
Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration;
For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant:—
And when thou hast given it the emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clown. God be with you, sir; I will.

Tit. Come, Marcus, let us go:—Publius, follow me.

[*Exeunt.*

3 —*the tribunal plebs*,—] I suppose the Clown means to say, *Plebeian tribune*, i. e. tribune of the people; for none could fill this office but such as were descended from *Plebeian* ancestors. STEEVENS.

Hanmer supposes that he means—*tribunus plebis*. MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

The same. Before the Palace.

Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, *Lords, and Others:* Saturninus *with the arrows in his hand, that* Titus *shot.*

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these? Was ever seen
An emperor of Rome thus over-borne,
Troubled, confronted thus; and, for the extent
Of egal justice, us'd in such contempt?
My lords, you know, as do* the mightful gods,
However these disturbers of our peace
Buz in the people's ears, there nought hath pass'd,
But even with law, against the wilful sons
Of old Andronicus. And what an if
His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreaks+,
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
And now he writes to heaven for his redress:
See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury;
This to Apollo; this to the god of war:
Sweet scrolls, to fly about the streets of Rome!
What's this, but libelling against the senate,
And blazoning our injustice every where?
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
But, if I live, his feigned ecstasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages:
But he and his shall know, that justice lives
In Saturninus' health; whom, if she sleep,
He'll so awake, as she in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep and scarr'd his heart;

* —*as do*—] These two words were supplied by Mr. Rowe; who also in the concluding lines of this speech substituted—if *she* sleep, &c. for, if *he* sleep, and—as *she*, for, as *he*. MALONE.

\+ —*his* wreaks,] i. e. his revenges. STEEVENS.

And

And rather comfort his diſtreſſed plight,
Than proſecute the meaneſt, or the beſt,
For theſe contempts. Why, thus it ſhall become
High-witted Tamora to gloze with all: [*Aſide.*
But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wiſe,
Then is all ſafe, the anchor's in the port.—

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow? would'ſt thou ſpeak with us?

Clown. Yes, forſooth, an your miſterſhip be emperial.

Tam. Empreſs I am, but yonder ſits the emperor.

Clown. 'Tis he.—God, and ſaint Stephen, give you good den: I have brought you a letter, and a couple of pigeons here. [Saturninus *reads the letter.*

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him preſently.

Clown. How much money muſt I have?

Tam. Come, ſirrah, you muſt be hang'd.

Clown. Hang'd! By'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end. [*Exit, guarded.*

Sat. Deſpightful and intolerable wrongs!
Shall I endure this monſtrous villainy?
I know from whence this ſame device proceeds;
May this be borne?—as if his traiterous ſons,
That dy'd by law for murder of our brother,
Have by my means been butchered wrongfully.—
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;
Nor age, nor honour, ſhall ſhape privilege:—
For this proud mock, I'll be thy ſlaughter-man;
Sly frantick wretch, that holp'ſt to make me great,
In hope thyſelf ſhould govern Rome and me.

Enter Æmilius.

Sat. What news with thee, Æmilius?

Æmil. Arm*, my lords; Rome never had more cauſe!
The Goths have gather'd head; and with a power
Of high-reſolved men, bent to the ſpoil,
They hither march amain, under conduct
Of Lucius, ſon to old Andronicus;
Who threats, in courſe of this revenge, to do

As

* Arm, *my lords,*] *Arm* is here uſed as a diſſyllable. Malone.

As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?
These tidings nip me; and I hang the head
As flowers with froſt, or graſs beat down with ſtorms.
Ay, now begin our ſorrows to approach:
'Tis he, the common people love ſo much;
Myſelf hath often over-heard* them ſay,
(When I have walked like a private man,)
That Lucius' baniſhment was wrongfully,
And they have wiſh'd that Lucius were their emperor.

Tam. Why ſhould you fear? is not your city ſtrong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius;
And will revolt from me, to ſuccour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name†.
Is the ſun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle ſuffers little birds to ſing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby;
Knowing, that with the ſhadow of his wings,
He can at pleaſure ſtint their melody[5]:
Even ſo may'ſt thou the giddy men of Rome.
Then cheer thy ſpirit: for know, thou emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus,
With words more ſweet, and yet more dangerous,
Then baits to fiſh, or honey-ſtalks to ſheep[6];
When as the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious feed.

Sat. But he will not entreat his ſon for us.

* *Myſelf* hath *often* over-heard—] *Self* was uſed formerly as a ſubſtantive, and written ſeparately from the pronominal adjective: *my ſelf*. The late editors, not attending to this, read, after Hanmer,—*have* often.—*Over*, which is not in the old copies, was ſupplied by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

† —*imperious, like thy name.*] *Imperious* was formerly uſed for *imperial*. See p. 60, n. 7, and Vol. VIII. p. 412, n. *. MALONE.

5 —ſtint *their melody*:] i. e. *ſtop* their melody. See Vol. VII. p. 244, n. 2. MALONE.

6 —*honey-ſtalks to ſheep*;] *Honey-ſtalks* are clover-flowers, which contain a ſweet juice. It is common for cattle to overcharge themſelves with clover, and die. JOHNSON.

"Theſe honey ſtalks, whatever they may be, (ſays Mr. Maſon,) are deſcribed as *rotting* the ſheep, not *burſting* them: whereas clover is the wholeſomeſt food you can give them."—Perhaps the authour was not ſo ſkillful a farmer as the commentator. MALONE.

Tam.

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will:
For I can ſmooth, and fill his aged ear
With golden promiſes; that were his heart
Almoſt impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet ſhould both ear and heart obey my tongue.—
Go thou before, be our embaſſador[7]: [*to* Æmilius.
Say, that the emperor requeſts a parley
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting.

Sat. Æmilius, do this meſſage honourably:
And if he ſtand on hoſtage * for his ſafety,
Bid him demand what pledge will pleaſe him beſt.

Æmil. Your bidding ſhall I do effectually. [*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus;
And temper him, with all the art I have,
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
And now, ſweet emperor, be blith again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go ſucceſſantly[8], and plead to him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Plains near Rome.

Enter LUCIUS, *and* Goths, *with drum and colours.*

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great Rome,
Which ſignify, what hate they bear their emperor,
And how deſirous of our ſight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witneſs,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;
And, wherein Rome hath done you any ſcathe,
Let him make treble ſatisfaction.

7 —be *our embaſſador:*] The old Copies read—*to* be, &c. Corrected by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

* —on *hoſtage*—] Old copies—*in* hoſtage. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

8 *Then go* ſucceſſantly,] Whether the authour of this play had any authority for this word, I know not; but I ſuſpect he had not. In the next act he with equal licence uſes *rapine* for *rape*. By *ſucceſſantly* I ſuppoſe he meant *ſucceſsfully*. MALONE.

1. *Goth.* Brave ſlip, ſprung from the great Andronicus,
Whoſe name was once our terror, now our comfort;
Whoſe high exploits, and honourable deeds,
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us: we'll follow where thou lead'ſt,—
Like ſtinging bees in hotteſt ſummer's day,
Led by their maſter to the flower'd fields,—
And be aveng'd on curſed Tamora.

Goths. And, as he ſaith, ſo ſay we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a luſty Goth?

Enter a Goth, *leading* AARON, *with his child in his arms.*

2. *Goth.* Renowned Lucius, from our troops I ſtray'd,
To gaze upon a ruinous monaſtery[9];
And as I earneſtly did fix mine eye
Upon the waſted building, ſuddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall:
I made unto the noiſe; when ſoon I heard
The crying babe controll'd with this diſcourſe:
Peace, tawny ſlave; half me, and half thy dam!
Did not thy hue bewray whoſe brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou might'ſt have been an emperor:
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf.
Peace, villain, peace!—even thus he rates the babe,—
For I muſt bear thee to a truſty Goth;
Who, when he knows thou art the empreſs' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's ſake.
With this, my weapon drawn, I ruſh'd upon him,
Surpriz'd him ſuddenly; and brought him hither,

9 *To gaze upon a ruinous monaſtery.*] Shakſpeare has ſo perpetually offended againſt chronology in all his plays, that no very concluſive argument can be deduced from the particular abſurdity of theſe anachroniſms, relative to the authenticity of *Titus Andronicus.* And yet the *ruined monaſtery*, the *popiſh tricks*, &c. that Aaron talks of, and eſpecially the French ſalutation from the mouth of Titus, are altogether ſo very much out of place, that I cannot perſuade myſelf even our haſty poet could have been guilty of their inſertion, or would have permitted them to remain, had he corrected the performance for another. STEEVENS.

To

To uſe as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy Goth! this is the incarnate devil,
That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand:
This is the pearl that pleas'd your empreſs' eye[1];
And here's the baſe fruit of his burning luſt.—
Say, wall-ey'd ſlave, whither would'ſt thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
Why doſt not ſpeak? What! deaf? not a word?
A halter, ſoldiers; hang him on this tree,
And by his ſide his fruit of baſtardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the ſire for ever being good.—
Firſt, hang the child, that he may ſee it ſprawl;
A ſight to vex the father's ſoul withal.
Get me a ladder[2].

[*A ladder brought, which* Aaron *is obliged to aſcend.*

Aar. Lucius, ſave the child;
And bear it from me to the emperes.
If thou do this, I'll ſhow thee wond'rous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear:
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll ſpeak no more; But vengeance rot you all!

Luc. Say on; and, if it pleaſe me which thou ſpeak'ſt,
Thy child ſhall live, and I will ſee it nouriſh'd.

Aar. An if it pleaſe thee? why, aſſure thee, Lucius,
'Twill vex thy ſoul to hear what I ſhall ſpeak;
For I muſt talk of murders, rapes, and maſſacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of miſchief, treaſon; villainies
Ruthful to hear, yet piteouſly perform'd:
And this ſhall all be buried by my death,
Unleſs thou ſwear to me, my child ſhall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind; I ſay, thy child ſhall live.

Aar. Swear, that he ſhall, and then I will begin.

[1] *This is the pearl that pleas'd your emtreſs' eye*;] Alluding to the proverb, "A black man is a pearl in a fair woman's eye." MALONE.

[2] *Get me a ladder. Lucius, ſave the child.*] All the printed editions have given this whole verſe to Aaron. But why ſhould the Moor here aſk for a ladder, who earneſtly wanted to have his child ſaved? THEOBALD.

Get me a ladder, may mean, *hang me.* STEEVENS.

Luc.

Luc. Who ſhould I ſwear by? thou believ'ſt no god;
That granted, how canſt thou believe an oath?
Aar. What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not:
Yet,—for I know thou art religious,
And haſt a thing within thee, called conſcience;
With twenty popiſh tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have ſeen thee careful to obſerve,—
Therefore I urge thy oath;—For that, I know,
An ideot holds his bauble[3] for a god,
And keeps the oath, which by that god he ſwears;
To that I'll urge him:—Therefore, thou ſhalt vow
By that ſame god, what god ſoe'er it be,
That thou ador'ſt and haſt in reverence—
To ſave my boy, to nouriſh, and bring him up;
Or elſe I will diſcover nought to thee.
Luc. Even by my god, I ſwear to thee, I will.
Aar. Firſt, know thou, I begot him on the empreſs.
Luc. O moſt inſatiate, luxurious woman[4]!
Aar. Tut, Lucius! this was but a deed of charity,
To that which thou ſhalt hear of me anon.
'Twas her two ſons, that murder'd Baſſianus:
They cut thy ſiſter's tongue, and raviſh'd her,
And cut her hands; and trimm'd her as thou ſaw'ſt.
Luc. O, déteſtable villain! call'ſt thou that trimming?
Aar. Why, ſhe was waſh'd, and cut, and trimm'd; and 'twas
Trim ſport for them that had the doing of it.
Luc. O, barbarous beaſtly villains, like thyſelf!
Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to inſtruct them;
That codding ſpirit[5] had they from their mother,
As ſure a card as ever won the ſet;
That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,

3 —*his* bauble—] See a note on *All's Well that ends Well*, Act IV. ſc. v. STEEVENS.

4 —luxurious *woman!*] i. e. *laſcivious* woman. See Vol. VIII, p. 278, n. 2. MALONE.

5 *That* codding *ſpirit*—] i. e. that love of *bed-ſports*. *Cod* is a word ſtill uſed in Yorkſhire for a *pillow*. See Lloyd's catalogue of local words at the end of Ray's *Proverbs*. COLLINS.

As

As true a dog as ever fought at head[6].—
Well, let my deeds be witneſs of my worth.
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,
Where the dead corps of Baſſianus lay:
I wrote the letter * that thy father found,
And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,
Confederate with the queen, and her two ſons;
And what not done, that thou haſt cauſe to rue,
Wherein I had no ſtroke of miſchief in it?
I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand;
And, when I had it, drew myſelf apart,
And almoſt broke my heart with extreme laughter.
I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,
When, for his hand, he had his two ſons' heads;
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd ſo heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his;
And when I told the empreſs of this ſport,
She ſwounded[7] almoſt at my pleaſing tale,
And, for my tidings, gave me twenty kiſſes.

Goth. What! canſt thou ſay all this, and never bluſh?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the ſaying is.

Luc. Art thou not ſorry for theſe heinous deeds?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thouſand more.
Even now I curſe the day, (and yet, I think,
Few come within the compaſs of my curſe,)
Wherein I did not ſome notorious ill:

6 *As true a dog as ever fought at head.*—] An alluſion to bull-dogs, whoſe generoſity and courage are always ſhown by meeting the bull in front, and ſeizing his noſe. JOHNSON.

So in a collection of Epigrams by J. D. [John Davies] and C. M. [Chriſtopher Marlowe,] printed at Middleburgh, no date:

"—Amongſt the dogs and beares he goes;
"Where, while he ſkipping cries—*To head, to head*—."

STEEVENS.

* *I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,—*
I wrote the letter, &c.] Perhaps Young had this ſpeech in his thoughts, when he made his Moor ſay—

"I urg'd Don Carlos to reſign his miſtreſs;
"I forg'd the letter; I diſpos'd the picture;
"I hated, I deſpis'd, and I deſtroy." MALONE.

7 *She ſwounded*—] When this play was written, the verb to *ſwound*, which we now write *ſwoon*, was in common uſe. See p. 68, n. 7. MALONE.

As

As kill a man, or elſe deviſe his death;
Raviſh a maid, or plot the way to do it;
Accuſe ſome innocent, and forſwear myſelf:
Set deadly enmity between two friends;
Make poor men's cattle break their necks [8];
Set fire on barns and hay-ſtacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
And ſet them upright at their dear friends' doors,
Even when their ſorrows almoſt were forgot;
And on their ſkins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
Let not your ſorrow die, though I am dead.
Tut, I have done a thouſand dreadful things,
As willingly as one would kill a fly;
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thouſand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil [9]; for he muſt not die
So ſweet a death, as hanging preſently.

Aar. If there be devils, 'would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlaſting fire;
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

Luc. Sirs, ſtop his mouth, and let him ſpeak no more.

Enter a Goth, *with* Æmilius.

Goth. My lord, there is a meſſenger from Rome,
Deſires to be admitted to your preſence.

Luc. Let him come near.—
Welcome, Æmilius, what's the news from Rome?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
The Roman emperor greets you all by me:
And, for he underſtands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's houſe;
Willing you to demand your hoſtages,

[8] *Make poor men's cattle break their necks*;] Two ſyllables have been inadvertently omitted; perhaps—*and die*. MALONE.

9 *Bring down the devil*;—] It appears, from theſe words, that the audience were entertained with part of the apparatus of an execution, and that Aaron was mounted on a ladder, as ready to be turned off. STEEVENS.

And they ſhall be immediately deliver'd.

1. *Goth.* What ſays our general?

Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come. March away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Rome. *Before* Titus's *Houſe.*

Enter TAMORA, CHIRON, *and* DEMETRIUS, *diſguis'd.*

Tam. Thus, in this ſtrange and ſad habiliment,
I will encounter with Andronicus;
And ſay, I am Revenge, ſent from below,
To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs.
Knock at his ſtudy, where, they ſay, he keeps,
To ruminate ſtrange plots of dire revenge;
Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confuſion on his enemies. [*They knock.*

Enter TITUS, *above.*

Tit. Who doth moleſt my contemplation?
Is it your trick, to make me ope the door;
That ſo my ſad decrees may fly away,
And all my ſtudy be to no effect?
You are deceiv'd: for what I mean to do,
See here, in bloody lines I have ſet down;
And what is written ſhall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No; not a word: How can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it that accord * ?
Thou haſt the odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou did'ſt know me, thou would'ſt talk with me.

Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough:
Witneſs this wretched ſtump, witneſs theſe crimſon lines;
Witneſs theſe trenches, made by grief and care;
Witneſs the tiring day, and heavy night;
Witneſs all ſorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud empreſs, mighty Tamora:
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know thou, ſad man, I am not Tamora;

* —*that* accord?] So the quarto. The folio reads—to give it *action*. MALONE.

She

She is thy enemy, and I thy friend:
I am Revenge; ſent from the infernal kingdom,
To eaſe the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;
Confer with me of murder and of death:
There's not a hollow cave, or lurking-place,
No vaſt obſcurity, or miſty vale,
Where bloody murder, or deteſted rape,
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offenders quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou ſent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tam. I am; therefore come down, and welcome me.

Tit. Do me ſome ſervice, ere I come to thee.
Lo, by thy ſide where Rape, and Murder, ſtands;
Now give ſome 'ſurance that thou art Revenge,
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels;
And then I'll come, and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globes.
Provide thee two proper palfries, as black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon ſwift away,
And find out murderers [1] in their guilty caves:
And, when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will diſmount, and by the waggon wheel
Trot, like a ſervile footman, all day long;
Even from Hyperion's [2] riſing in the eaſt,
Until his very downfal in the ſea.
And day by day I'll do this heavy taſk,
So thou deſtroy Rapine and Murder there [3].

Tam.

[1] *And find out* murderers, &c.] The old copies read—*murder*, and *cares*. The former emendation was made by Mr. Steevens; the latter by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[2] —*Hyperion's*—] The folio reads *Epton's*; the quarto *Epeon's*; and ſo Ravenſcroft. STEEVENS.

The correction was made in the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[3] *So thou deſtroy* Rapine *and* Murder *there.*] I do not know of any inſtance that can be brought to prove that *rape* and *rapine* were ever uſed as ſynonymous terms. The word *rapine* has always been employed

Tam. Theſe are my miniſters, and come with me.

Tit. Are them thy miniſters? what are they call'd?

Tam. Rapine, and Murder: therefore called ſo,
'Cauſe they take vengeance of ſuch kind of men.

Tit. Good lord, how like the empreſs' ſons they are!
And you, the empreſs! But we worldly men
Have miſerable, mad, miſtaking eyes.
O ſweet Revenge, now do I come to thee:
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by.

[*Exit* Titus, *from above.*

Tam. This cloſing with him fits his lunacy:
Whate'er I forge, to feed his brain-ſick fits,
Do you uphold and maintain in your ſpeeches.
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him ſend for Lucius, his ſon;
And, whilſt I at a banquet hold him ſure,
I'll find ſome cunning practice out of hand,
To ſcatter and diſperſe the giddy Goths,
Or, at the leaſt, make them his enemies.
See, here comes, and I muſt ply my theme.

Enter Titus.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:
Welcome, dread fury, to my woeful houſe;—
Rapine, and Murder, you are welcome too:—
How like the empreſs and her ſons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor:—
Could not all hell afford you ſuch a devil?—
For, well I wot, the empreſs never wags,
But in her company there is a Moor;
And, would you repreſent our queen aright,

for a *leſs fatal kind of plunder*, and means the violent act of deprivation of any good, the honour here alluded to being always excepted.

I have indeed ſince diſcovered that Gower, *De Confeſſione Amantis*, lib. v. fol. 116. b. uſes *rawine* in the ſame ſenſe:

"For if thou be of ſuche covine,
"To get of love by *rawyné*
"Thy luſt, &c." Steevens.

It

It were convenient you had ſuch a devil:
But welcome, as you are. What ſhall we do?
Tam. What would'ſt thou have us do, Andronicus?
Dem. Shew me a murderer, I'll deal with him.
Chi. Shew me a villain, that hath done a rape,
And I am ſent to be reveng'd on him.
Tam. Shew me a thouſand, that have done thee wrong,
And I will be revenged on them all.
Tit. Look round about the wicked ſtreets of Rome;
And when thou find'ſt a man that's like thyſelf,
Good Murder, ſtab him; he's a murderer.—
Go thou with him; and, when it is thy hap,
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, ſtab him; he is a raviſher.—
Go thou with them; and in the emperor's court
There is a queen, attended by a Moor;
Well may'ſt thou know her by thy own proportion,
For up and down ſhe doth reſemble thee;
I pray thee, do on them ſome violent death,
They have been violent to me and mine.
Tam. Well haſt thou leſſon'd us; this ſhall we do.
But would it pleaſe thee, good Andronicus,
To ſend for Lucius, thy thrice valiant ſon,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy houſe:
When he is here, even at thy ſolemn feaſt,
I will bring in the empreſs and her ſons,
The emperor himſelf, and all thy foes;
And at thy mercy ſhall they ſtoop and kneel,
And on them ſhalt thou eaſe thy angry heart.
What ſays Andronicus to this device?
Tit. Marcus, my brother!—'tis ſad Titus calls.

Enter MARCUS.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;
Thou ſhalt inquire him out among the Goths:
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefeſt princes of the Goths;
Bid him encamp his ſoldiers where they are:

Tell him, the emperor and the empreſs too
Feaſt at my houſe; and he ſhall feaſt with them.
This do thou for my love; and ſo let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

Mar. This will I do, and ſoon return again. [*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I hence about thy buſineſs,
And take my miniſters along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder ſtay with me;
Or elſe I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam. What ſay you, boys? will you abide with him.
Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor,
How I have govern'd our determin'd jeſt?
Yield to his humour, ſmooth and ſpeak him fair, [*aſide.*
And tarry with him, till I come again.

Tit. I know them all, though they ſuppoſe me mad;
And will oe'r-reach them in their own devices,
A pair of curſed hell-hounds, and their dam. [*Aſide.*

Dem. Madam, depart at pleaſure, leave us here.

Tam. Farewel, Andronicus: Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes. [*Exit* TAMORA.

Tit. I know, thou doſt; and, ſweet Revenge, farewel.

Chi. Tell us, old man, how ſhall we be employ'd?

Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.—
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

Enter PUBLIUS, *and Others.*

Pub. What is your will?

Tit. Know you theſe two?

Pub. The empreſs' ſons,
I take them, Chiron, and Demetrius *.

Tit. Fye, Publius, fye! thou art too much deceiv'd;
The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name:
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius;
Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them:
Oft have you heard me wiſh for ſuch an hour,
And now I find it: therefore bind them ſure;
And ſtop their mouths, if they begin to cry.

[*Exit* TITUS,—Publius, &c. *lay hold on* Chiron *and* Demetrius.

* —and *Demetrius.*] *And* was inſerted by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

Chi.

Chi. Villains, forbear; we are the empreſs' ſons.
Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.—
Stop cloſe their mouths, let them not ſpeak a word:
Is he ſure bound? look, that you bind them faſt.

Re-enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, *with* LAVINIA; *ſhe bearing a baſon, and he a knife.*

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound;—
Sirs, ſtop their mouths, let them not ſpeak to me;
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.—
O villains, Chiron and Demetrius!
Here ſtands the ſpring whom you have ſtain'd with mud;
This goodly ſummer with your winter mix'd.
You kill'd her huſband; and, for that vile fault,
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death:
My hand cut off, and made a merry jeſt:
Both her ſweet hands, her tongue, and that, more dear
Than hands or tongue, her ſpotleſs chaſtity,
Inhuman traitors, you conſtrain'd and forc'd.
What would you ſay, if I ſhould let you ſpeak?
Villains, for ſhame you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats;
Whilſt that Lavinia 'tween her ſtumps doth hold
The baſon, that receives your guilty blood.
You know, your mother means to feaſt with me,
And calls herſelf Revenge, and thinks me mad,—
Hark, villains; I will grind your bones to duſt,
And with your blood and it I'll make a paſte;
And of the paſte a coffin[4] I will rear,
And make two paſties of your ſhameful heads;
And bid that ſtrumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth, ſwallow her own increaſe[5].
This is the feaſt that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet ſhe ſhall ſurfeit on;

[4] *And of the paſte a coffin*—] A *coffin* is the term of art for the cavity of a raiſed pye. JOHNSON.

[5] —*her own* increaſe.] i. e. her own *produce*. See Vol. II. p. 467, n. 8 MALONE.

For worſe than Philomel you us'd my daughter,
And worſe than Progne I will be reveng'd:
And now prepare your throats.—Lavinia, come,
[*He cuts their throats.*
Receive the blood: and, when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder ſmall,
And with this hateful liquor temper it;
And in that paſte let their vile heads be bak'd.
Come, come, be every one officious
To make this banquet; which I wiſh may prove
More ſtern and bloody than the Centaurs' feaſt.
So, now bring them in, for I'll play the cook,
And ſee them ready 'gainſt their mother comes.
[*Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies.*

SCENE III.

The ſame. A Pavilion, with tables, &c.

Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, *and* Goths, *with* AARON, *priſoner.*

Luc. Uncle Marcus, ſince 'tis my father's mind,
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

1. *Goth.* And ours with thine [6], befall what fortune will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
This ravenous tiger, this accurſed devil;
Let him receive no ſuſtenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the empreſs' face *,
For teſtimony of her foul proceedings:
And ſee the ambuſh of our friends be ſtrong:
I fear, the emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some devil whiſper curſes in mine ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venemous malice of my ſwelling heart!

Luc. Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd ſlave!—
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.—
[*Exeunt* Goths, *with* Aaron. *Flouriſh.*

[6] *And ours with* thine—] And our *content* runs parallel with thine, be the conſequence of our coming to Rome what it may. MALONE.

* —*the* empreſs's *face,*] The quarto has—*emperours*; the folio *emperous.* For the emendation I am anſwerable. MALONE.

The

The trumpets ſhew, the emperor is at hand.

Enter SATURNINUS *and* TAMORA, *with* Tribunes, Senators, *and Others.*

Sat. What, hath the firmament more ſuns than one?

Luc. What boots it thee to call thyſelf a ſun?

Mar. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle[7];
Theſe quarrels muſt be quietly debated.
The feaſt is ready, which the careful Titus
Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,
For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:
Pleaſe you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.

Sat. Marcus, we will.

[*Hautboys ſound.* *The company ſit down at table.*

Enter TITUS, *dreſs'd like a cook,* LAVINIA, *veiled, young* LUCIUS, *and Others.* Titus *places the diſhes on the table.*

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread queen;
Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;
And welcome, all: although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your ſtomachs; pleaſe you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?

Tit. Becauſe I would be ſure to have all well,
To entertain your highneſs, and your empreſs.

Tam. We are beholding to you, good Andronicus.

Tit. An if your highneſs knew my heart, you were.
My lord the emperor, reſolve me this;
Was it well done of raſh Virginius,
To ſlay his daughter with his own right hand,
Becauſe ſhe was enforc'd, ſtain'd, and deflower'd?

Sat. It was, Andronicus.

Tit. Your reaſon, mighty lord?

Sat. Becauſe the girl ſhould not ſurvive her ſhame,
And by her preſence ſtill renew his ſorrows.

Tit. A reaſon mighty, ſtrong, and effectual;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, moſt wretched, to perform the like:—

[7] —*break the parle*;] That is, *begin* the parley. We yet ſay, he *breaks* his mind. JOHNSON.

Die,

Die, die, Lavinia, and thy ſhame with thee;
[*He kills* Lavinia.
And, with thy ſhame, thy father's ſorrow die!

Sat. What haſt thou done, unnatural, and unkind?

Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.
I am as woeful as Virginius was:
And have a thouſand times more cauſe than he
To do this outrage;—and it is now done.

Sat. What, was ſhe raviſh'd? tell, who did the deed.

Tit. Will't pleaſe you eat? will't pleaſe your highneſs feed?

Tam. Why haſt thou ſlain thine only daughter thus?

Tit. Not I; 'twas Chiron, and Demetrius:
They raviſh'd her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go, fetch them hither to us preſently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pye;
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the fleſh that ſhe herſelf hath bred[8].
'Tis true, 'tis true; witneſs my knife's ſharp point.
[*killing* Tamora.

Sat. Die, frantick wretch, for this accurſed deed.
[*killing* Titus.

Luc. Can the ſon's eye behold his father bleed?
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.
[*kills* Saturninus. *A great tumult. The people in confuſion diſperſe.* Marcus, Lucius, *and their partizans aſcend the ſteps before* Titus's *houſe.*

Mar. You ſad-fac'd men, people and ſons of Rome,
By uproar ſever'd, like a flight of fowl

[8] *Eating the fleſh that ſhe herſelf hath bred.*] The additions made by Ravenſcroft to this ſcene, are ſo much of a piece with it, that I cannot reſiſt the temptation of ſhewing the reader how he continues the ſpeech before us:

"Thus cramm'd, thou'rt bravely fatten'd up for hell,
And thus to Pluto I do ſerve thee up."
[*Stabs the empreſs.*

And then—"*A curtain drawn diſcovers the heads and hands of Demetrius and Chiron hanging up againſt the wall; their bodies in chairs in bloody linen.*" STEEVENS.

Scatter'd by winds and high tempeſtuous guſts,
O, let me teach you how to knit again
This ſcatter'd corn into one mutual ſheaf,
Theſe broken limbs again into one body.
Sen. Leſt Rome herſelf be bane unto herſelf[9];
And ſhe, whom mighty kingdoms court'ſy to,
Like a forlorn and deſperate caſt-away,
Do ſhameful execution on herſelf.
But if my froſty ſigns and chaps of age,
Grave witneſſes of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,—
Speak, Rome's dear friend; [*to* Lucius.] as erſt our anceſtor,
When with his ſolemn tongue he did diſcourſe,
To love-ſick Dido's ſad attending ear,
The ſtory of that baleful burning night,
When ſubtle Greeks ſurpriz'd king Priam's Troy;
Tell us, what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.—
My heart is not compact of flint, nor ſteel;
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my very utterance; even in the time
When it ſhould move you to attend me moſt,
Lending your kind commiſeration:
Here is a captain, let him tell the tale;
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him ſpeak.
Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,

9 *Sen.* Leſt *Rome herſelf be bane unto herſelf*;] I have followed the quarto, where the words *Roman lord*, [i. e. *Senator*,] are prefixed to this ſpeech. That copy, however, reads—*Let* Rome, &c. which I have no doubt was an error of the preſs for *Leſt*. The editor of the folio finding the ſentiment as exhibited in the quarto, in conſequence of this error, not proper in the mouth of a Roman, for *Roman lord* ſubſtituted *Goth*. In correcting the errors of the quartos, the editor of the folio appears often to have only looked on the ſurface, and to have conſequently made ſeveral injudicious emendations beſide the preſent.

Mr. Capell, I find, has made the ſame emendation.—As this ſpeech proceeds in an uniform tenor with the foregoing, the whole (as Mr. Steevens has obſerved,) probably belongs to Marcus. MALONE.

That

That curſed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murdered our emperor's brother;
And they it were that raviſhed our ſiſter:
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded;
Our father's tears deſpis'd; and baſely cozen'd[1]
Of that true hand, that fought Rome's quarrel out,
And ſent her enemies unto the grave.
Laſtly, myſelf unkindly baniſhed,
The gates ſhut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among Rome's enemies;
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend:
And I am the turn'd-forth, be it known to you,
That have preſerv'd her welfare in my blood;
And from her boſom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the ſteel in my advent'rous body.
Alas! you know, I am no vaunter, I;
My ſcars can witneſs, dumb although they are,
That my report is juſt, and full of truth.
But, ſoft, methinks, I do digreſs too much,
Citing my worthleſs praiſe: O, pardon me;
For when no friends are by, men praiſe themſelves.

Mar. Now is my turn to ſpeak; Behold this child,
[*pointing to the child in the arms of an attendant.*
Of this was Tamora delivered;
The iſſue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of theſe woes;
The villain is alive in Titus' houſe,
Damn'd as he is[2], to witneſs this is true.
Now judge, what cauſe[3] had Titus to revenge

[1] —*and* baſely cozen'd—] i. e. and *be* baſely cozened. MALONE.

[2] Damn'd *as he is*,] The old copies read—*And* as *he* is. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. The ſame expreſſion (as he obſerved,) is uſed in *Othello*:

" O thou foul thief, where haſt thou ſtow'd my daughter?
" *Damn'd as thou art*, thou haſt inchanted her."

In the play before us the ſame epithet is again applied to Aaron:

" See juſtice done on Aaron, that *damn'd* Moor." MALONE.

[3] —*what* cauſe—] Old Copies—what *courſe*. Corrected in the fourth folio. MALONE.

Theſe

Theſe wrongs, unſpeakable, paſt patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what ſay you, Romans?
Have we done aught amiſs? Shew us wherein,
And, from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of Andronici
Will, hand in hand, all headlong caſt us down[4],
And on the ragged ſtones beat forth our brains,
And make a mutual cloſure of our houſe.
Speak, Romans, ſpeak: and, if you ſay, we ſhall,
Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Æmil. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius our emperor; for, well I know,
The common voice do cry, it ſhall be ſo.

Rom. [*Several ſpeak.*] Lucius, all hail[5]; Rome's royal emperor!

LUCIUS, &c. *deſcend.*

Mar. Go, go into old Titus' ſorrowful houſe; [*to an attendant.*
And hither hale that miſbelieving Moor,
To be adjudg'd ſome direful ſlaughtering death,
As puniſhment for his moſt wicked life.

Rom. [*Several ſpeak.*] Lucius, all hail, Rome's gracious governor!

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans; May I govern ſo,
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe!
But, gentle people, give me aim a while,—
For nature puts me to a heavy taſk;—
Stand all aloof;—but, uncle, draw you near,
To ſhed obſequious tears upon this trunk:—
O, take this warm kiſs on thy pale cold lips, [*kiſſes* Titus.

4 *The poor* remainder *of Andronici*
Will——caſt us *down*—] i. e. *We* the poor remainder, &c. will caſt us down. MALONE.

5 Rom. *Lucius all hail*, &c.] This line here, and the ſame words below, are given in the old copy by miſtake to *Marcus*. It is manifeſt, as Mr. Steevens has obſerved, that they both belong to the ſurrounding concourſe of Romans, who with one voice hail Lucius as their emperor. MALONE.

Theſe

These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face[6],
The last true duties of thy noble son!

Mar. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:
O, were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them!

Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn of us
To melt in showers: Thy grandsire lov'd thee well:
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet, and agreeing with thine infancy;
In that respect then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so:
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe:
Bid him farewel; commit him to the grave;
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandsire, grandsire! even with all my heart
'Would I were dead, so you did live again!—
O lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping;
My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

Enter Attendants, *with* Aaron.

1. *Rom.* You sad Andronici, have done with woes;
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him;
There let him stand, and rave and cry for food:
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom:
Some stay, to see him fasten'd in the earth[7].

Aar. O, why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb?
I am no baby, I, that, with base prayers,

[6] —*thy blood*-stain'd *face*,] The old copies have—thy blood-*slain* face. Corrected in the fourth folio. Malone.

[7] —*to see him fasten'd in the earth.*] That *justice* and *cookery* may go hand in hand in the conclusion of this play, in Ravenscroft's alteration of it, Aaron is at once *rack'd* and *roasted* on the stage. Steevens.

I should

I ſhould repent the evils I have done;
Ten thouſand, worſe than ever yet I did,
Would I perform, if I might have my will;
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very ſoul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave:
My father, and Lavinia, ſhall forthwith
Be cloſed in our houſhold's monument.
As for that heinous tyger, Tamora,
No funeral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell ſhall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beaſts, and birds of prey:
Her life was beaſt-like, and devoid of pity;
And, being ſo, ſhall have like want of pity.
See juſtice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning:
Then, afterwards, to order well the ſtate [8];
That like events may ne'er it ruinate [9]. [*Exeunt.*

[8] *Then, afterwards,* to *order, &c.*] Then *will we apply ourſelves* to regulate the ſtate. MALONE.

[9] This is one of thoſe plays which I have always thought, with the better judges, ought not to be acknowledged in the liſt of Shakſpeare's genuine pieces. And, perhaps, I may give a proof to ſtrengthen this opinion, that may put the matter out of queſtion. Ben Jonſon, in the introduction to his *Bartholomew Fair*, which made its firſt appearance in the year 1614, couples *Jeronymo* and *Andronicus* together in reputation, and ſpeaks of them as plays then of twenty-five or thirty years ſtanding. Conſequently *Andronicus* muſt have been on the ſtage before Shakſpeare left Warwickſhire, to come and reſide in London: and I never heard it ſo much as intimated, that he had turned his genius to ſtage-writing before he aſſociated with the players, and became one of their body. However, that he afterwards introduced it a-new on the ſtage, with the addition of his own maſterly touches, is inconteſtable, and thence, I preſume, grew his title to it. The diction in general, where he has not taken the pains to raiſe it, is even beneath that of the Three Parts of *Henry VI.* The ſtory we are to ſuppoſe merely fictitious. Andronicus is a ſur-name of pure Greek derivation. Tamora is neither mentioned by Ammianus Marcellinus, nor any body elſe that I can find. Nor had Rome, in the time of her emperors any wars with the Goths that I know of: nor till after the tranſlation of the empire, I mean to Byzantium. And yet the ſcene of our play is laid at Rome, and Saturninus is elected to the empire at the capitol.

THEOBALD.

All

All the editors and criticks agree with Mr. Theobald in ſuppoſing this play ſpurious. I ſee no reaſon for differing from them; for the colour of the ſtile is wholly different from that of the other plays, and there is an attempt at regular verſification, and artificial cloſes, not always inelegant, yet ſeldom pleaſing. The barbarity of the ſpectacles, and the general maſſacre, which are here exhibited, can ſcarcely be conceived tolerable to any audience; yet we are told by Jonſon, that they were not only borne, but praiſed. That Shakſpeare wrote any part, though Theobald declares it *inconteſtable*, I ſee no reaſon for believing.

The teſtimony produced at the beginning of this play, by which it is aſcribed to Shakſpeare, is by no means equal to the argument againſt its authenticity, ariſing from the total difference of conduct, language, and ſentiments, by which it ſtands apart from all the reſt. Meres had probably no other evidence than that of a title-page, which, though in our time it be ſufficient, was then of no great authority; for all the plays which were rejected by the firſt collectors of Shakſpeare's works, and admitted in later editions, and again rejected by the critical editors, had Shakſpeare's name on the title, as we muſt ſuppoſe, by the fraudulence of the printers, who, while there were yet no gazettes, nor advertiſments, nor any means of circulating literary intelligence, could uſurp at pleaſure any celebrated name. Nor had Shakſpeare any intereſt in detecting the impoſture, as none of his fame or profit was produced by the preſs.

The chronology of this play does not prove it not to be Shakſpeare's. If it had been written twenty-five years, in 1614, it might have been written when Shakſpeare was twenty five years old. When he left Warwickſhire I know not, but at the age of twenty-five it was rather too late to fly for deer-ſtealing.

Ravenſcroft, who in the reign of Charles II. reviſed this play, and reſtored it to the ſtage, tells us, in his preface, from a theatrical tradition, I ſuppoſe, which in his time might be of ſufficient authority, that this play was touched in different parts by Shakſpeare, but written by ſome other poet. I do not find Shakſpeare's touches very diſcernible.

JOHNSON.

There is every reaſon to believe, that Shakſpeare was not the author of this play. I have already ſaid enough upon the ſubject.

Mr. Upton declares peremptorily, that it ought to be flung out of the liſt of our author's works: yet Mr. Warner, with all his laudable zeal for the memory of his *ſchool-fellow*, when it may ſeem to ſerve his purpoſe, *diſables* his friend's judgment!

Indeed, a *new argument* has been produced; it muſt have been written by Shakſpeare, becauſe at that time, *other people* wrote in the *ſame manner!*

It is ſcarcely worth obſerving, that the original publiſher * had nothing to do with the reſt of Shakſpeare's works. Dr. Johnſon obſerves

* The original owner of the copy was John Danter, who likewiſe printed the firſt edition of *Romeo and Juliet* in 1597, and is introduced as a character in the *Return from Parnaſſus*, &c. 1606. STEEVENS.

the

the copy to be as correct, as other books of the time; and probably revised by the author himself; but surely Shakspeare would not have taken the greatest care about *infinitely the worst* of his performances! Nothing more can be said, except that it is printed by Heminge and Condell in the *first folio:* but not to insist, that it had been contrary to their interest to have rejected any play, usually call'd Shakspeare's, though they might *know* it to be spurious; it does not appear that their *knowledge* is at all to be depended upon; for it is certain, that in the first copies, they had intirely omitted the play of *Troilus and Cressida.*

It has been said, that this play was first printed for G. Elves, 1594. I have seen in an old catalogue of *tales,* &c. the history of *Titus Andronicus.* FARMER.

I have already given the reader a specimen of the changes made in this play by Ravenscroft, who revived it with success in the year 1687; and may add, that when the empress stabs her child, he has supplied the Moor with the following lines:

" She has out-done me, ev'n in mine own art,
" Out-done me in murder; kill'd her own child:
" Give it me, I'll eat it."

It rarely happens that a dramatic piece is altered with the same spirit that it was written; but *Titus Andronicus* has undoubtedly fallen into the hands of one whose feelings were congenial with those of its original author.

In the course of the notes on this performance, I have pointed out a passage or two, which, in my opinion, sufficiently prove it to have been the work of one who was acquainted both with Greek and Roman literature. It is likewise deficient in such internal marks as distinguish the tragedies of Shakspeare from those of other writers; I mean, that it presents no struggles to introduce the vein of humour so constantly interwoven with the business of his serious dramas. It can neither boast of his striking excellencies, nor his acknowledged defects; for it offers not a single interesting situation, a natural character, or a string of quibbles, from the first scene to the last. That Shakspeare should have written without commanding our attention, moving our passions, or sporting with words, appears to me as improbable, as that he should have studiously avoided dissyllable and trissyllable terminations in this play, and in no other.

Let it likewise be remembered that this piece was not published with the name of Shakspeare, till after his death. The quarto in 1611 is anonymous.

Could the use of particular terms employed in no other of his pieces, be admitted as an argument that he was not its author, more than one of these might be found; among which is *palliament* for *robe,* a Latinism which I have not met with elsewhere in any English writer, whether ancient or modern; though it must have originated from the mint of a scholar. I may add that *Titus Andronicus* will be found on examination to contain a greater number of classical allusions, &c. than are scattered over all the rest of the performances on which the

ſeal of Shakſpeare is undubitably fixed.—Not to write any more *about and about* this ſuſpected *thing*, let me obſerve that the glitter of a few paſſages in it has perhaps miſled the judgment of thoſe who ought to have known that both ſentiment and deſcription are more eaſily produced than the intereſting fabrick of a tragedy. Without theſe advantages, many plays have ſucceeded; and many have failed, in which they have been dealt about with the moſt laviſh profuſion. It does not follow, that he who can carve a frieze with minuteneſs, elegance, and eaſe, has a conception equal to the extent, propriety, and grandeur of a temple. STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnſon is not quite accurate in what he has aſſerted concerning the ſeven ſpurious plays, which the printer of the folio in 1663 improperly admitted into his volume. The name of Shakſpeare appears only in the title-pages of four of them; *Pericles*, *Sir John Oldcaſtle*, *The London Prodigal*, and *The Yorkſhire Tragedy*.

To the word *palliament* mentioned by Mr. Steevens in the preceding note, may be added the words, *accite*, *candidatus*, and *ſacred* in the ſenſe of *accurſed*; and the following alluſions, and ſcraps of Latin, which are found in this *lamentable* tragedy:

As hateful as *Cocytus* miſty mouth—

More ſtern and bloody than the *Centaurs' feaſt*.

The ſelf-ſame gods that arm'd the queen of Troy
With opportunity of ſharp revenge
Upon the *Thracian tyrant* in his tent.

—But ſafer is this funeral pomp,
That hath aſpir'd to *Solon's happineſs*.

Why ſuffer'ſt thou thy ſons unbury'd yet
To hover on the dreadful ſhore of Styx?

The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax
That ſlew himſelf; and wiſe Laertes' ſon
Did graciouſly plead for his funeral.

He would have dropp'd his knife, and fallen aſleep,
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.

To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burnt, and he made miſerable.

Was it well done of raſh *Virginius*,
To ſlay his daughter with his own right hand?

Believe me, queen, your ſwart *Cimmerian*
Doth make your honour of his body's hue.

—Believe

But ſure ſome Tereus hath deflowred thee,
And, leſt thou ſhould detect him, cut thy tongue.

That, I like the ſtately Phœbe 'mong her nymphs,
Doſt overſhine the gallant dames of Rome.

No man ſhed tears for noble Mutius,
He lives in fame, that dy'd in virtue's cauſe:

I tell you younglings, not *Enceladus*,
With all his threat'ning band of Typhou's brood,
Nor great Alcides, &c.

I'll dive into the *burning lake* below,
And pull her out of *Acheron* by the heels.

I come, *Semiramis*; nay, barbarous Tamora.

And faſter bound to Aaron's charming eyes,
Than is Prometheus ty'd to Caucaſus.

Per Styga, per manes vehor,—
Sit fas, aut nefas,—
Ad manes fratrum ſacrifice his fleſh.
Suum cuique is our Roman *juſtice.*
—Magne dominator poli,
Tam lentus audis ſcelera? tam lentus vides?
Integer vitæ, &c.
Terras Aſtræa reliquit.

Similar ſcraps of Latin are found in the old play of *King John*, and in many other of the dramatick pieces written by our authour's predeceſſors.

It muſt prove a circumſtance of conſummate mortification to the living criticks on Shakſpeare, as well as a diſgrace on the memory of thoſe who have ceaſed to comment and collate, when it ſhall appear from the ſentiments of one of their own fraternity, (who cannot well be ſuſpected of aſinine taſteleſſneſs, or Gothic prepoſſeſſions,) that we have been all miſtaken as to the merits and the authour of this play. It is ſcarce neceſſary to obſerve that the perſon exempted from theſe ſuſpicions is Mr. Capell, who delivers his opinion concerning *Titus Andronicus* in the following words: "To the editor's eye [i. e. his own,] *Shakſpeare ſtands confeſs'd:* the *third act* in particular may be read *with admiration* even by the moſt delicate; who, if they are not without feelings, may chance to find themſelves touch'd by it with ſuch paſſions as tragedy ſhould excite, that is,—terror and pity."—It were injuſtice not to remark that the grand and pathetick, circumſtances in this *third act*, which we are told cannot fail to excite ſuch vehement

emotions, are as follows.—Titus lies down in the dirt.—Aaron chops off his hand.—Saturninus ſends him the heads of his two ſons, and his own hand again, for a preſent.—His heroick brother Marcus kills a fly.

Dr. Capell may likewiſe claim the honour of having produced the *new argument* which Dr. Farmer mentions in a preceding note.

MALONE.

THE
TRAGICALL HYSTORY
OF
ROMEUS AND JULIET:

Contayning in it a rare Example of true CONSTANCIE; With the ſubtill Counſels and Practices of an old Fryer; and their ill Event.

Res eſt ſolliciti plena timoris amor.

TO THE READER.

Amid the desert rockes the mountaine beare
Bringes forth unformd, unlyke herselfe, her yonge,
Nought els but lumpes of fleshe, withouten heare;
In tract of time, her often lycking tong
Geves them such shape, as doth, ere long, delight
The lookers on; or, when one dogge doth shake
With moosled mouth the joyntes too weake to fight,
Or, when upright he standeth by his stake,
(A noble creast!) or wylde in savage wood
A dosyn dogges one holdeth at a baye,
With gaping mouth and stayned jawes with blood;
Or els, when from the fartheste heavens, they
The lode-starres are, the wery pilates marke,
In stormes to gyde to haven the tossed barke;—
Right so my muse
Hath now, at length, with travell long, brought forth
Her tender whelpes, her divers kindes of style,
Such as they are, or nought, or little woorth,
Which carefull travell and a longer whyle
May better shape. The eldest of them loe
I offer to the stake; my youthfull woorke,
Which one reprochefull mouth might overthrowe:
The rest, unlickt as yet, a whyle shall lurke,
Tyll Tyme geve strength, to meete and match in fight,
With Slaunder's whelpes. Then shall they tell of stryfe,
Of noble tryumphes, and deedes of martial might;
And shall geve rules of chast and honest lyfe.
The whyle, I pray, that ye with favour blame,
Or rather not reprove the laughing game
Of this my muse.

THE ARGUMENT.

Love hath inflamed twayne by sodayn sight,
And both do graunt the thing that both desyre;
They wed in shrift, by counsell of a frier;
Yong Romeus clymes fayre Juliets bower by night.
Three monthes he doth enjoy his cheefe delight:
By Tybalt's rage provoked unto yre,
He payeth death to Tybalt for his hyre.
A banisht man, he scapes by secret flight:
New mariage is offred to his wyfe;
She drinkes a drinke that seemes to reve her breath;
They bury her, that sleping yet hath lyfe.
Her husband heares the tydinges of her death;
He drinkes his bane; and she, with Romeus' knyfe.
When she awakes, her selfe, alas! she sleath.

ROMEUS AND JULIET[1].

THERE is beyond the Alps a towne of ancient fame,
Where bright renoune yet ſhineth cleare, Verona men it name;
Bylt in an happy time, bylt on a fertyle ſoyle,
Maynteined by the heavenly fates, and by the townifh toyle.

The

[1] In the preliminary note on *Romeo and Juliet* I obſerved that it was founded on *the Tragicall Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet*, printed in 1562. That piece being almoſt as rare as a manuſcript, I reprinted it a few years ago, and ſhall give it a place here as a proper ſupplement to the commentaries on this tragedy.

From the following lines in *An Epitaph on the death of Maiſter* Arthur Brooke *drownde in paſſing to New-Haven*, by George Tuberville, [*Epitaphes, Epigrammes*, &c. 1567,] we learn that the former was the authour of this poem:

" Apollo lent him lute, for ſolace ſake,
" To ſound his verſe by touch of ſtately ſtring,
" And of the never-fading baye did make
" A lawrell crowne, about his browes to cling.
" In prouſe that he for myter did excell,
" As may be judge by *Julyet and her mate*;
" For there he ſhewde his cunning paſſing well,
" When he the tale to Engliſh did tranſlate.
" But what? as he to forraigne realm was bound,
" With others moe his ſoveraigne queene to ſerve,
" Amid the ſeas unluckie youth was drownd,
" More ſpeedie death than ſuch one did deſerve."

The original relater of this ſtory was Luigi da Porto, a gentleman of Vicenza, who died in 1529. His novel did not appear till ſome years after his death; being firſt printed at Venice, in octavo, in 1535, under the title of *La Giulietta*. In an epiſtle prefixed to this work, which is addreſſed *Alla belliſſima e leggiadra Madonna Lucina Savorgnana*, the authour gives the following account (probably a fictitious one) of the manner in which he became acquainted with this ſtory:

" As you yourſelf have ſeen, when heaven had not as yet levelled againſt me its whole wrath, in the fair ſpring of my youth I devoted myſelf to the profeſſion of arms, and, following therein many brave and valiant men, for ſome years I ſerved in your delightful country, Frioli, through every part of which, in the courſe of my private ſervice, it was my duty to roam. I was ever accuſtomed, when upon any expedition on horſeback, to bring with me an archer of mine, whoſe name was Peregrino, a man about fifty years old, well practiſed in the military art, a pleaſant companion, and, like almoſt all his countrymen of Verona, a great talker. This man was not only

 a brave

The fruitefull hilles above, the pleaſant vales belowe,
The ſilver ſtreame with chanel depe, that through the towne doth flow;
The ſtore of ſpringes that ſerve for uſe, and eke for eaſe,
And other moe commodities, which profit may and pleaſe;
Eke many certayne ſignes of thinges betyde of olde,
To fyll the houngry eyes of thoſe that curiouſly beholde;
Doe make this towne to be preferde above the reſt
Of Lombard townes, or, at the leaſt, compared with the beſt.
In which whyle Eſcalus as prince alone did raygne,
To reache rewarde unto the good, to paye the lewde with payne,
Alas! I rewe to thinke, an heavy happe befell,
Which Boccace ſkant, not my rude tonge, were able foorth to tell
Within my trembling hande my penne doth ſhake for feare,
And, on my colde amazed head, upright doth ſtand my heare.

But

a brave and experienced ſoldier, but of a gay and lively diſpoſition, and, more perhaps than became his age, was for ever in love; a quality which gave a double value to his valour. Hence it was that he delighted in relating the moſt amuſing novels, eſpecially ſuch as treated of love, and this he did with more grace and with better arrangement than any I have ever heard. It therefore chanced that, departing from Gradiſca, where I was quartered, and, with this archer and two other of my ſervants, travelling, perhaps impell'd by love, towards Udino, which route was then extremely ſolitary, and entirely ruined and burned up by the war,—wholly abſorbed in thought, and riding at a diſtance from the others, this Peregrino drawing near me, as one who gueſſed my thoughts, thus addreſſed me: "Will you then for ever live this melancholy life, becauſe a cruel and diſdainful fair one does not love you? though I now ſpeak againſt myſelf, yet, ſince advice is eaſier to give than to follow, I muſt tell you, maſter of mine, that, beſides its being diſgraceful in a man of your profeſſion to remain long in the chains of love, almoſt all the ends to which he conducts us are ſo replete with miſery, that it is dangerous to follow him. And in teſtimony of what I ſay, if it ſo pleaſe you, I could relate a tranſaction that happened in my native city, the recounting of which will render the way leſs ſolitary and leſs diſagreeable to us; and in this relation you would perceive how two noble lovers were conducted to a miſerable and piteous death.—And now, upon my making him a ſign of my willingneſs to liſten, he thus began."

The phraſe, in the beginning of this paſſage, *when heaven had not as yet levelled againſt me its whole wrath*, will be beſt explained by ſome account of the authour, extracted from Creſcimbeni, *Iſtoria della Volgar Poeſia*, T. v. p. 91: 'Luigi da Porto, a Vicentine, was, in 'his youth, on account of his valour, made a leader in the Venetian 'army; but, fighting againſt the Germans in Friuli, was ſo wounded, that he remained for a time wholly diſabled, and afterwards lame 'and weak during his life; on which account, quitting the profeſſion 'of arms, he betook himſelf to letters," &c. MALONE.

But ſith ſhee doeth commaunde, whoſe heſt I muſt obeye,
In moorning verſe a woful chaunce to tell I will aſſaye.
Helpe, learned Pallas, helpe, ye Muſes with your art,
Help, all ye damned feends, to tell of joyes retourned to ſmart:
Help eke, ye ſiſters three, my ſkilleſſe pen tindyte,
For you it cauſd, which I alas! unable am to wryte.

There were two auncient ſtocks, which Fortune hygh did place
Above the reſt, indewd with welth, and nobler of their race;
Lovd of the common ſorte, lovd of the prince alike,
And lyke unhappy were they both, when Fortune liſt to ſtryke;
Whoſe prayſe with equal blaſt Fame in her trumpet blew;
The one was clyped Capelet, and thother Mountague.
A wonted uſe it is, that men of likely ſorte,
(I wot not by what furye forsd) envye eache others porte.
So theſe, whoſe egall ſtate bred envye pale of hew,
And then of grudging envies roote blacke hate and rancor grew;
As of a littel ſparke oft ryſeth mighty fyre,
So, of a kyndled ſparke of grudge, in flames flaſh oute their eyre:
And then theyr deadly foode, firſt hatchd of trifling ſtryfe,
Did bathe in bloud of ſmarting woundes,—it reved breth and lyfe.
No legend lye I tell; ſcarce yet theyr eyes be drye,
That did behold the griſly ſight with wet and weeping eye.
But when the prudent prince who there the ſcepter helde,
So great a new diſorder in his commonweale behelde,
By jentyl meane he ſought their choler to aſſwage,
And by perſwaſion to appeaſe their blameful furious rage;
But both his woords and tyme the prince hath ſpent in vayne,
So rooted was the inward hate, he loſt his buyſy payne.
When frendly ſage adviſe ne gentyll woords avayle,
By thondring threats and princely powre their courage gan he quayle;
In hope that when he had the waſting flame ſuppreſt,
In time he ſhould quyte quench the ſparke that boornd within their breſt.

Now whylſt theſe kyndreds do remayne in this eſtate,
And eche with outward frendly ſhew doth hyde his inward hate,
One Romeus, who was of race a Mountague,
Upon whoſe tender chyn as yet no manlyke beard there grewe,
Whoſe beauty and whoſe ſhape ſo farre the reſt dyd ſtayne,
That from the cheef of Veron youth he greateſt fame dyd gayne,
Hath found a mayde ſo fayre (he founde ſo foul his happe)
Whoſe beauty, ſhape, and comely grace, did ſo his heart entrappe,
That from his owne affayres his thought ſhe did remove;
Onely he ſought to honor her, to ſerve her and to love.
To her he writeth oft, oft meſſengers are ſent,
At length, in hope of better ſpede, himſelfe the lover went;
Preſent to pleade for grace, which abſent was not founde,
And to diſcover to her eye his new receaved wounde.
But ſhe that from her youth was foſtred evermore
With a vertues foode, and taught in ſchole of wiſdomes ſkilfull lore,

By aunſwere did cutte off thaffections of his love,
That he no more occaſion had ſo vayne a ſute to move:
So ſterne ſhe was of chere, (for all the payne he tooke)
That, in reward of toyle, ſhe would not geve a frendly looke;
And yet how much ſhe did with conſtant mind retyre,
So much the more his fervent minde was prickt fourth by deſyre,
But when he, many monthes, hopeleſs of his recure,
Had ſerved her, who forced not what paynes he did endure,
At length he thought to leave Verona, and to prove
If chaunge of place might chaunge away his ill-beſtowed love;
And ſpeaking to himſelfe, thus gan he make his mone:
"What booteth me to love and ſerve a fell unthankfull one,
Sith that my humble ſute, and labour ſowde in vayne,
Can reape none other fruite at all but ſcorne and proude diſdayne?
What way ſhe ſeekes to goe, the ſame I ſeeke to runne,
But ſhe the path wherein I treade with ſpedy ſlight doth ſhunne.
I cannot live except that nere to her I be;
She is ay beſt content when ſhe is fartheſt of from me.
Wherefore henceforth I will farre from her take my flight;
Perhaps, mine eye once baniſhed by abſence from her ſight,
This fyre of myne, that by her pleaſant eyne is fed,
Shall little and little weare away, and quite at laſt be ded."
But whileſt he did decree this purpoſe ſtill to kepe,
A contrary repugnant thought ſanke in his breſt ſo depe,
That douteful is he now which of the twayne is beſt.
In ſyghs, in teares, in plainte, in care, in ſorrow and unreſt,
He mones the daye, he wakes the long and werey night;
So depe hath love, with pearcing hand, ygravd her bewty bright
Within his breſt, and hath ſo maſtred quyte his hart,
That he of force muſt yelde as thrall;—no way is left to ſtart.
He cannot ſtaye his ſteppe, but forth ſtyll muſt he ronne,
He languiſheth and melts awaye, as ſnowe againſt the ſonne.
His kyndred and alyes do wonder what he ayles,
And eche of them in frendly wyſe his heavy hap bewayles
But one emong the reſt, the truſtieſt of his feeres,
Farre more than he with counſel fild, and ryper of his yeeres,
Gan ſharply him rebuke; ſuch love to him he bare,
That he was fellow of his ſmart, and partner of his care.
"What meanſt thou Romeus, quoth he, what doting rage
Doth make thee thus conſume away the beſt part of thine age,
In ſeking her that ſcornes, and hydes her from thy ſight,
Not forſing all thy great expence, ne yet thy honor bright,
Thy teares, thy wretched lyfe, ne thine unſported truth,
Which are of force, I weene, to move the hardeſt hart to ruthe?
Now, for our frendſhips ſake, and for thy health, I pray
That thou hencefoorth become thine owne;—O give no more away
Unto a thankles wight thy pretious free eſtate:
In that thou loveſt ſuch a one thou ſeemſt thy ſelf to hate.

For

For she doth love els where, and then thy time is lorne;
Or els (what booteth thee to sue?) Loves court she hath forsworne.
Both yong thou art of yeres, and high in Fortunes grace:
What man is better shapd than thou? who hath a sweeter face?
By painfull studies meane great learning hast thou wonne,
Thy parents have none other heyre, thou art theyr onely sonne.
What greater greefe, trowst thou, what woful dedly smart,
Should so be able to distraine thy seely fathers hart,
As in his age to see thee plonged deepe in vice,
When greatest hope he hath to heare thy vertues fame arise?
What shall thy kinsmen think, thou cause of all their ruthe?
Thy dedly foes doe laugh to skorne thy yll-employed youth.
Wherefore my counsell is, that thou henceforth beginne
To knowe and flye the errour which to long thou livedst in.
Remove the veale of love that kepes thine eyes so blynde,
That thou ne canst the ready path of thy forefathers fynde.
But if unto thy will so much in thrall thou art,
Yet in some other place bestowe thy witles wandring hart.
Choose out some woorthy dame, her honor thou, and serve,
Who will give eare to thy complaint, and pitty ere thou sterve.
But sow no more thy paynes in such a barraine soyle
As yelds in harvest time no crop, in recompence of toyle.
Ere long the townish dames together will resort,
Some one of beauty, favour, shape, and of so lovely porte,
With so fast fixed eye perhaps thou mayst beholde,
That thou shalt quite forget thy love and passions past of olde."
The yong mans listning eare receivd the holsome sounde,
And reasons truth y-planted so, within his heade had grounde;
That now with healthy coole y-tempred is the heate,
And piece meale weares away the greefe that erst his heart did freate.
To his approved frend a solemne othe he plight,
At every feast y-kept by day, and banquet made by night,
At pardons in the churche, at games in open streate,
And every where he would resort where ladies wont to mete;
Eke should his savage heart like all indifferently,
For he would vew and judge them all with unallured eye.
How happy had he been, had he not been forsworne!
But twice as happy had he been, had he been never borne.
For ere the moone could thrise her wasted hornes renew,
False Fortune cast for him, poore wretch, a mischiefe newe to brewe.
The wery winter nightes restore the Christmas games,
And now the seson doth invite to banquet townish dames.
And fyrst in Capels house, the chiefe of all the kyn
Sparth for no cost, the wonted use of banquets to begin.
No lady fayre or fowle was in Verona towne,
No knight or gentelman of high or lowe renowne,
But Capilet himselfe hath byd unto his feast,
Or, by his name in paper sent, appointed as a geast.

Yong

Yong damſels thither flocke, of bachelers a rowte,
Not ſo much for the banquets ſake, as bewties to ſerche out.
But not a Montagew would enter at his gate,
(For, as you heard, the Capilets and they were at debate)
Save Romeus, and he in maſke, with hydden face,
The ſupper done, with other five did preaſe into the place.
When they had maſkd a while with dames in courtly wiſe,
All did unmaſke; the reſt did ſhew them to theyr ladies eyes;
But baſhfull Romeus with ſhamefaſt face forſooke
The open preaſe, and him withdrew into the chambers nooke.
But brighter than the ſunne the waxen torches ſhone,
That, maugre what he could, he was eſpyd of every one,
But of the women cheefe, theyr gaſing eyes that threwe,
To woonder at his ſightly ſhape, and bewties ſpotles hewe;
With which the heavens him had and nature ſo bedect,
That ladies, thought the fayreſt dames, were fowle in his reſpect.
And in theyr head beſyde an other woonder roſe,
How he durſt put himſelfe in throng among ſo many foes:
Of courage ſtoute they thought his cumming to procede,
And women love an hardy hart, as I in ſtories rede.
The Capilets diſdayne the preſence of theyr foe,
Yet they ſuppreſſe theyr ſtyred yre; the cauſe I doe not knowe:
Perhaps toffend theyr geſtes the courteous knights are loth;
Perhaps they ſtay from ſharpe revenge, dreadyng the princes wroth;
Perhaps for that they ſhamd to exerciſe theyr rage
Within their houſe, gainſt one alone, and him of tender age.
They uſe no taunting talke, ne harme him by theyr deede,
They neyther ſay, what makſt thou here, ne yet they ſay, God ſpeede.
So that he freely might the ladies view at eaſe,
And they alſo beholding him their chaunge of fanſies pleaſe:
Which Nature had hym taught to doe with ſuch a grace,
That there was none but joyed at his being there in place.
With upright beame he wayd the beauty of eche dame,
And judgd who beſt, and who next her, was wrought in natures frame.
At length he ſaw a mayd, right fayre, of perfect ſhape,
(Which Theſeus or Paris would have choſen to their rape)
Whom erſt he never ſawe; of all ſhe pleaſde him moſt;
Within himſelfe he ſayd to her, thou juſtly mayſt thee boſte
Of perfet ſhapes renowne and beauties ſounding prayſe,
Whoſe like ne hath, ne ſhall be ſeene, ne liveth in our dayes.
And whilſt he fixd on her his partiall perced eye,
His former love, for which of late he ready was to dye,
Is nowe as quite forgotte as it had never been:
The proverbe ſaith, unminded oft are they that are unſeene.
And as out of a planke a nayle a nayle doth drive,
So novel love out of the minde the auncient love doth rive.
This ſodain kindled fyre in time is wox ſo great,
That only death and both theyr blouds might quench the fiery heate.

When

When Romeus ſaw himſelfe in this new tempeſt toſt,
Where both was hope of pleaſant port, and daunger to be loſt,
He doubtefull ſkaſely knew what countenance to keepe;
In Lethies floud his wonted flames were quenchd and drenched deepe.
Yea he forgets himſelfe, ne is the wretch ſo bolde
To aſke her name that without force hath him in bondage folde;
Ne how tunlooſe his bondes doth the poore foole deviſe,
But onely ſeeketh by her ſight to feede his houngry eyes;
Through them he ſwalloweth downe loves ſweete empoyſonde baite:
How ſurely are the wareles wrapt by thoſe that lye in wayte!
So is the poyſon ſpred throughout his bones and vaines,
That in a while (alas the while) it haſteth deadly paines.
Whilſt Juliet, for ſo this gentle damſell hight,
From ſyde to ſyde on every one dyd caſt about her ſight,
At laſt her floting eyes were ancored faſt on him,
Who for her ſake dyd baniſh health and fredome from eche limme.
He in her ſight did ſeeme to paſſe the reſt, as farre
As Phœbus ſhining beames do paſſe the brightnes of a ſtarre.
In wayte laye warlike Love with golden bowe and ſhaft,
And to his eare with ſteady hand the bowſtring up he raft:
Till now ſhe had eſcapde his ſharpe inflaming darte,
Till now he liſted not aſſaulte her yong and tender hart.
His whetted arrow looſde, ſo touchd her to the quicke,
That through the eye it ſtrake the hart, and there the hedde did ſticke.
It booted not to ſtrive. For why?—ſhe wanted ſtrength;
The weaker aye unto the ſtrong, of force, muſt yeld at length.
The pomps now of the feaſt her heart gyns to deſpyſe;
And onely joyeth whan her eyen meete with her lovers eyes.
When theyr new ſmitten heartes had fed on loving gleames,
Whilſt, paſſing too and fro theyr eyes, y-mingled were theyr beames,
Eche of theſe lovers gan by others lookes to knowe,
That frendſhip in theyr breſt had roote, and both would have it grow.
When thus in both theyr harts had Cupide made his breache,
And eche of them had ſought the meane to end the warre by ſpeach,
Dame Fortune did aſſent, theyr purpoſe to advaunce.
With torch in hand a comely knight did fetch her foorth to daunce;
She quit herſelfe ſo well and with ſo trim a grace
That ſhe the cheefe prayſe wan that night from all Verona race:
The whilſt our Romeus a place had warely wonne,
Nye to the ſeate where ſhe muſt ſit, the daunce once beyng donne,
Fayre Juliet tourned to her chayre with pleaſant cheere,
And glad ſhe was her Romeus approched was ſo neere.
At thone ſyde of her chayre her lover Romeo,
And on the other ſyde there ſat one cald Mercutio;
A courtier that eche where was highly had in price,
For he was coorteous of his ſpeeche, and pleaſant of deviſe,
Even as a lyon would emong the lambes be bolde,
Such was emong the baſhful maydes Mercutio to beholde.

With frendly gripe he ceaſd fayre Juliets ſnowiſh hand:
A gyft he had, that Nature gave him in his ſwathing band,
That froſen mountayne yſe was never halfe ſo cold,
As were his handes, though nere ſo neere the fire he did them hold.
As ſoon as had the knight the virgins right hand raught,
Within his trembling hand her left hath loving Romeus caught.
For he wiſt well himſelfe for her abode moſt payne,
And well he wiſt ſhe lovd him beſt, unleſs ſhe liſt to fayne.
Then ſhe with ſlender hand his tender palm hath preſt;
What joy, trow you, was graffed ſo in Romeus cloven breſt?
The ſodayne ſweete delight hath ſtopped quite his tong,
Ne can he clame of her his right, ne crave redreſſe of wrong.
But ſhe eſpyd ſtraight waye, by chaunging of his hewe
From pale to red, from red to pale, and ſo from pale anewe,
That vehment love was cauſe why ſo his tong did ſtay,
And ſo much more ſhe longd to heare what Love could teach him ſaye.
When ſhe had longed long, and he long held his peace,
And her deſyre of hearing him by ſylence did increaſe,
At laſt, with trembling voyce and ſhamefaſt chere, the mayde
Unto her Romeus tournde her ſelfe, and thus to him ſhe ſayde:
" O bleſſed be the time of thy arrivall here!"—
But ere ſhe could ſpeake forth the reſt, to her Love drewe ſo nere,
And ſo within her mouth her tongue he glewed faſt,
That no one woord could ſcape her more then what already paſt.
In great contented eaſe the yong man ſtraight is rapt:
What chaunce (quoth he) unware to me, O lady mine, is hapt:
That geves you worthy cauſe my cumming here to bleſſe?
Fayre Juliet was come agayne unto her ſelfe by this;
Fyrſt ruthfully ſhe looked, then ſayd with ſmyling cheere:
" Mervayle no whit, my heartes delight, my only knight and feere,
Mercutios ſyſy hande had all to-froſen myne,
And of thy goodneſs thou agayne haſt warmed it with thyne."
Whereto with ſtayed brow gan Romeus replye:
" If ſo the Gods have graunted me ſuche favor from the ſkye,
That by my being here ſome ſervice I have donne
That pleaſeth you, I am as glad as I a realme had wonne.
O wel-beſtowed tyme that hath the happy hyre,
Which I woulde with if I might have my wiſhed hart's deſire!
For I of God woulde crave, as pryſe of paynes forpaſt,
To ſerve, obey, and honor you, ſo long as lyfe ſhall laſt:
As proofe ſhall teache you playne, if that you like to trye
His faltles truth, that nill for ought unto his lady lye.
But if my touched hand have warmed yours ſome dele,
Aſſure your ſelfe the heate is colde which in your hand you fele,
Compard to ſuche quicke ſparks and glowing furious gleade,
As from your bewties pleaſant eyne Love cauſed to proceade;
Which have to ſet on fyre eche feling parte of myne,
That lo! my mynde doeth melt awaye, my utward parts do pyne.

And,

And, but you helpe all whole, to aſhes ſhall I toorne;
Wherefore, alas! have ruth on him, whom you do force to boorne."
Even with his ended tale, the torches-daunce had ende,
And Juliet of force muſt part from her new-choſen frend.
His hand ſhe claſped hard, and all her partes dyd ſhake,
When layſureles with whiſpring voyce thus did ſhe aunſwer make:
"You are no more your owne, deare frend, then I am yours;
My honour ſav'd, preſt tobey your will, while life endures."
Lo! here the lucky lot that fild true lovers finde,
Eche takes away the others hart, and leaves the owne behinde.
A happy life is love, if God graunt from above
That hart with hart by even waight do make exchaunge of love.
But Romeus gone from her, his hart for care is colde;
He hath forgot to aſk her name, that hath his hart in holde.
With forged careles cheere, of one he ſeekes to knowe,
Both how ſhe hight, and whence ſhe camme, that him enchaunted ſo.
So hath he learnd her name, and knowth ſhe is no geaſt,
Her father was a Capilet, and maſter of the feaſt.
Thus hath his foe in choyſe to geve him life or death,
That ſcarcely can his woſull breſt keepe in the lively breath.
Wherefore with pitious plaint feerce Fortune doth he blame,
That in his ruth and wretched plight doth ſeeke her laughing game.
And he reproveth love cheefe cauſe of his unreſt,
Who eaſe and freedome hath exilde out of his youthfull breſt:
Twiſe hath he made him ſerve, hopeles of his rewarde;
Of both the ylles to chooſe the leſſe, I weene, the choyſe were harde.
Fyrſt to a ruthles one he made him ſue for grace,
And now with ſpurre he forceth him to ronne an endles race.
Amid theſe ſtormy ſeas one ancor doth him holde,
He ſerveth not a cruell one, as he had done of olde;
And therefore is content and chooſeth ſtill to ſerve,
Though hap ſhould ſweure that guerdonles the wretched wight ſhould ſterve.
The lot of Tantalus is, Romeus, like to thine;
For want of foode, amid his foode, the myſer ſtill doth pyne.
As carefull was the mayde what way were beſt deviſe,
To learne his name that intertaind her in ſo gentle wiſe;
Of whom her hart receivd ſo depe, ſo wyde, a wound.
An ancient dame ſhe calde to her, and in her eare gan rounde:
(This old dame in her youth had nurſt her with her mylke,
With ſlender dedel taught her ſow, and how to ſpyn with ſylke.)
What twayne are thoſe, quoth ſhe, which preaſe unto the doore,
Whoſe pages in their hand do beare two torches light before?
And then, as eche of them had of his houſhold name,
So ſhe him namd.—Yet once again the young and wyly dame:—
"And tell me who is he with vyſor in his hand,
That yonder dooth in maſking weede beſyde the window ſtand."

His

His name is Romeus, ſaid ſhee, a Montagewe,
Whoſe fathers pryde firſt ſtyrd the ſtryfe which both your houſholds rewe.
The word of Montagew her joyes did overthrow,
And ſtraight inſtead of happy hope deſpayre began to growe.
What hap have I, quoth ſhe, to love my fathers foe?
What, am I wery of my wele? what, doe I wyſh my woe?
But though her grevouſe paynes diſtraind her tender hart,
Yet with an outward ſhow of joye ſhe cloked inward ſmart;
And of the courtlike dames her leave ſo courtly tooke,
That none did geſſe the ſodein change by changing of her looke.
Then at her mothers heſt to chamber ſhe her hyed,
So wel ſhe ſaynde, mother ne nors the hidden harme deſcride.
But when ſhe ſhoulde have ſlept as wont ſhe was in bed,
Not half a wynke of quyet ſlepe could harber in her hed;
For loe, an hugy heape of divers thoughtes ariſe,
That reſt have baniſht from her hart, and ſlumber from her eyes.
And now from ſyde to ſyde ſhe toſſeth and ſhe turnes,
And now for feare ſhe ſhevereth, and now for love ſhe burnes,
And now ſhe lykes her choyſe, and now her choyſe ſhe blames,
And now eche houre within her head a thouſand fanſyes frames.
Sometime in mynde to ſtop amyd her courſe begonne,
Sometime ſhe vowes, what ſo betyde, that tempted race to ronne.
Thus dangers dred and love within the mayden fought;
The fight was feerſe, continuyng long by their contrary thought.
In tourning maſe of love ſhe wandreth too and fro,
Then ſtandeth doutful what to doo; laſt, overpreſt with woe,
How ſo her fanſies ceaſe, her teares did never blin,
With heavy cheere and wringed hands thus doth her plaint begin.
"Ah ſilly foole, quoth ſhe, y-cought in ſoottill ſnare!
Ah wretched wench, bewrapt in woe! ah caytife clad with care!
Whence come theſe wandring thoughts to thy unconſtant breſt,
By ſtraying thus from raiſons lore, that reve thy wonteſt reſt?
What if his ſuttel brayne to fayne have taught his tong,
And ſo the ſnake that lurkes in graſſe thy tender hart hath ſtong?
What if with frendly ſpeache the traytor lye in wayte,
As oft the poyſond hooke is hid, wrapt in the pleaſant bayte?
Oft under cloke of truth hath Falſhood ſervd her luſt;
And toornd their honor into ſhame, that did to ſlightly truſt.
What, was not Dido ſo, a crowned queene, defamd?
And eke, for ſuch an heynous cryme, have men not Theſeus blamd?
A thouſand ſtories more, to teache me to beware,
In Boccace and in Ovids bookes too plainely written are.
Perhaps, the great revenge he cannot woorke by ſtrength,
By ſuttel ſleight (my honour ſtaynd) he hopes to woorke at length.
So ſhall I ſeeke to find my fathers foe, his game;
So (I defylde) Report ſhall take her trompe of blacke defame,
Whence ſhe with puffed cheeke ſhall blowe a blaſt ſo ſhrill
Of my diſprayſe, that with the noyſe Verona ſhall ſhe fill.

Then

Then I, a laughing ſtocke through all the towne becomme,
Shall hide my ſelfe, but not my ſhame, within an hollowe toombe."
Straight underneath her foote ſhe treadeth in the duſt
Her trobleſom thought, as wholly vaine, y-bred of fond diſtruſt.
" No, no, by God above, I wot it well, quoth ſhee,
Although I raſhely ſpake before, in no wiſe can it bee,
That where ſuch perfet ſhape with pleaſant bewty reſtes,
There crooked craft and trayſon blacke ſhould be appoynted geſtes.
Sage writers ſay, the thoughts are dwelling in the eyne;
Then ſure I am, as Cupid raignes, that Romeus is myne.
The tong the meſſenger eke call they of the mynd;
So that I ſee he loveth me:—ſhall I then be unkynd?
His faces roſy hew I ſaw full oft to ſeeke;
And ſtraight again it flaſhed foorth, and ſpred in eyther cheeke.
His fixed heavenly eyne that through me quyte did perce
His thoughts unto my hart, my thoughts thei ſemed to rehearce.
What ment his foltring tunge in telling of his tale?
The trimbling of his joynts, and eke his cooler waxen pale?
And whilſt I talke with him, himſelf he hath exylde
Out of himſelf, as ſeemed me; ne was I ſure begylde.
Thoſe arguments of love Craft wrate not on his face,
But Natures hand, when all deceyte was baniſhd out of place.
What other certayn ſignes ſeke I of his good wil?
Theſe doo ſuffice; and ſtedfaſt I will love and ſerve him ſtyll,
Till Attropos ſhall cut my fatall thread of lyfe,
So that he mynde to make of me his lawful wedded wyfe.
For ſo perchaunce this new alliance may procure
Unto our houſes ſuch a peace as ever ſhall indure."
Oh how we can perſwade ourſelf to what we like!
And how we can diſwade our mynd, if ought our mind miſlyke!
Weake arguments are ſtronge, our fanſies ſtreight to frame
To pleaſing things, and eke to ſhonne, if we miſlyke the ſame.
The mayde had ſcarcely yet ended the wery warre,
Kept in her heart by ſtriving thoughts, when every ſhining ſtarre
Had payd his borrowed light, and Phœbus ſpred in ſkies
His golden rayes, which ſeemd to ſay, now time it is to riſe.
And Romeus had by this forſaken his werv bed,
Where reſtles he a thouſand thoughts had forged in his hed.
And while with lingring ſtep by Juliets houſe he paſt,
And upwards to her windowes high his greedy eyes did caſt,
His love that lookd for him there gan he ſtraight eſpye.
With pleaſant cheere eche greeted is; ſhe followeth with her eye
His parting ſteppes, and he oft looketh backe againe,
But not ſo oft as he deſyres; warely he doth refrayne.
What life were like to love, if dread of jeopardy
Y-ſowered not the ſweete; if love were free from jeloſy!
But ſhe more ſure within, unſeene of any wight,
When ſo he comes, lookes after him till he be out of ſight.

In often paſſing ſo, his buſy eyes he threw,
That every pane and tooting hole the wily lover knew.
In happy houre he doth a garden plot eſpye,
From which, except he warely walke, men may his love deſcrye;
For lo! it fronted full upon her leaning place,
Where ſhe is wont to ſhew her heart by cheerefull frendly face.
And leſt the arbors might theyr ſecret love bewraye,
He doth keepe backe his forward foote from paſſing there by daye;
But when on earth the Night her mantel blacke hath ſpred,
Well-armde he walketh foorth alone, ne dreadful foes doth dred.
Whom maketh Love not bold, naye whom makes he not blinde?
He driveth daungers dread oft times out of the lovers minde.
By night he paſſeth here a weeke or two in vayne;
And for the miſſing of his marke his greeſe hath hym nye ſlaine.
And Juliet that now doth lacke her hearts releefe,—
Her Romeus pleaſant eyen I mean—is almoſt dead for greeſe.
Eche day ſhe chaungeth howres, for lovers keepe an howre
When they are ſure to ſee theyr love, in paſſing by their bowre.
Impacient of her woe, ſhe hapt to leane one night
Within her windowe, and anon the moone did ſhine ſo bright
That ſhe eſpyde her loove; her hart revived ſprang;
And now for joy ſhe claps her handes, which erſt for wo ſhe wrang.
Eke Romeus, when he ſawe his long deſyred ſight,
His mourning cloke of mone caſt of, hath clad him with delight.
Yet dare I ſay, of both that ſhe rejoyced more:
His care was great, hers twiſe as great was, all the time before;
For whilſt ſhe knew not why he did himſelfe abſent,
In douting both his health and life, his death ſhe did lament.
For love is fearful oft where is no cauſe of feare,
And what love feares, that love laments, as though it chaunced weare.
Of greater cauſe alway is greater woorke y-bred;
While ne nought douteth of her helth, ſhe dreads leſt he be ded.
When onely abſence is the cauſe of Romeus ſmart,
By happy hope of ſight againe he feedes his fainting hart.
What wonder then if he were wrapt in leſſe annoye?
What marvel if by ſodain ſight ſhe fed of greater joy?
His ſmaller greefe or joy no ſmaller love doo prove;
Ne, for ſhe paſſed him in both, did ſhe him paſſe in love:
But eche of them alike dyd burne in equall flame,
The wel-beloving knight and eke the wel-beloved dame.
Now whilſt with bitter teares her eyes as fountaines ronne,
With whiſpering voyce, y-broke with ſobs, thus is her tale begonne:
"Oh Romeus, of your life too lavas ſure you are,
That in this place, and at this tyme, to hazard it you dare.
What if your dedly foes, my kinſmen, ſaw you here?
Lyke lyons wylde, your tender partes aſonder would they teare.
In ruth and in diſdayne, I, wery of my life,
With cruell hand my mourning hart would perce with bloudy knyfe.

For

For you, myne own, once dead, what joy ſhould I have heare?
And eke my honor ſtaynd, which I then lyfe do holde more deare."
" Fayre lady myne, dame Juliet, my lyfe (quod hee)
Even from my byrth committed was to fatall ſiſters three.
They may in ſpyte of foes draw foorth my lively threed;
And they alſo (who ſo ſayth nay) aſonder may it ſhreed.
But who, to reave my life, his rage and force would bende,
Perhaps ſhould trye unto his payne how I it could defende.
Ne yet I love it ſo, but alwayes, for your ſake,
A ſacrifice to death I would my wounded corps betake.
If my miſhappe were ſuch, that here, before your ſight,
I ſhould reſtore agayn to death, of lyfe my borrowed light,
This one thing and no more my parting ſprite would rewe,
That part he ſhould before that you by certain trial knew
The love I owe to you, the thrall I languiſh in,
And how I dread to looſe the gayne which I do hope to win;
And how I wiſh for lyfe, not for my proper eaſe,
But that in it you might I love, you honor, ſerve and pleaſe,
Till dedly pangs the ſprite out of the corps ſhall ſend:"
And thereupon he ſware an othe, and ſo his tale had ende.
Now love and pitty boyle in Juliets ruthfull breſt;
In windowe on her leaning arme her weary head doth reſt:
Her boſome bathd in teares (to witnes inward payne),
With dreary chere to Romeus thus aunſwered ſhe agayne:
" Ah my deere Romeus, kepe in theſe words, (quod ſhe)
For lo, the thought of ſuch miſchaunce already maketh me
For pity and for dred well nigh to yeld up breath;
In even ballance peyſed are my life and eke my death.
For ſo my heart is knit, yea made one ſelfe with yours,
That ſure there is no greefe ſo ſmall, by which your mynd endures,
But as you ſuffer payne, ſo I doo beare in part
(Although it leſſens not your greefe) the halfe of all your ſmart
But theſe thinges overpaſt, if of your health and myne
You have reſpect, or pity ought my teer-y-weeping eyen,
In few unfained woords your hidden mynd unfolde,
That as I ſee your pleaſant face, your heart I may beholde.
For if you do intende my honor to defile,
In error ſhall you wander ſtill, as you have done this while:
But if your thought be chaſte, and have on vertue ground,
If wedlocke be the end and marke which youre deſyre hath found,
Obedience ſet aſyde, unto my parents dewe,
The quarrel eke that long agoe betwene our houſholdes grewe,
Both me and mine I will all whole to you betake,
And following you where ſo you goe, my fathers houſe forſake.
But if by wanton love and by unlawfull ſute
You thinke in rypeſt yeres to plucke my maydenhoods dainty frute,
You are begylde; and now your Juliet you beſeekes
To ceaſe your ſute, and ſuffer her to live emong her likes."

Then Romeus, whoſe thought was free from fowle deſyre,
And to the top of vertues haight did worthely aſpyre,
Was fild with greater joy then can my pen expreſſe,
Or, tyll they have enjoyd the like, the hearers hart can geſſe[2].
And then with joyned hands, heavd up into the ſkies,
He thankes the Gods, and from the heavens for vengeance down he cries,
If he have other thought but as his Lady ſpake;
And then his looke he toornd to her, and thus did anſwere make:
" Since, lady, that you like to honor me ſo much
As to accept me for your ſpouſe, I yeeld myſelf for ſuch.
In true witnes whereof, becauſe I muſt depart,
Till that my deede do prove my woord, I leave in pawne my hart,
Tomorrow eke betimes, before the ſunne ariſe,
To Fryer Lawrence will I wende, to learne his ſage adviſe.
He is my goſtly fyre, and oft he hath me taught
What I ſhould doe in things of waight, when I his ayde have ſought.
And at this ſelf ſame houre, I plyte you here my faith,
I will be here, if you think good, to tell you what he ſayth."
She was contented well; els favour found he none
That night, at lady Juliets hand, ſave pleaſant woords alone.
This barefoote fryer gyrt with cord his grayiſh weede,
For he of Francis order was a fryer, as I reede.
Not as the moſt was he, a groſſe unlearned foole,
But doctor of divinetie proceded he in ſchoole.
The ſecrets eke he knew in Natures woorks that loorke;
By magicks arte moſt men ſuppoſed that he could wonders woorke.
Ne doth it ill beſeeme devines thoſe ſkils to know,
If on no harmeful deede they do ſuch ſkilfulnes beſtow;
For juſtly of no arte can men condemne the uſe,
But right and reaſons lore crye out agaynſt the lewd abuſe.
The bounty of the fryer and wiſdom hath ſo wonne
The townes folks harts, that wel nigh all to fryer Lawrence ronne,
To ſhrive themſelfe; the olde, the young, the great and ſmall;
Of all he is beloved well, and honord much of all.
And, for he did the reſt in wiſdom farre exceede,
The prince by him (his counſell cravde) was holpe at time of neede.
Betwixt the Capilets and him great frendſhip grew,
A ſecret and aſſured frend unto the Montague.
Lovd of this yong man more than any other geſte,
The fryer eke of Verone youth aye liked Romeus beſt;

[2] —*the* hearer's *hart can geſſe.*] From theſe words it ſhould ſeem that this poem was formerly ſung or recited to caſual paſſengers in the ſtreets. See alſo p. 487, l. 26.

" If any man be *here*, whom love hath clad with care,
" To him I ſpeak; if thou wilt ſpeed, &c. MALONE.

For

For whom he ever hath in time of his diſtres,
As earſt you heard, by ſkilful love found out his harmes redreſſe.
To him is Romeus gonne, ne ſtayeth he till the morrowe;
To him he painteth all his caſe, his paſſed joy and ſorrow.
How he hath her eſpide with other dames in daunce,
And how that fyrſt to talke with her him ſelfe he dyd advaunce;
Their talke and change of lookes he gan to him declare,
And how ſo faſt by fayth and troth they both y-coupled are,
That neyther hope of lyfe, nor dread of cruel death,
Shall make him falſe his fayth to her, while lyfe ſhall lend him breath.
And then with weping eyes he prayes his goſtly ſyre
To further and accompliſh all their honeſt hartes deſyre.
A thouſand doutes and moe in thold mans hed aroſe,
A thouſand daungers like to comme the old man doth diſcloſe,
And from the ſpouſall rites he readeth him refrayne,
Perhaps he ſhall be bet adviſde within a weeke or twayne.
Adviſe is baniſht quite from thoſe that folowe love,
Except adviſe to what they like theyr bending mynd do move.
As well the father might have counſeld him to ſtay
That from a mountaines top thrown downe is falling halfe the waye,
As warne his frend to ſtop amid his race begonne,
Whom Cupid with his ſmarting whip enforceth foorth to ronne.
Part wonne by earneſt ſute, the frier doth graunt at laſt;
And part, becauſe he thinkes the ſtormes, ſo lately overpaſt,
Of both the houſholds wrath, this marriage might appeaſe;
So that they ſhould not rage agayne, but quite for ever ceaſe.
The reſpite of a day he aſketh to deviſe
What way were beſt, unknown, to ende ſo great an enterpriſe.
The wounded man that now doth dedly paynes endure,
Scarce patient tarieth whilſt his leeche doth make the ſalve to cure:
So Romeus hardly graunts a ſhort day and a night,
Yet nedes he muſt, els muſt he want his onely hartes delight.
You ſee that Romeus no time or payne doth ſpare;
Thinke, that the whilſt fayre Juliet is not devoyde of care.
Yong Romeus powreth foorth his hap and his mishap
Into the friers breſt;—but where ſhall Juliet unwrap
The ſecrets of her hart? to whom ſhall ſhe unfolde
Her hidden burning love, and eke her thought and care ſo colde;
The nurſe of whom I ſpake, within her chamber laye,
Upon the mayde ſhe wayteth ſtill;—to her ſhe doth bewray
Her new-received wound, and then her ayde doth crave,
In her, ſhe ſaith, it lyes to ſpill, in her, her life to ſave.
Not eaſily ſhe made the froward nurce to bowe,
But wonne at length with promeſt hyre, ſhe made a ſolemne vowe
To do what ſhe commaundes, as handmayd of her heſt;
Her miſtres ſecrets hide ſhe will, within her covert breſt.
To Romeus ſhe goes, of hym ſhe doth deſyre
To know the meane of marriage, by counſell of the fryre.

On Saturday (quod he) if Juliet come to ſhrift,
She ſhall be ſhrived and married:—how lyke you, noorſe, this drift?
Now by my truth, (quod ſhe) God's bleſſing have your hart,
For yet in all my life I have not heard of ſuch a part.
Lord, how you yong men can ſuch crafty wiles deviſe,
If that you love the daughter well, to bleare the mothers eyes!
An eaſy thing it is with cloke of holines
To mocke the ſely mother, that ſuſpecteth nothing leſſe.
But that it pleaſed you to tell me of the caſe,
For all my many yeres perhaps I ſhould have found it ſcarſe.
Now for the reſt let me and Juliet alone;
To get her leave, ſome feate excuſe I will deviſe anone;
For that her golden lockes by ſloth have been unkempt,
Or for unawares ſome wanton dreame the youthfull damſell drempt,
Or for in thoughts of love her ydel time ſhe ſpent,
Or otherwiſe within her hart deſerved to be ſhent.
I know her mother will in no caſe ſay her nay;
I warrant you, ſhe ſhall not fayle to come on Saterday.
And then ſhe ſweares to him, the mother loves her well;
And how ſhe gave her ſucke in youth, ſhe leaveth not to tell.
A prety babe (quod ſhe) it was when it was yong;
Lord how it could full pretely have prated with it tong!
A thouſand times and more I laid her on my lappe,
And clapt her on the buttocke ſoft, and kiſt where I did clappe.
And gladder then was I of ſuch a kiſſe forſooth,
Then I had been to have a kiſſe of ſome old lecher's mouth.
And thus of Juliets youth began this prating noorſe,
And of her preſent ſtate to make a tedious long diſcourſe.
For though he pleaſure tooke in hearing of his love,
The meſſage aunſwer ſeemed him to be of more behove.
But when theſe beldames ſit at eaſe upon theyr tayle,
The day and eke the candle light before theyr talke ſhall fayle.
And part they ſay is true, and part they do deviſe,
Yet boldly do they chat of both, when no man checkes theyr lyes.
Then he vi crownes of gold out of his pocket drew,
And gave them her;—a ſlight reward (quod he) and ſo adiew.
In ſeven yeres twice tolde ſhe had not bowd ſo lowe
Her crooked knees, as now they bowe: ſhe ſweares ſhe will beſtowe
Her crafty wit, her time, and all her buſy payne,
To help him to his hoped bliſſe; and, cowring downe agayne.
She takes her leave, and home ſhe hyes with ſpedy pace;
The chaumber doore ſhe ſhuts, and then ſhe ſaith with ſmyling face:
Good newes for thee, my gyrle, good tydinges I thee bring,
Leave of thy woonted ſong of care, and now of pleaſure ſing.
For thou mayſt hold thyſelfe the happieſt under ſonne,
That in ſo little while ſo well ſo worthy a knight haſt wonne.
The beſt y-ſhapde is he and hath the fayreſt face,
Of all this towne, and there is none hath halfe ſo good a grace;

So

So gentle of his ſpeeche, and of his counſell wiſe:—
And ſtill with many prayſes more ſhe heaved him to the ſkies.
Tell me els what, (quod ſhe) this evermore I thought;
But of our marriage, ſay at once, what anſwere have you brought?
Nay, ſoft, (quod ſhe) I feare your hurt by ſodain joye;
I liſt not play (quod Juliet), although thou liſt to toye.
How glad, trow you, was ſhe, when ſhe had heard her ſay,
No farther of then Saturday differred was the day,
Again the auncient nurſe doth ſpeake of Romeus,
And then (ſaid ſhe) he ſpake to me, and then I ſpake him thus.
Nothing was done or ſayd that ſhe hath left untold,
Save only one that ſhe forgot, the taking of the golde,
"Th re is no loſſe (quod ſhe) ſweete wench, to loſſe of time,
Ne in thine age ſhall thou repent ſo much of any crime.
For when I call to mynd my former paſſed youth,
One thing there is which moſt of all doth cauſe my endleſs ruth.
At ſixtene yeres I firſt did chooſe my loving feere,
And I was fully rype before, I dare well ſay, a yere.
The pleaſure that I loſt, that year ſo overpaſt,
A thouſand times I have bewept, and ſhall, whyle life doth laſt.
In fayth it were a ſhame, yea ſinne it were, I wiſſe,
When thou maiſt live in happy joy, to ſet light by thy bliſſe."
She that this morning could her miſtres mynd diſſwade,
Is now become an oratreſſe, her lady to perſwade.
If any man be here whom love hath clad with care,
To him I ſpeake; if thou wilt ſpeede, thy purſe thou muſt not ſpare.
Two ſorts of men there are, ſeeld welcome in at doore,
The welthy ſparing nigard, and the ſutor that is poore.
For glittring gold is wont by kynd to moove the hart;
And oftentimes a ſlight rewarde doth cauſe a more deſart,
Y-written have I red, I wot not in what booke,
There is no better way to fiſhe then with a golden hooke.
Of Romeus theſe two do ſitte and chat awhyle,
And to them ſelfe they laugh how they the mother ſhall begyle.
A feate excuſe they finde, but ſure I know it not,
And leave for her to go to ſhrift on Saterday, ſhe got.
So well this Juliet, this wily wench, did know
Her mothers angry houres, and eke the true bent of her bowe.
The Saterday betimes, in ſober weed y-clad,
She tooke her leave, and forth ſhe went with viſage grave and ſad.
With her the nurce is ſent, as brydle of her luſt,
With her the mother ſends a mayd almoſt of equall truſt.
B twixt her teeth the bytte the jenet now hath cought,
So warely eke the vyrgin walks, her mayde perceiveth nought.
She gaſeth not in churche on yong men of the towne,
Ne wandreth ſhe from place to place, but ſtraight ſhe kneleth downe
Upon an alters ſtep, where ſhe devoutly prayes,
And thereupon her tender knees the wery lady ſtayes;

Whilſt ſhe doth ſend her mayde the certayn truth to know,
If frier Lawrence layſure had to heare her ſhrift, or no.
Out of his ſhriving place he commes with pleaſant cheere;
The ſhamfaſt mayde with baſhfull brow to himward draweth neere.
Some great offence (quod he) you have committed late,
Perhaps you have diſpleasd your frend by geving him a mate.
Then turning to the nurce and to the other mayde,
Go heare a maſſe or two, (quod he) which ſtraightway ſhall be ſayde.
For, her confeſſion heard, I will unto you twayne
The charge that I received of you reſtore to you agayne.
What, was not Juliet, trow you, right well apayde,
That for this truſty fryre hath chaungd her yong miſtruſting mayde?
I dare well ſay, there is in all Verona none,
But Romeus, with whom ſhe would ſo gladly be alone.
Thus to the fryers cell they both forth walked byn;
He ſhuts the doore as ſoon as he and Juliet were in.
But Romeus, her frend, was entered in before,
And there had wayted for his love, two houres large and more.
Eche minute ſeemd an houre, and every howre a day,
Twixt hope he lived and deſpayre of cumming or of ſtay.
Now wavering hope and feare are quite fled out of ſight,
For, what he hopde he hath at hande, his pleaſant cheefe delight.
And joyfull Juliet is healde of all her ſmart,
For now the reſt of all her parts have found her ſtraying hart.
Both theyr confeſſions fyrſt the fryer hath heard them make,
And then to her with lowder voyce thus fryer Lawrence ſpake:
Fayre lady Juliet, my goſtly daughter deere,
As farre as I of Romeus learne, who by you ſtondeth here,
Twixt you it is agreed, that you ſhal be his wyfe,
And he your ſpouſe in ſteady truth, till death ſhall end your life.
Are you both fully bent to kepe this great beheſt?
And both the lovers ſaid, it was theyr onely harts requeſt.
When he did ſee theyr myndes in linkes of love ſo faſt,
When in the prayſe of wedlocks ſtate ſomme ſkilfull talke was paſt,
When he had told at length the wyfe what was her due,
His duty eke by goſtly talke the youthfull huſband knew;
How that the wyfe in love muſt honour and obey,
What love and honor he doth owe, a dette that he muſt pay,—
The woords pronounced were which holy church of olde
Appoynted hath for mariage, and ſhe a ring of golde
Received of Romeus; and then they both aroſe.
To whom the frier then ſaid: Perchaunce apart you will diſcloſe,
Betwixt your ſelfe alone, the bottome of your hart;
Say on at once, for time it is that hence you ſhould depart.
Then Romeus ſaid to her, (both loth to part ſo ſoone)
" Fayre lady, ſend to me agayne your nurce thys afternoone.
Of corde I will beſpeake a ladder by that time;
By which, this night, while other ſleepe, I will your windowe clime.

Then

Then will we talke of love and of our old diſpayres,
And then with longer layſure had diſpoſe our great affayres."
Theſe ſayd, they kiſſe, and then part to theyr fathers houſe,
The joyfull bryde unto her home, to his eke goth the ſpouſe;
Contented both, and yet both uncontented ſtill,
Till Night and Venus child geve leave the wedding to fulfill.
The painfull ſouldiour, ſore y-bet with wery warre,
The merchant eke that nedefull thinges doth dred to fetch from farre,
The plowman that, for doute of feerce invading foes,
Rather to ſit in ydle eaſe then ſowe his tilt hath choſe,
Rejoice to hear proclaymd the tydings of the peace;
Not pleaſurd with the ſound ſo much, but, when the warres do ceaſe,
Then ceaſed are the harmes which cruel warre bringes foorth:
The merchant then may boldly fetch his wares of precious woorth;
Dredeleſs the huſbandman doth till his fertile feeld.
For welth, her mate, not for her ſelfe, is peace ſo precious held:
So lovers live in care, in dred, and in unreſt,
And dedly warre by ſtriving thoughts they kepe within their breſt;
But wedlocke is the peace whereby is freedome wonne
To do a thouſand pleaſant thinges that ſhould not els be donne.
The newes of ended warre theſe two have heard with joy,
But now they long the fruite of peace with pleaſure to enjoy.
In ſtormy wind and wave, in daunger to be loſt,
Thy ſtearles ſhip, O Romeus, hath been long while betoſt;
The ſeas are now appeasd, and thou, by happy ſtarre,
Art come in ſight of quiet haven; and, now the wrackfull barre
Is hid with ſwelling tyde, boldly thou mayſt reſort
Unto thy wedded ladies bed, thy long-deſyred port.
God graunt, no follies miſt ſo dymme thy inward ſight,
That thou do miſſe the channel that doth leade to thy delight!
God graunt, no daungers rocke, y-lurking in the darke,
Before thou win the happy port, wracke thy ſea-beaten barke.
A ſervant Romeus had, of woord and deede ſo juſt,
That with his lyfe, if nede requierd, his maiſter would him truſt.
His faithfulnes had oft our Romeus proved of olde;
And therefore all that yet was done unto his man he tolde.
Who ſtraight, as he was charged, a corden ladder lookes,
To which he hath made faſt two ſtrong and crooked yron hookes.
The bryde to ſend the nurce at twylight fayleth not,
To whom the brydegroome geven hath the ladder that he got.
And then to watch for him appoynted her an howre,
For, whether Fortune ſmyle on him, or if ſhe liſt to lowre,
He will not miſſe to come to hys appoynted place,
Where wont he was to take by ſtelth the view of Juliets face.
How long theſe lovers thought the laſting of the day,
Let other judge that woonted are lyke paſſions to aſſay:
For my part, I do geſſe eche howre ſeemes twenty yere;
So that I deeme, if they might have (as of Alcume we heare)

The ſunne bond to theyr will, if they the heavens might gyde,
Black ſhade of night and doubled darke ſhould ſtraight all over-hyde.
Thappointed howre is comme; he, clad in riche araye,
Walkes toward his deſyred home:—good fortune gyde his way!
Approaching nere the place from whence his hart had lyfe,
So light he wox, he lept the wall, and there he ſpyde his wyfe,
Who in the window watcht the comming of her lord;
Where ſhe ſo ſurely had made faſt the ladder made of corde,
That daungerles her ſpouſe the chaumber window climes,
Where he ere then had wiſht himſelfe above ten thouſand tymes,
The windowes cloſe are ſhut; els looke they for no geſt;
To light the waxen quariers, the auncient nurce is preſt,
Which Juliet had before prepared to be light,
That ſhe at pleaſure might behold her huſbands bewty bright.
A carchef white as ſnowe ware Juliet on her hed,
Such as ſhe wonted was to weare, atyre meete for the bed.
As ſoon as ſhe hym ſpide, about his necke ſhe clong,
And by her long and ſlender armes a great while there ſhe hong.
A thouſand times ſhe kiſt, and him unkiſt againe,
Ne could ſhe ſpeake a woord to him, though would ſhe nere ſo fayne.
And like betwixt his armes to faynt his lady is;
She fets a ſigh and clappeth cloſe her cloſed mouth to his:
And ready then to ſownde, ſhe looked ruthfully,
That lo, it made him both at once to live and eke to dye.
Theſe piteous painfull panges were haply overpaſt,
And ſhe unto herſelfe againe retorned home at laſt.
Then, through her troubled breſt, even from the fartheſt part,
An hollow ſigh, a meſſenger ſhe ſendeth from her hart.
O Romeus, (quod ſhe) in whom all vertues ſhine
Welcome thou art into this place, where from theſe eyes of mine
Such teary ſtreames did flowe, that I ſuppoſe wel ny
The ſource of all my bitter teares is altogether drye.
Abſence ſo pynde my heart, which on thy preſence fed,
And of thy ſafety and thy health ſo much I ſtood in dred.
But now what is decreed by fatall deſteny,
I force it not; let Fortune do and death their woorſt to me.
Full recompenſd am I for all my paſſed harmes,
In that the Gods have graunted me to claſpe thee in mine armes.
The chryſtall teares began to ſtand in Romeus eyes,
When he unto his ladies woordes gan aunſwere in this wiſe:
"Though cruel Fortune be ſo much my deadly foe,
That I ne can by lively proofe cauſe thee, fayre dame, to know
How much I am by love enthralled unto thee,
Ne yet what mighty powre thou haſt, by thy deſert, on me,
Ne torments that for thee I did ere this endure,
Yet of thus much (ne will I fayne) I may thee well aſſure
The leaſt of many paines which of thy abſence ſproong,
More painfully than death it ſelfe my tender hart hath wroong.

Ere this, one death had reft a thouſand deathes away,
But life prolonged was by hope of this deſyred day;
Which ſo juſt tribute payes of all my paſſed mone,
That I as well contented am as if my ſelfe alone
Did from the ocean reigne unto the ſea of Ynde.
Wherefore now let us wipe away old cares out of our mynde;
For, as the wretched ſtate is now redreſt at laſt,
So is it ſkill behind our backe the curſed care to caſt.
Since Fortune of her grace hath place and time aſſinde,
Where we with pleaſure may content our uncontented mynde,
In Lethes hyde we depe all greefe and all annoy,
Whilſt we do bathe in bliſſe, and fill our hungry harts with joye.
And, for the time to comme, let be our buſy care
So wiſely to direct our love, as no wight els be ware;
Leſt envious foes by force deſpoyle our new delight,
And us threw backe from happy ſtate to more unhappy plight."
Fayre Juliet began to aunſwere what he ſayde,
But foorth in haſt the old nurce ſtept, and ſo her aunſwere ſtayde,
Who takes no time (quoth ſhe) when time well offred is,
An other time ſhall ſeeke for tyme, and yet of time ſhall miſſe.
And when occaſion ſerves, who ſo doth let it ſlippe,
Is worthy ſure, if I might judge, of laſhes with a whippe.
Wherefore if eche of you hath harmde the other ſo,
And eche of you hath ben the cauſe of others wayled woe,
Lo here a field (ſhe ſhewd a field-bed ready dight)
Where you may, if you liſt, in armes revenge yourſelf by fight.
Whereto theſe lovers both gan eaſely aſſent,
And to the place of mylde revenge with pleaſant cheere they went,
Where they were left alone—(the nurce is gone to reſt)
How can this be? they reſtleſs lye, ne yet they feele unreſt.
I graunt that I envie the bliſſe they lived in;
O that I might have found the like! I wiſh it for no ſin,
But that I might as well with pen their joyes depaynt,
As heretofore I have diſplayd their ſecret hidden playnt.
Of ſhyvering care and dred I have felt many a fit,
But Fortune ſuch delight as theyrs dyd never graunt me yet.
By proofe no certain truth can I unhappy write,
But what I geſſe by likelihod, that dare I to endyte.
The blindfold goddeſſe that with frowning face doth fraye,
And from theyr ſeate the mighty kinges throwes down with hedlong ſway,
Begynneth now to turne to theſe her ſmyling face;
Nedes muſt they taſt of great delight, ſo much in Fortunes grace.
If Cupid, god of love, be god of pleaſant ſport,
I think, O Romeus, Mars himſelfe envies thy happy ſort.
Ne Venus juſtly might (as I ſuppoſe) repent,
If in thy ſtead, O Juliet, this pleaſant time ſhe ſpent.

Thus

Thus paſſe they foorth the night, in ſport, in joly game;
The haſtines of Phœbus ſteeds in great deſpyte they blame.
And now the vyrgins fort hath warlike Romeus got,
In which as yet no breache was made by force of canon ſhot,
And now in eaſe he doth poſſeſſe the hoped place:
How glad was he, ſpeake you, that may your lovers parts embrace.
The mariage thus made up, and both the parties pleaſd,
The nigh approche of dayes retoorne theſe ſely ſoles diſeaſd.
And for they might no while in pleaſure paſſe theyr time,
Ne leyſure had they much to blame the haſty mornings crime,
With frendly kiſſe in armes of her his leave he takes,
And every other night, to come, a ſolemn othe he makes,
By one ſelfe meane, and eke to come at one ſelfe howre:
And ſo he doth, till Fortune liſt to ſawſe his ſweete with ſowre.
But who is he that can his preſent ſtate aſſure?
And ſay unto himſelfe, thy joyes ſhall yet a day endure?
So wavering Fortunes whele, her chaunges be ſo ſtraunge;
And every wight y-thralled is by Fate unto her chaunge:
Who raignes ſo over all, that eche man hath his part,
Although not aye, perchaunce, alike of pleaſure and of ſmart.
For after many joyes ſome feele but little paine,
And from that little greefe they toorne to happy joy againe.
But other ſome there are, that living long in woe,
At length they be in quiet eaſe, but long abide not ſo;
Whoſe greefe is much increaſt by myrth that went before,
Becauſe the ſodayne chaunge of thinges doth make it ſeeme the more.
Of this unlucky ſorte our Romeus is one,
For all his hap turnes to miſhap, and all his myrth to mone.
And joyfull Juliet another leafe muſt toorne;
As woont ſhe was, (her joyes bereft) ſhe muſt begin to moorne.

The ſummer of their bliſſe doth laſt a month or twayne,
But winters blaſt with ſpedy foote doth bring the fall agayne.
Whom glorious Fortune erſt had heaved to the ſkies,
By envious Fortune overthrowne, on earth now groveling lyes.
She payd theyr former greefe with pleaſures doubled gayne,
But now, for pleaſures uſury, ten folde redoubleth payne.

The prince could never cauſe thoſe houſholds ſo agree,
But that ſome ſparcles of theyr wrath as yet remayning bee;
Which lye this while raaked up in aſhes pale and ded,
Till tyme do ſerve that they agayne in waſting flame may ſpred.
At holieſt times, men ſay, moſt heynous crimes are donne;
The morrowe after Eaſter-day the miſchiefe new begonne.
A band of Capilets dyd meet (my hart it rewes)
Within the walles, by Purſers gate, a band of Montagewes.
The Capilets as cheefe a yong man have choſe out,
Beſt exerciſd in feates of armes, and nobleſt of the rowte,
Our Juliets unkles ſonne, that cleped was Tibalt;
He was of body tall and ſtrong, and of his courage halt.

They

They neede no trumpet ſounde to byd them geve the charge,
So lowde he cryde with ſtrayned voyce and mouth out-ſtretched large:
" Now, now, quoth he, my friends, our ſelfe ſo let us wreake,
That of this dayes revenge and us our childrens heyres may ſpeake.
Now once for all let us their ſwelling pryde aſſwage;
Let none of them eſcape alive."—Then he with furious rage,
And they with him, gave charge upon theyr preſent foes,
And then forthwith a ſkirmiſh great upon this fray aroſe.
For loe the Montagewes thought ſhame away to flye.
And rather then to live with ſhame, with prayſe did chooſe to dye.
The woords that Tybalt uſd to ſtyrre his folke to yre,
Have in the breſtes of Montagewes kindled a furious fyre.
With lyons harts they fight, warely them ſelfe defend;
To wound his foe, his preſent wit and force eche one doth bend.
This furious fray is long on eche ſide ſtoutly fought,
That whether part had got the wooꝛſt, full doutfull were the thought.
The noyſe hereof anon throughout the towne doth flye,
And parts are taken on every ſide; both kindreds thether hye.
Here one doth graſpe for breth, his frend beſtrydeth him;
And he hath loſt a hand, and he another maymed lym:
His leg is cutte whilſt he ſtrikes at an other full,
And whom he would have thruſt quite through, hath cleft his cracked ſkull.
Theyr valiant harts forbode theyr foote to geve the grounde;
With unappauled cheere they tooke full deepe and doutful wounde.
Thus foote by foote long while, and ſhylde to ſhylde ſet faſt,
One foe doth make another faint, but makes him not agaſt.
And whilſt this noyſe is rife in every townesmans eare,
Eke, walking with his frendes, the noyſe doth wofull Romeus heare.
With ſpedy foote he ronnes unto the fray apace;
With him, thoſe fewe that were with him he leadeth to the place.
They pitie much to ſee the ſlaughter made ſo greate,
That wet ſhod they might ſtand in blood on eyther ſide the ſtreate.
Part frendes, ſaid he, part frendes, help, frendes, to part the fray,
And to the reſt, enough, (he cryes) now time it is to ſtaye.
Gods farther wrath you ſtyrre, beſide the hurt you feele,
And with this new uprore confounde all this our common wele.
But they ſo buſy are in fight, ſo egar, fierce,
That through theyr eares his ſage adviſe no leyſure had to pearce.
Then lept he in the throng, to part and barre the blowes
As well of thoſe that were his frends, as of his dedly foes.
As ſoon as Tybalt had our Romeus eſpyde,
He threw a thruſt at him, that would have paſt from ſide to ſide;
But Romeus ever went, douting his foes, well armde,
So that the ſwerd, kept out by mayle, had nothing Romeus harmde.
Thou doeſt me wrong, quoth he, for I but part the fraye;
Not dread, but other waighty cauſe my haſty hand doth ſtay.

Thou

Thou art the cheefe of thine, the nobleſt eke thou art,
Wherefore leave of thy malice now, and helpe theſe folke to part.
Many are hurt, ſome ſlayne, and ſome are like to dye:—
No, coward, trator boy, quoth he, ſtraight way I mind to trye,
Whether thy ſugred talke, and tong ſo ſmoothly fylde,
Againſt the force of this my ſwerd ſhall ſerue thee for a ſhylde.
And then, at Romeus hed a blow he ſtrake ſo hard
That might have clove him to the braine but for his cunning ward.
It was but lent to hym that could repay againe,
And geve him deth for intereſt, a well-forborne gayne.
Right as a foreſt bore, that lodged in the thicke,
Pinched with dog, or els with ſpeare y-pricked to the quicke,
His briſtles ſtyffe upright upon his backe doth ſet,
And in his fomy mouth his ſharp and crooked tuſkes doth whet;
Or as a lyon wilde, that raumpeth in his rage,
His whelps bereft, whoſe fury can no weaker beaſt aſſwage;—
Such ſeemed Romeus in every others ſight,
When he him ſhope, of wrong receavde tavenge himſelfe by fight.
Even as two thunderbolts throwne downe out of the ſkye,
That through the ayre, the maſſy earth, and ſeas, have powre to flye;
So met theſe two, and whyle they chaunge a blowe or twayne,
Our Romeus thruſt him through the throte, and ſo is Tybalt ſlayne.
Loe here the end of thoſe that ſtyrre a dedly ſtryfe!
Who thryſteth after others death, him ſelfe hath loſt his lyfe.
The Capilets are quaylde by Tybalts overthrowe,
The courage of the Montagewes by Romeus fight doth growe.
The townesmen waxen ſtrong, the Prince doth ſend his force;
The fray hath end. The Capilets do bring the bretheles corce
Before the prince, and crave that cruell dedly payne
May be the guerdon of his falt, that hath theyr kinſman ſlayne.
The Montagewes do pleade theyr Romeus voyde of falt;
The lookers on do ſay, the fight begonne was by Tybalt.
The prince doth pawſe, and then geves ſentence in a while,
That Romeus, for fleying him, ſhould goe into exyle.
His foes would'e have him hangde, or ſterve in priſon ſtrong;
His frends do think, but dare not ſay, that Romeus hath wrong.
Both houſholds ſtraight are charged on payne of loſing lyfe,
Theyr bloudy weapons layd aſide, to ceaſe the ſtyrred ſtryfe.
This common plage is ſpred through all the towne anon,
From ſide to ſide the towne is fild with murmur and with mone.
For Tybalts haſty death bewayled was of fomme,
Both for his ſkill in feates of armes, and for, in time to comme
He ſhould, had this not chaunced, been riche and of great powre,
To help his frends, and ſerve the ſtate; which hope within an howre
Was waſted quite, and he, thus yelding up his breath,
More than he holpe the towne in lyfe, hath harmde it by his death.
And other fomme bewayle, but ladies moſt of all,
The lookeles lot by Fortunes gylt that is ſo late befall,

Without

Without his fault, unto the feely Romeus;
For whilſt that he from natiſe land ſhall live exyled thus,
From heavenly bewties light and his well ſhaped parts,
The ſight of which was wont, fayre dames, to glad your youthfull harts,
Shall you be baniſhd quite, and tyll he do retoorne,
What hope have you to joy, what hope to ceaſe to moorne?
This Romeus was borne ſo much in heavens grace,
Of Fortune and of Nature ſo beloved, that in his face
(Beſide the heavenly bewty gliſtring ay ſo bright,
And ſeemely grace that wonted ſo to glad the ſeers ſight)
A certain charme was graved by Natures ſecret arte,
That vertue had to draw to it the love of many a hart.
So every one doth wiſh to beare a part of payne,
That he releaſed of exyle might ſtraight retoorne againe.
But how doth moorne emong the moorners Juliet!
How doth ſhe bathe her breſt in teares! what depe ſighes doth ſhe fet!
How doth ſhe tear her heare! her weede how doth ſhe rent!
How fares the lover hearing of her lovers baniſhment!
How wayles ſhe Tybalts death, whom ſhe had loved ſo well!
Her hearty greeſe and piteous plaint, cunning I want to tell.
For delving depely now in depth of depe deſpayre,
With wretched ſorrows cruell ſound ſhe fils the empty ayre;
And to the loweſt hell downe falls her heavy crye,
And up unto the heavens haight her piteous plaint doth flye.
The waters and the woods of ſighes and ſobs reſounde,
And from the hard reſounding rockes her ſorrowes do rebounde.
Eke from her teary eyne downe rayned many a ſhowre,
That in the garden where ſhe walkd might water herbe and flowre.
But when at length ſhe ſaw her ſelfe outraged ſo,
Unto her chaumber there ſhe hide; there, overcharged with woe,
Upon her ſtately bed her painfull parts ſhe threw,
And in ſo wondrous wiſe began her ſorrowes to renewe,
That ſure no hart ſo hard (but it of flynt had byn,)
But would have rude the piteous playnt that ſhe did languiſhe in.
Then rapt out of her ſelfe, whilſt ſhe on every ſide
Did caſt her reſtles eye, at length the windowe ſhe eſpide,
Through which ſhe had with joye ſeene Romeus many a time,
Which oft the ventrous knight was wont for Juliets ſake to clyme.
She cryde, O curſed windowe! acurſt be every pane,
Through which, alas! to ſone I raught the cauſe of life and bane,
If by thy meane I have ſome ſlight delight receaved,
Or els ſuch fading pleaſure as by Fortune ſtraight was reaved,
Haſt thou not made me pay a tribute rigorous
Of heaped greeſe and laſting care, and ſorrowes dolorous?
That theſe my tender parts, which needful ſtrength do lacke
To bear ſo great unweldy lode upon ſo weake a backe,

Oppreſt

Oppreſt with waight of cares and with theſe ſorrowes riſe,
At length muſt open wide to death the gates of lothed lyfe;
That ſo my wery ſpite may ſomme where els unlode
His deadly loade, and free from thrall may ſeeke els where abode;
For pleaſant quiet eaſe and for aſſured reſt,
Which I as yet could never finde but for my more unreſt?
O Romeus, when firſt we both acquainted were,
When to thy painted promiſes I lent my liſtning eare.
Which to the brinkes you fild with many a ſolemne othe,
And I then judgde empty of gyle, and fraughted full of troth,
I thought you rather would continue our good will,
And ſeeke tappeaſe our fathers ſtrife, which daily groweth ſtill.
I little wend you would have ſought occaſion how
By ſuch an heynous act to breake the peace and eke your vowe;
Whereby your bright renoune all whole yclipſed is,
And I unhappy, huſbandles, of cumfort robde and bliſſe.
But if you did ſo much the blood of Capels thyrſt,
Why have you often ſpared myne? myne might have quencht it fyrſt
Synce that ſo many times and in ſo ſecret place,
Where you were wont with vele of love to hyde your hatreds face,
My doutful lyfe hath hapt by fatall dome to ſtand
In mercy of your cruel hart, and of your bloudy hand.
What! ſeemde the conqueſt which you got of me ſo ſmall?
What! ſeemde it not enough that I, poor wretch, was made your thrall?
But that you muſt increaſe it with that kinſmans blood,
Which for his woorth and love to me, moſt in my favour ſtood?
Well, goe hencefoorth els where, and ſeeke an other whyle
Some other as unhappy as I, by flattery to begyle.
And, where I comm-, ſee that you ſhonne to ſhew your face,
For your excuſe within my hart ſhall finde no reſting place.
And I that now, too late, my former fault repent,
Will ſo the reſt of wery life with many teares lament,
That ſoon my joyceles corps ſhall yeld up baniſhd breath,
And where on earth it reſtles lived, in earth ſeeke reſt by death.
Theſe ſayd, her tender hart, by payne oppreſſed ſore,
Reſtraynd her tears, and forced her tong to kepe her talke in ſtore;
And then as ſtill ſhe was, as if in ſownd ſhe lay,
And then againe, wroth with herſelfe, with feble voyce gan ſay:
"Ah cruell murdering tong, murdrer of others fame,
How durſt thou once attempt to tooch the honor of his name?
Whoſe dedly foes do yeld him dew and erned prayſe;
For though his freedom be bereft, his honour not decayes.
Why blamſt thou Romeus for ſlaying of Tybalt,
Since he is gyltles quite of all, and Tibalt beares the falt?
Whether ſhall he, alas! poore baniſhd man, now flye?
What place of ſuccour ſhall he ſeeke beneth the ſtarry ſkye?

Since

Since ſhe purſueth hym, and him defames by wrong,
That in diſtres ſhould be his fort, and onely rampier ſtrong.
Receve the recompence, O Romeus, of thy wife,
Who, for ſhe was unkind her ſelfe, doth offer up her life,
In flames of yre, in ſighes, in ſorow and in ruth,
So to revenge the crime ſhe did commit againſt thy truth."
Theſe ſaid, ſhe could no more; her ſenſes all gan fayle,
And dedly panges began ſtraightway her tender hart aſſayle;
Her limmes ſhe ſtretched forth, ſhe drew no more her breath:
Who had been there might well have ſeen the ſignes of preſent death.
The nurce that knew no cauſe why ſhe abſented her,
Did doute leſt that ſomme ſodayn greefe too much tormented her.
Eche where but where ſhe was, the carefull beldam ſought,
Laſt, of the chamber where ſhe lay ſhe happly her bethought;
Where ſhe with piteous eye her nurce-child did beholde,
Her limmes ſtretched out, her utward parts as any marble colde.
The nurce ſuppoſde that ſhe had payde to death her det,
And then, as ſhe had loſt her wittes, ſhe cryde to Juliet:
Ah! my dere hart, quoth ſhe, how greveth me thy death!
Alas! what cauſe haſt thou thus ſone to yeld up living breath?
But while ſhe handled her, and chafed every part,
She knew there was ſome ſparke of life by beating of her hart,
So that a thouſand times ſhe cald upon her name;
There is no way to helpe a traunce but ſhe hath tride the ſame:
She openeth wyde her mouth, ſhe ſtoppeth cloſe her noſe,
She bendeth downe her breſt, ſhe wringeth her fingers and her toes,
And on her boſome cold ſhe layeth clothes hot;
A warmed and a holeſome juyce ſhe powreth down her throte.
At length doth Juliet heave faintly up her eyes,
And then ſhe ſtretcheth forth her arme, and then her nurce ſhe ſpyes.
But when ſhe was awakde from her unkindly traunce,
" Why doſt thou trouble me, quoth ſhe, what drave thee, with miſ-
chaunce,
To come to ſee my ſprite forſake my bretheles corſe?
Go hence, and let me dye, if thou have on my ſmart remorſe.
For who would ſee her frend to live in dedly payne?
Alas! I ſee my greefe begonne for ever will remayne.
Or who would ſeeke to live, all pleaſure being paſt?
My myrth is donne, my moorning mone for ay is like to laſt.
Wherefore ſince that there is none other remedy,
Comme gentle death, and ryve my heart at once, and let me dye."
The nurce with trickling teares, to witnes inward ſmart,
With holow ſigh fetchd from the depth of her appauled hart,
Thus ſpake to Juliet, y-clad with ougly care:
" Good lady myne, I do not know what makes you thus to fare;
Ne yet the cauſe of your unmeaſurde heavineſs.
But of this one I you aſſure, for care and ſorowes ſtreſſe,

This hower large and more I thought, ſo God me ſave,
That my dead corps ſhould wayte on yours to your untimely grave."
" Alas, my tender nurce, and truſty frende, (quoth ſhe)
Art thou ſo blinde that with thine eye thou canſt not eaſely ſee
The lawfull cauſe I have to ſorow and to moorne,
Since thoſe the which I hyld moſt deere, I have at once forlorne."
Her nurce then aunſwered thus—" Methinkes it fits you yll
To fall in theſe extremities that may you gyltles ſpill.
For when the ſtormes of care and troubles do aryſe,
Then is the time for men to know the fooliſh from the wiſe.
You are accounted wiſe, a foole am I your nurce;
But I ſee not how in like caſe I could behave me wurſe.
Tybalt your frend is ded; what, weene you by your teares
To call him backe againe? thinke you that he your crying heares?
You ſhall percéve the falt, if it be juſtly tryde,
Of his ſo ſodayn death was in his raſhnes and his pryde.
Would you that Romeus him ſelfe had wronged ſo,
To ſuffer him ſelfe cauſeles to be outraged of his foe,
To whom in no reſpect he ought a place to geve?
Let it ſuffice to thee, fayre dame, that Romeus doth live,
And that there is good hope that he, within a while,
With greater glory ſhall be calde home from his hard exile.
How well y-born he is, thyſelfe I know canſt tell,
By kindred ſtrong, and well alyed, of all beloved well.
With patience arme thyſelfe, for though that Fortunes cryme,
Without your falt, to both your greefes, depart you for a time,
I dare ſay, for amendes of all your preſent payne,
She will reſtore your owne to you, within a month or twayne,
With ſuch contented eaſe as never erſt you had;
Wherefore rejoyce a while in hope, and be no more ſo ſad.
And that I may diſcharge your hart of heavy care,
A certaine way I have found out, my paynes ne will I ſpare,
To learne his preſent ſtate, and what in time to comme
He mindes to doe; which knowne by me, you ſhall know all and
ſomme,
But that I dread the whilſt your ſorowes will you quell,
Straight would I hye where he doth lurke, to fryer Lawrence cell.
But if you gyn eft ſones, as erſt you did, to moorne,
Whereto goe I? you will be ded, before I thence retoorne.
So I ſhall ſpend in waſte my time and buſy payne,
So unto you, your life once loſt, good aunſwere comes in vayne;
So ſhall I ridde my ſelfe with this ſharpe pointed knyfe,
So ſhall your cauſe your parents deere wax wery of theyr life;
So ſhall your Romeus, deſpiſing lively breath,
With haſty foote, before his time, ronne to untimely death.
Where, if you can a while by reaſon rage ſuppreſſe,
I hope at my retorne to bring the ſalve of your diſtreſſe.

Now

Now chooſe to have me here a partner of your payne,
Or promiſe me to feede on hope till I retorne agayne."
Her miſtres ſendes her forth, and makes a grave beheſt
With reaſons rayne to rule the thoughts that rage within her breſt.
When hugy heapes of harmes are heaped before her eyes,
Then vaniſh they by hope of ſcape; and thus the lady lyes
Twixt well-aſſured truſt, and doutfull lewd dyſpayre:
Now blacke and ougly be her thoughts; now ſeeme they white and fayre.
As oft in ſummer tide blacke cloudes do dimme the ſonne,
And ſtraight againe in cleareſt ſkye his reſtles ſteedes do ronne;
So Juliets wandring mind y-clouded is with woe,
And by and by her haſty thought the woes doth overgoe.
But now is tyme to tell, whilſt ſhe was toſſed thus,
What windes did drive or haven did hold her lover Romeus.
When he had ſlayne his foe that gan this dedly ſtrife,
And ſaw the furious fray had ende by ending Tybalts life,
He fled the ſharpe revenge of thoſe that yet did live,
And douting much what penal doome the troubled prince might gyve,
He ſought ſomewhere unſeene to lurke a littel ſpace,
And truſty Lawrence ſecret cell he thought the ſureſt place.
In doutfull happe aye beſt a truſty frend is tryde;
The frendly frier in this diſtreſſe doth graunt his frend to hyde,
A ſecret place he hath, well ſeeled round about,
The mouth of which ſo cloſe is ſhut, that none may finde it out;
But roome there is to walke, and place to ſit and reſt,
Beſide a bed to ſleape upon, full ſoft, and trimly dreſt.
The flowre is planked ſo, with mattes it is ſo warme,
That neither winde nor ſmoky damps have powre him ought to harme,
Where he was wont in youth his fayre frends to beſtowe,
There now he hydeth Romeus, whilſt forth he goth to knowe
Both what is ſaid and donne, and what appoynted payne
Is publiſhed by trumpets ſound; then home he hyes agayne.
By this unto his cell the nurce with ſpedy pace
Was comme the nereſt way; ſhe ſought no ydel reſting place.
The fryer ſent home the newes of Romeus certain helth,
And promiſe made (what ſo befell) he ſhould that night by ſtelth
Comme to his wonted place, that they in nedefull wiſe
Of theyr affayres in time to comme might thoroughly deviſe.
Thoſe joyfull newes the nurce brought home with merry joy;
And now our Juliet joyes to thinke ſhe ſhall her love enjoy.
The fryer ſhuts faſt his doore, and then to him beneth,
That waytes to heare the doutefull newes of life or elſe of death.
Thy hap (quoth he) is good, daunger of death is none,
But thou ſhalt live, and do full well, in ſpite of ſpitefull fone.
This only payne for thee was erſt proclaymde aloude,
A baniſhd man, thou mayſt thee not within Verona ſhrowde.

Theſe heavy tidinges heard, his golden lockes he tare,
And like a franticke man hath torne the garments that he ware.
And as the ſmitten deere in brakes is waltring found,
So waltreth he, and with his breſt doth beate the troden grounde.
He riſeth eft, and ſtrikes his hed againſt the wals,
He falleth downe agayne, and lowde for haſty death he cals.
" Come ſpedy death, quoth he, the readieſt leache in love,
Synce nought can els beneth the ſunne the ground of greefe remove.
Of lothſome life breake downe the hated ſtaggering ſtayes,
Deſtroy, deſtroy at once the life that fayntly yet decayes.
But you, fayre dame, in whom dame Nature did deviſe
With cunning hand to woorke that might ſeeme wondrous in our eyes,
For you, I pray the gods, your pleaſures to increaſe,
And all miſhap, with this my death, for evermore to ceaſe.
And mighty Jove with ſpeede of juſtice bring them lowe,
Whoſe lofty pryde, without our gylt, our bliſſe doth overblowe.
And Cupid graunt to thoſe theyr ſpedy wrongs redreſſe,
That ſhall bewayle my cruell death and pity her diſtreſſe."
Therewith a cloude of ſighes he breathd into the ſkies,
And two great ſtreames of bitter teares ran from his ſwowlen eyes.
Theſe thinges the auncient fryer with ſorrow ſaw and heard,
Of ſuch beginning eke the end the wiſeman greatly feard.
But lo! he was ſo weake by reaſon of his age,
That he ne could by force repreſſe the rigour of his rage.
His wife and frendly woordes he ſpeaketh to the ayre,
For Romeus ſo vexed is with care, and with diſpayre,
That no advice can perce his cloſe forſtopped eares,
So now the fryer doth take his part in ſhedding ruthfull teares.
With colour pale and wan, with arms full hard y-fold,
With wofull cheere his wayling frende he ſtandeth to beholde.
And then our Romeus with tender handes y-wrong,
With voyce with plaint made horce, with ſobs, and with a faltring tong,
Renewd with novel mone the dolors of his hart;
His outward dreery cheere bewrayde his ſtore of inward ſmart.
Fyrſt Nature did he blame, the author of his lyfe,
In which his joyes had been ſo ſcant, and ſorowes ay ſo rife;
The time and place of byrth he feerſly did reprove,
He cryed out with open mouth againſt the ſtarres above:
The fatall ſiſters three, he ſaid, had donne him wrong,
The threed that ſhould not have been ſponne, they had drawne forth too long.
He wiſhed that he had before his time been borne,
Or that as ſoone as he wan light, his lyfe he had forlorne.
His nurce he curſed, and the hand that gave him pappe,
The midwife eke with tender grype that held him in her lappe;
And then did he complaine on Venus cruell ſonne,
Who led him firſt unto the rockes which he ſhould warely ſhonne:

By

By meane whereof he loſt both lyfe and libertie,
And dyed a hundred times a day, and yet could never dye.
Loves troubles laſten long, the joyes he gives are ſhort;
He forceth not a lovers payne, theyr erneſt is his ſport.
A thouſand thinges and more I here let paſſe to write
Which unto love this wofull man dyd ſpeake in great deſpite.
On Fortune eke he raylde, he calde her deafe, and blynde,
Unconſtant, fond, deceitfull, raſhe, unruthfull, and unkynd.
And to himſelfe he layd a great part of the falt,
For that he ſlewe and was not ſlaine, in fighting with Tibalt.
He blamed all the world, and all he did defye,
But Juliet for whom he lived, for whom eke would he dye.
When after raging fits appeaſed was his rage,
And when his paſſions, powred forth, gan partly to aſſwage,
So wiſely did the fryre unto his tale replye,
That he ſtraight cared for his life, that erſt had care to dye.
"Art thou (quoth he) a man? thy ſhape ſaith, ſo thou art;
Thy crying, and thy weeping eyes denote a womans hart.
For manly reaſon is quite from of thy mynd out-chaſed,
And in her ſtead affections lewd and fancies highly placed:
So that I ſtoode in doute, this howre at the leaſt,
If thou a man or woman wert, or els a brutiſh beaſt.
A wiſe man in the midſt of troubles and diſtres
Still ſtandes not wayling preſent harme, but ſeekes his harmes redres.
As when the winter flawes with dredful noyſe ariſe,
And heave the ſomy ſwelling waves up to the ſtary ſkyes,
So that the brooſed barke in cruell ſeas betoſt,
Diſpayreth of the happy haven, in daunger to be loſt,
The pylate bold at helme, cryes, mates ſtrike now your ſayle,
And tornes her ſtemme into the waves that ſtrongly her aſſayle;
Then driven hard upon the bare and wrackefull ſhore,
In greater daunger to be wrackt than he had been before,
He ſeeth his ſhip full right againſt the rocke to ronne,
But yet he dooth what lyeth in him the perlous rocke to ſhonne;
Sometimes the beaten boate, by cunning government,
The ancors loſt, the cables broke, and all the tackle ſpent.
The roder ſmitten of, and over-boord the maſt,
Doth win the long-deſyred porte, the ſtormy daunger paſt:
But if the maſter dread, and overpreſt with woe
Begin to wring his handes, and lets the gyding rodder goe,
The ſhip rents on the rocke, or ſinketh in the deepe,
And eke the coward drenched is:—So, if thou ſtill beweepe
And ſeke not how to helpe the chaunges that do chaunce,
Thy cauſe of ſorow ſhall increaſe, thou cauſe of thy miſchaunce.
Other account thee wiſe, prove not thyſelf a foole;
Now put in practiſe leſſons learned of old in wiſdome's ſchoole.
The wiſe man ſaith, beware thou double not thy payne,
For one perhaps thou mayſt abyde, but hardly ſuffer twaine.

As well we ought to ſeeke thinges hurtfull to decreaſe.
As to indevor helping thinges by ſtudy to increaſe.
The prayſe of trew fredom in wiſdomes bondage lyes,
He winneth blame whoſe deedes be fonde, although his woords be wiſe.
Sicknes the bodies gayle, greefe, gayle is of the mynd;
If thou canſt ſcape from heavy greefe, true freedome ſhalt thou finde.
Fortune can fill nothing ſo full of hearty greefe,
But in the ſame a conſtant mynd finds ſolace and releefe.
Vertue is alwaies thrall to troubles and annoye,
But wiſdom in adverſitie findes cauſe of quiet joye.
And they moſt wretched are that know no wretchednes,
And after great extremity miſhaps ay waxen leſſe.
Like as there is no weale but waſtes away ſomtime,
So every kynd of wayled woe will weare away in time.
If thou wilt maſter quite the troubles that thee ſpill,
Endeavor firſt by reaſons help to maſter witles will,
A ſondry medſon hath eche ſondry faynt diſeaſe,
But patience, a common ſalve, to every wound geves eaſe.
The world is alway full of chaunces and of chaunge,
Wherefore the chaunge of chaunce muſt not ſeem to a wiſe man ſtraunge.
For tickel Fortune doth, in chaunging, but her kind,
But all her chaunges cannot chaunge a ſteady conſtant mynd.
Though wavering Fortune toorne from thee her ſmyling face,
And ſorow ſeke to ſet himſelfe in baniſhd pleaſures place,
Yet may thy marred ſtate be mended in a whyle,
And ſhe eftſones that frowneth now, with pleaſant cheere ſhall ſmyle.
For as her happy ſtate no long while ſtandeth ſure,
Even ſo the heavy plight ſhe brings, not alwayes doth endure.
What nede ſo many words to thee that art ſo wyſe?
Thou better canſt adviſe thy ſelfe, then I can thee adviſe.
Wiſdome, I ſee, is vayne, if thus in time of neede
A wiſemans wit unpractiſed doth ſtand him in no ſteede.
I know thou haſt ſome cauſe of ſorow and of care,
But well I wot thou haſt no cauſe thus frantickly to fare.
Affections foggy miſt thy febled ſight doth blynd;
But if that reaſons beames againe might ſhine into thy mynd,
If thou wouldſt view thy ſtate with an indifferent eye
I thinke thou wouldſt condemne thy plaint, thy ſighing, and thy crye.
With valiant hand thou madeſt thy foe yeld up his breth,
Thou haſt eſcaped his ſword and eke the lawes that threaten death.
By thy eſcape thy frendes are fraughted full of joy,
And by his death thy deadly foes are laden with annoy.
Wilt thou with truſty frendes of pleaſure take ſome part?
Or els to pleaſe thy hatefull foes be partner of theyr ſmart?
Why cryeſt thou out on love? why doſt thou blame thy fate?
Why doſt thou ſo crye after death? thy life why doſt thou hat?

Doſt

Doſt thou repent the choyſe that thou ſo late dydſt chooſe?
Love is thy lord; thou oughteſt obey and not thy prince accuſe.
For thou haſt found, thou knoweſt, great favour in his ſight,
He graunted thee, at thy requeſt, thy onely harts delight.
So that the gods invyde the bliſſe thou livedſt in;
To geve to ſuch unthankfull men is folly and a ſin.
Methinke I hear thee ſay, the cruell baniſhment
Is onely cauſe of thy unreſt; onely thou doſt lament
That from thy natife land and frendes thou muſt depart,
Enforſd to flye from her that hath the keping of thy hart:
And ſo oppreſt with waight of ſmart that thou doſt feele,
Thou doſt complaine of Cupids brand, and Fortunes turning wheele.
Unto a valiant hart there is no banyſhment,
All countreys are his native ſoyle beneath the firmament.
As to the fiſh the ſea, as to the fowle the ayre,
So is like pleaſant to the wiſe eche place of his repayre.
Though forward fortune chaſe thee hence into exile,
With doubled honor ſhall ſhe call thee home within a while.
Admit thou ſhouldſt abyde abrode a year or twayne,
Should ſo ſhort abſence cauſe ſo long and eke ſo greevous payne?
Though thou ne mayſt thy frendes here in Verona ſee,
They are not baniſhd Mantua, where ſafely thou mayſt be.
Thether they may reſort, though thou reſort not hether,
And there in ſuretie may you talke of your affayres together.
Yea, but this while, alas! thy Juliet muſt thou miſſe
The only piller of thy health, and ancor of thy bliſſe.
Thy heart thou leaveſt with her, when thou doeſt hence depart
And in thy breſt incloſed beariſt her tender frendly hart.
But if thou rew ſo much to leave the reſt behinde,
With thought of paſſed joyes content thy uncontented minde;
So ſhall the mone decreaſe wherewith thy mind doth melt,
Compared to the heavenly joyes which thou haſt often felt.
He is too nyſe a weakeling that ſhrinketh at a ſhowre,
And he unworthy of the ſweete, that taſteth not the ſowre.
Call now agayne to mynd the fyrſt conſuming flame:
How didſt thou vainely burne in love of an unloving dame?
Hadſt thou not wel nigh wept quite out thy ſwelling eyne?
Did not thy parts, fordoon with payne, languiſhe away and pyne?
Thoſe greefes and others like were happly overpaſt,
And thou in haight of Fortunes wheele well placed at the laſt;
From whence thou art now falne, that, rayſed up agayne,
With greater joy a greater whyle in pleaſure mayſt thou raigne.
Compare the preſent while with times y-paſt before,
And thinke that fortune hath for thee great pleaſure yet in ſtore.
The whilſt, this little wrong receve thou patiently
And what of force muſt needes be done, that do thou willingly.
Folly it is to feare that thou canſt not avoyde,
And madnes to deſyre it much that cannot be enjoyde.

To geve to Fortune place, not aye deſerveth blame,
But ſkill it is, according to the times thy ſelfe to frame."
Whilſt to this ſkilfull lore he lent his liſtning eares,
His ſighs are ſtopt, and ſtopped are the conduyts of his teares.
As blackeſt cloudes are chaſed by winters nimble wynde,
So have his reaſons chaced care out of his carefull mynde.
As of a morning fowle enſues an evening fayre,
So baniſht hope returneth home to baniſh his deſpayre,
Now is affections veale removed from his eyes,
He ſeeth the path that he muſt walke, and reaſon makes him wiſe.
For very ſhame the blood doth flaſhe in both his cheekes,
He thankes the father for his love, and farther ayde he ſeekes.
He ſayth, that ſkilles youth for counſell is unfitte,
And anger oft with haſtines are joynd to want of witte;
But ſound adviſe aboundes in hides with horiſh heares,
For wiſdom is by practiſe wonne, and perfect made by yeares.
But aye from this time forth his ready bending will
Shal be in awe and governed by fryer Lawrences ſkill.
The governor is now right carefull of his charge,
To whom he doth wiſely diſcooiſe of his affayres at large.
He tells him how he ſhall depart the towne unknowne,
(Both mindeful of his frendes ſafetie, and carefull of his owne)
How he ſhall gyde himſelfe, how he ſhall ſeeke to winne
The frendſhip of the better ſort, how warely to crepe in
The favour of the Mantuan prince, and how he may
Appeaſe the wrath of Eſcalus, and wipe the fault away;
The choller of his foes by gentle meanes taſſuage,
Or els by force and practiſes to bricle quite theyr rage:
And laſt he chargeth him at his appoynted howre
To goe with manly mery cheere unto his ladies bowre;
And there with holeſome woordes to ſalve her ſorowes ſmart,
And to revive, if nede require, her faint and dying hart.
The old mans woords have filld with joy our Romeus breſt,
And eke the old wyves talke hath ſet our Juliets hart at reſt.
Whereto may I compare, o lovers, thys your day?
Like dayes the painefull mariners are wonted to aſſay;
For, beat with tempeſt great, when they at length eſpye
Some little beame of Phœbus light, that perceth through the ſkie,
To cleare the ſhadowde earth by clearenes of his face,
They hope that dreadles they ſhall ronne the remnant of theyr race;
Yea they aſſure them ſelfe, and quite behind theyr backe
They caſt all doute, and thanke the gods for ſcaping of the wracke;
But ſtraight the boyſterous windes with greater fury blowe,
And over boord the broken maſt the ſtormy blaſtes doe throwe;
The heavens large are clad with cloudes as darke as hell,
And twice as hye the ſtriving waves begin to roare and ſwell;
With greater daungers dred the men are vexed more,
In greater perill of theyr liſe then they had been before.

The

The golden ſonne was gonne to lodge him in the weſt,
The full moon eke in yonder ſouth had ſent moſt men to reſt;
When reſtles Romeus and reſtles Juliet
In woonted ſort, by woonted meane, in Juliets chaumber met.
And from the windowes top downe had he leaped ſcarce,
When ſhe with armes outſtretched wide ſo hard did him embrace,
That wel nigh had the ſprite (not forced by dedly force)
Flowne unto death, before the time abandoning the corce.
Thus muet ſtoode they both the eyght part of an howre,
And both would ſpeake, but neither had of ſpeaking any powre;
But on his breſt her hed doth joyleſſe Juliet lay
And on her ſlender necke his chyn doth ruthfull Romeus ſtay.
Theyr ſcalding ſighes aſcend, and by theyr checkes downe fall
Theyr trickling teares, as chriſtall cleare, but bitterer far then gall.
Then he, to end the greefe which both they lived in,
Dyd kiſſe his love, and wiſely thus hys tale he dyd begin:
"My Juliet, my love, my onely hope and care,
To you I purpoſe not as now with length of woordes declare
The diverſenes and eke the accidents ſo ſtraunge
Of frayle unconſtant Fortune, that delyteth ſtill in chaunge;
Who in a moment heaves her frendes up to the height
Of her ſwift-turning ſlippery wheele, then fleetes her frendſhip ſtraight.
O wondrous chaunge! even with the twinkling of an eye
Whom erſt her ſelfe had raſhly ſet in pleaſant place ſo hye,
The ſame in great deſpyte downe hedlong doth ſhe throwe,
And while ſhe treades, and ſpurneth at the lofty ſtate layde lowe,
More ſorow doth ſhe ſhape within an howers ſpace,
Than pleaſure in an hundred yeares; ſo geyſon is her grace.
The proofe whereof in me, alas! too playne apperes,
Whom tenderly my carefull frendes have ſofterd with my feeres,
In proſperous hygh degree, mayntained ſo by fate,
That, as your ſelfe dyd ſee, my foes envyde my noble ſtate.
One thing there was I did above the reſt deſyre,
To which as to the ſovereign good by hope I would aſpyre,
That by our mariage meane we might within a while
(To work our perfect happenes) our parents reconcile:
That ſafely ſo we might, not ſtopt by ſturdy ſtrife,
Unto the bounds that God hath ſet, gyde forth our pleaſant lyfe.
But now, alack! too ſoone my bliſſe is over-blowne,
And upſide downe my purpoſe and my enterpriſe are throwne.
And driven from my frendes, of ſtraungers muſt I crave
(O graunt it God!) from daungers dread that I may ſuretie have.
For loe, henceforth I muſt wander in landes unknowne,
(So hard I finde the prince's doome) exyled from myne owne.
Which thing I have thought good to ſet before your eyes,
And to exhort you now to proove yourſelfe a woman wiſe;
That patiently you beare my abſent long abod,
For what above by fatall doome decreed is, that God—"

And

And more than this to say, it seemed, he was bent,
But Juliet in dedly greefe, with brackish tears besprent,
Brake of his tale begonne, and whilst his speech he stayde,
These selfe same woordes, or like to these, with dreery cheere she sayde:

"Why Romeus, can it be, thou hast so hard a hart,
So farre removed from ruth, so farre from thinking on my smart,
To leave me thus alone, thou cause of my distresse,
Besieged with so great a campe of mortall wretchednesse;
That every howre now and moment in a day
A thousand times Death bragges, as he would reave my lyfe away?
Yet such is my mishap, O cruell destinye!
That still I lyve, and wish for death, but yet can never dye.
So that just cause I have to thinke, as seemeth me,
That froward Fortune did of late with cruell Death agree,
To lengthen lothed lyfe, to pleasure in my payne,
And triumph in my harme, as in the greatest hoped gayne.
And thou, the instrument of Fortunes cruell will,
Without whose ayde she can no way her tyrans lust fulfill.
Art not a whit ashamde (as farre as I can see)
To cast me of, when thou hast culld the better part of me.
Whereby alas! to soone, I, seely wretch, do prove,
That all the auncient sacred laws of frendship and of love
Are quelde and quenched quite, since he on whom alway
My cheefe hope and my steady trust was woonted still to stay,
For whom I am becomme unto myselfe a foe,
Disdayneth me, his stedfast frend, and skornes my frendship so.
Nay Romeus, nay, thou mayst of two thinges choose the one,
Eyther to see thy castaway, as soone as thou art gone,
Hedlong to throw her selfe downe from the windowes haight,
And so to breake her slender necke with all the bodies waight,
Or suffer her to be companion of thy payne,
Where so thou go (Fortune thy gyde), tyll thou retourne agayne.
So wholy into thine transformed is my hart,
That even as oft as I do thinke that thou and I shall part,
So oft, methinkes, my lyfe withdrawes it selfe awaye,
Which I retaine to no end els but to the end I may
In spite of all thy foes thy present partes enjoye,
And in distres to beare with thee the halfe of thine annoye.
Wherefore, in humble sort, Romeus, I make request,
If ever tender pity yet were lodgde in gentle brest,
O, let it now have place to rest within thy hart;
Receve me as thy servant, and the fellow of thy smart:
Thy absence is my death, thy sight shall geve me lyfe.
But if perhaps thou stand in dred to lead me as a wyfe,
Art thou all counselleesse? canst thou no shift devise?
What letteth but in other weede I may my selfe disguyse?

What,

What, ſhall I be the firſt? hath none done ſo ere this,
To ſcape the bondage of theyr frends? thyſelfe can aunſwer, yes.
Or doſt thou ſtand in doute that I thy wife ne can
By ſervice pleaſure thee as much, as may thy hyred man?
Or is my loyalte of both accompted leſſe?
Perhaps thou fearſt leſt I for gayne forſake thee in diſtreſſe.
What! hath my bewty now no powre at all on you,
Whoſe brightnes, force, and prayſe, ſometime up to the ſkyes you blew?
My teares, my frendſhip and my pleaſures donne of olde,
Shall they be quite forgote in dede?"—When Romeus dyd behold
The wildnes of her looke, her cooller pale and ded,
The woorſt of all that might betyde to her, he gan to dred;
And once agayne he dyd in armes his Juliet take,
And kiſt her with a loving kyſſe, and thus to her he ſpake:
Ah Juliet, (quoth he) the miſtres of my hart,
For whom, even now, thy ſervant doth abyde in dedly ſmart,
Even for the happy dayes which thou deſyreſt to ſee,
And for the fervent friendſhips ſake that thou doſt owe to mee,
At once theſe fanſies vayne out of thy mynd roote out,
Except, perhaps, unto thy blame, thou fondly go about
To haſten forth my death, and to thine owne to ronne,
Which Natures law and wiſdoms lore teach every wight to ſhonne.
For, but thou change thy mynde, (I do foretell the end)
Thou ſhalt undoo thyſelfe for aye, and me thy truſty frend.
For why?—thy abſence knowne, thy father will be wroth,
And in his rage ſo narowly he will purſue us both,
That we ſhall trye in vayne to ſcape away by flight,
And vainely ſeeke a loorking place to hyde us from his ſight.
Then we, found out and caught, quite voyde of ſtrong defence,
Shall cruelly be puniſhed for thy departure hence;
I as a raviſher, thou as a careles childe,
I as a man that doth defile, thou as a mayde defilde;
Thinking to lead in eaſe a long contented liſe,
Shall ſhort our dayes by ſhamefull death:—but if, my loving wife,
Thou baniſh from thy mynde two foes that counſell hath,
(That wont to hinder ſound adviſe) raſhe haſtines and wrath,
If thou be bent to obey the love of reaſons ſkill,
And wiſely by her princely powre ſuppreſſe rebelling will,
If thou our ſafetie ſeeke, more then thine owne delight,
(Since ſuretie ſtandes in parting, and thy pleaſures growe of ſight,)
Forbeare the cauſe of joy, and ſuffer for a while,
So ſhall I ſafely live abrode, and ſafe torne from exile:
So ſhall no ſlanders blot thy ſpotles life diſtayne,
So ſhall thy kinſmen be unſtyrd, and I exempt from payne.
And thinke thou not, that aye the cauſe of care ſhall laſt;
Theſe ſtormy broyles ſhall over-blowe, much like a winters blaſt.

For

For Fortune chaungeth more then fickel fantaſie;
In nothing Fortune conſtant is ſave in unconſtancie.
Her haſty ronning wheele is of a reſtleſs coorſe,
That turnes the clymers hedlong downe, from better to the woorſe,
And thoſe that are beneth ſhe heaveth up agayne:
So we ſhall riſe to pleaſures mount, out of the pit of payne.
Ere foure monthes overpaſſe, ſuch order will I take.
And by my letters and my frendes ſuch meanes I mynd to make,
That of my wandring race ended ſhal be the toyle,
And I cald home with honor great unto my native ſoyle.
But if I be condemnd to wander ſtill in thrall,
I will returne to you, mine owne, befall what may befall.
And then by ſtrength of frendes, and with a mighty hand,
From Verone will I carry thee into a foreign lande;
Not in mans weede diſguyſd, or as one ſcarcely knowne,
But as my wife and onely feere, in garment of thyne owne.
Wherefore repreſſe at once the paſſions of thy hart,
And where there is no cauſe of greefe, cauſe hope to heale thy ſmart.
For of this one thyng thou mayſt well aſſured bee,
That nothing e's but onely death ſhall ſunder me from thee."
The reaſons that he made did ſeeme of ſo great waight,
And had with her ſuch force, that ſhe to him gan aunſwere ſtraight.
" Deere Syr, nought els wiſh I but to obey your will;
But ſure where ſo you go, your hart with me ſhall tarry ſtill,
As ſigne and certaine pledge, tyll here I ſhall you ſee,
Of all the powre that over you your ſelfe did graunt to me;
And in his ſtead take myne, the gage of my good will.—
One promeſſe crave I at your hand, that graunt me to fulfill;
Fayle not to let me have, at fryer Lawrence hand,
The tydinges of your health, and howe your doutfull caſe ſhall ſtand.
And all the wery whyle that you ſhall ſpend abrode,
Cauſe me from time to time to know the place of your abode."
His eyes did guſh out teares, a ſigh brake from his breſt.
When he did graunt and with an othe did vowe to kepe the heſt.
Thus theſe two lovers paſſe awaye the wery night,
In payne and plaint, not, as they wont, in pleaſure and delight.
But now, ſomewhat too ſoone, in fartheſt eaſt aroſe
Fayre Lucifer, the golden ſtarre that lady Venus choſe;
Whoſe courſe appoynted is with ſpedy race to ronne,
A meſſenger of dawning daye, and of the ryſing ſonne.
Then freſh Aurora with her pale and ſilver glade
Did cleare the ſkies, and from the earth had chaſed ougly ſhade.
When thou ne lookeſt wide, ne cloſely doſt thou winke,
When Phœbus from our hemiſphere in weſterne wave doth ſinke,
What cooller then the heavens do ſhew unto thine eyes,
The ſame, or like, ſaw Romeus in fartheſt eaſterne ſkies.
As yet he ſaw no day, ne could he call it night,
With equall force decreaſing darke fought with increaſing light,

Then

Then Romeus in armes his lady gan to folde,
With frendly kiſſe, and ruthfully ſhe gan her knight beholde.
With ſolemne othe they both theyr ſorowfull leave do take;
They ſweare no ſtormy troubles ſhall theyr ſteady frendſhip ſhake.
Then carefull Romeus agayne to cell retoornes,
And in her chaumber ſecretly our joyles Juliet moornes.
Now hugy cloudes of care, of ſorow, and of dread,
The clearnes of theyr gladſome harts hath wholy overſpread.
When golden-creſted Phœbus boſteth him in ſkye,
And under earth, to ſcape revenge, his dedly foe doth flye,
Then hath theſe lovers day an ende, theyr night begonne,
For eche of them to other is as to the world the ſonne.
The dawning they ſhall ſee, ne ſommer any more,
But black-faced night with winter rough ah! beaten over ſore.
The wery watch diſcharged did hye them home to ſlepe,
The warders, and the ſkowtes were charged theyr place and courſe to kepe,
And Verone gates awide the porters had ſet open,
When Romeus had of hys affayres with fryer Lawrence ſpoken.
Warely he walked forth, unknowne of frend or foe,
Clad like a merchant venterer, from top even to the toe.
He ſpurd apace, and came, withouten ſtoppe or ſtay,
To Mantua gates, where lighted downe, he ſent his man away
With woordes of comfort to his old afflicted ſyre;
And ſtraight, in mynde to ſojourne there, a lodging doth he hyre.
And with the nobler ſort he doth himſelfe acquaynt,
And of his open wrong receaved the duke doth heare his playnt.
He practiſeth by frendes for pardon of exile;
The whilſt, he ſeeketh every way his ſorowes to begyle.
But who forgets the cole that burneth in his breſt?
Alas! his cares denye his hart the ſweete deſyred reſt,
No time findes he of myrth, he fyndes no place of joy,
But every thing occaſion gives of ſorowe and annoye.
For when in toorning ſkies the heavens lamps are light,
And from the other hemiſphere fayre Phœbus chaſeth night,
When every man and beaſt hath reſt from paynefull toyle,
Then in the breſt of Romeus his paſſions gin to boyle.
Then doth he wet with teares the cowche whereon he lyes,
And then his ſighes the chaumber fill, and out aloude he cries
Againſt the reſtles ſtarres in rolling ſkies that raunge,
Againſt the fatall ſiſters three, and Fortune full of ch aunge.
Eche night a thouſand times he calleth for the day,
He thinketh Titans reſtles ſteedes of reſtines do ſtay;
Or that at length they have ſome bayting place found out,
Or, gyded yll, have loſt theyr way and wandred farre about.
While thus in ydell thoughts the wery time he ſpendeth,
The night hath end, but not with night the plaint of night he endeth.

In

Is he accompanied? is he in place alone?
In cumpany he wayles his harme, apart he maketh mone.
Forif his feeres rejoyce, what cauſe hath he to joy,
That wanteth ſtill his cheefe delight, while they theyr loves enjoye?
But if with heavy cheere they ſhew their inward greefe,
He wayleth moſt his wretchedneſs that is of wretches cheefe.
When he doth heare abrode the prayſe of ladies blowne,
Whithin his thought he ſcorneth them, and doth prefer his owne.
When pleaſant ſonges he heares, wheile others do rejoyce,
The melodye of muſicke doth ſtyrre up his mourning voyce.
But if in ſecret place he walke ſome where alone,
The place itſelfe and ſecretnes redoubleth all his mone.
Then ſpeakes he to the beaſtes, to feathered fowles and trees,
Unto the earth, the cloudes, and what ſo beſide he ſees.
To them he ſheweth his ſmart, as though they reaſon had,
Eche thing may cauſe his heavines, but nought may make him glad.
And wery of the world agayne he calleth night,
The ſunne he curſeth, and the howre when firſt his eyes ſaw light.
And as the night and day theyr courſe do enterchaunge.
So doth our Romeus nightly cares for cares of day exchaunge.
In abſence of her knight the lady no way could
Kepe trewce betweene her greefes and her, though nere ſo fayne ſhe would;
And though with greater payne ſhe cloked ſorowes ſmart,
Yet did her paled face diſcloſe the paſſions of her hart.
Her ſighing every howre, her weeping every where,
Her recheles heede of meate, of ſlepe, and wearing of her geare,
The carefull mother markes; then of her health afrayde,
Becauſe the greefes increaſed ſtill, thus to her child ſhe ſayde:
"Deere daughter, if you ſhoulde long languiſhe in this ſort,
I ſtand in doute that over-ſoone your ſorowes will make ſhort
Your loving fathers life and myne, that love you more
Then our owne propre breth and lyfe. Brydel henceforth therefore
Your greefe and payne, yourſelfe on joy your thought to ſet,
For time it is that now you ſhould our Tybalts death forget.
Of whom ſince God hath claymd the life that was but lent,
He is in blиſſe ne is there cauſe why you ſhould thus lament;
You cannot call him backe with teares and ſhrikinges ſhrill:
It is a falt thus ſtill to grudge at Gods appoynted will."
The ſeely ſoule hath now no longer powre to fayne,
No longer could ſhe hide her harme, but aunſwered thus agayne,
With heavy broken ſighes, with viſage pale and ded:
"Madame, the laſt of Tybalts teares a great while ſince I ſhed;
Whoſe ſpring hath been ere this ſo laded out by me,
That empty quite and moyſtureles I geſſe it now to be.
So that my payned hart by conduytes of the eyne
No more henceforth (as wont it was) ſhall guſh forth dropping bryne.

The wofull mother knew not what her daughter ment,
And loth to vexe her chylde by woordes, her pace ſhe warely hent,
But when from howre to howre, from morow to the morow,
Still more and more ſhe ſaw increaſt her daughters wonted ſorrow,
All meanes ſhe ſought of her and houſhold folke to know
The certain roote whereon her greeſe and booteles mone doth growe:
But lo, ſhe hath in vayne her time and labor lore,
Wherefore without all meaſure is her hart tormented ſore.
And ſith herſelfe could not fynde out the cauſe of care,
She thought it good to tell the ſyre how ill this childe did fare.
And when ſhe ſaw her time, thus to her feere ſhe ſayde:
" Syr, if you marke our daughter well, the countenance of the mayde,
And how ſhe fareth ſince that Tybalt unto death
Before his time, forſt by his foe, did yeld his living breath,
Her face ſhall ſeeme ſo chaunged, her doynges eke ſo ſtraunge,
That you will greatly wonder at ſo great and ſodain chaunge.
Not onely ſhe forbeares her meate, her drinke and ſleepe,
But now ſhe tendeth nothing els but to lament and weepe.
No greater joy hath ſhe, nothing contents her hart
So much, as in the chaumber cloſe to ſhut her ſelfe apart:
Where ſhe doth ſo torment her poore afflicted mynde,
That much in daunger ſtandes her lyfe, except ſome help ſhe finde.
But, out alas! I ſee not how it may be founde,
Unleſſe that fyrſt we might fynd whence her ſorowes thus abounde.
For though with buſy care I have employde my wit,
And uſed all the wayes I have to learne the truth of it,
Neither extremitie ne gentle meanes could boote;
She hydeth cloſe within her breſt her ſecret ſorowes roote.
This was my fyrſt conceite,—that all her ruth aroſe
Out of her cooſin Tybalts death, late ſlayne of dedly foes
But now my hart doth hold a new repugnant thought;
Somme greater thing, not Tybalts death, this chaunge in her hath wrought.
Her ſelfe aſſured me that many days agoe
She ſhed the laſt of Tybalts teares; which woords amaſd me ſo
That I then could not geſſe what thing els might her greeve:
But now at length I have bethought me; and I do beleve
The only crop and roote of all my daughters payne
Is grudging envies faynt diſeaſe; perhaps ſhe doth diſdayne
To ſee in wedlocke yoke the moſt part of her feeres,
Whilſt only ſhe unmaried doth loſe ſo many yeres.
And more perchaunce ſhe thinkes you mynd to kepe her ſo;
Wherefore diſpayring doth ſhe weare her ſelfe away with woe.
Therefore, deere Syr, in tyme, take on your daughter ruth;
For why? a brickle thing is glaſſe, and frayle is ſkilleſſe youth.
Joyne her at once to ſomme in linke of mariage,
That may be meete for our degree, and much about her age.

Sa

So shall you banish care out of your daughters breſt,
So we her parentes, in our age, shall live in quiet reſt."
Whereto gan easely her husband to agree,
And to the mothers skilfull talke thus straightway aunswered he.
"Oft have I thought, deere wife, of all theſe things ere this,
But evermore my mynd me gave, it should not be amisse
By farther leysure had a husband to provyde;
Scarce saw she yet full sixteen yeres,—too yong to be a bryde.
But since her state doth stande on termes so perilous,
And that a mayden daughter is a treasure daungerous,
With so great speede I will endeavour to procure
A husband for our daughter yong, her sicknes sayntto cure,
That you shall reſt content, so warely will I chooſe,
And she recover soone enough the time she seemes to looſe.
The whilst seeke you to learne, if she in any part
Already hath, unware to us, fixed her frendly hart;
Leſt we have more reſpect to honor and to welth,
Then to our daughters quiet lyfe, and to her happy helth:
Whom I do hold as deere as thapple of myne eye,
And rather wish in poore estate and daughterles to dye,
Then leave my goodes and her y-thrald to such a one,
Whose chorlish dealing, (I once dead) should be her cauſe of mone."
This pleasant aunswer heard, the lady partes agayne,
And Capilet, the maydens syre, within a day or twayne,
Conferreth with his frendes for mariage of his daughter,
And many gentilmen there were, with busy care that sought her;
Both, for the mayden was well-shaped, yong and fayre,
As also well brought up, and wife; her fathers onely heyre.
Emong the reſt was one inflamde with her desyre,
Who county Paris cleeped was; an earle he had to syre.
Of all the suters hym the father lyketh beſt,
And easely unto the earle he maketh his beheſt,
Both of his owne good will, and of his frendly ayde,
To win his wyfe unto his will, and to perſuade the mayde.
The wyfe dyd joy to heare the joyful husband say
How happy hap, how meete a match, he had found out that day;
Ne did she seeke to hyde her joyes within her hart,
But straight she hyeth to Juliet; to her she telles, apart,
What happy talke, by meane of her, was paſt no rather
Betwene the wooing Paris and her careful loving father.
The perſon of the man, the features of his face,
His youthfull yeres, his fayrenes, and his port, and seemely grace,
With curious woordes she payntes before her daughters eyes,
And then with ſtore of vertues prayse she heaves him to the skyes.
She vauntes his race, and gyftes that Fortune did him geve,
Whereby she sayth, both she and hers in great delight shall live:
When Juliet conceved her parentes whole entent,
Whereto both love and reasons right forbod her to assent,

Within

Within herſelfe ſhe thought rather than be forſworne,
With horſes wilde her tender partes aſunder ſhould be torne.
Not now, with baſhful brow, in wonted wiſe, ſhe ſpake,
But with unwonted boldnes ſtraight into theſe wordes ſhe brake:
"Madame, I marvell much, that you ſo lavaſſe are
Of me your childe, your jewell once, your onely joy and care,
As thus to yelde me up at pleaſure of another,
Before you know if I do lyke or els miſlike my lover.
Doo what you liſt; but yet of this aſſure you ſtill,
If you do as you ſay you will, I yelde not there untill.
For had I choyſe of twayne, farre rather would I chooſe
My part of all your goodes and eke my breath and lyfe to looſe,
Then graunt that he poſſeſs of me the ſmalleſt part:
Fyrſt, weary of my painefull lyfe, my cares ſhall kill my hart;
Els will I perce my breſt with ſharpe and bloody knife;
And you, my mother, ſhall becomme the murdreſſe of my lyfe,
In geving me to him whom I ne can, ne may,
Ne ought, to love: wherefore, on knees, deere mother, I you pray,
To let me live henceforth, as I have lived tofore;
Ceaſe all your troubles for my ſake and care for me no more;
But ſuffer Fortune feerce to worke on me her will,
In her it lyeth to do me boote, in her it lyeth to ſpill.
For whilſt you for the beſt deſyre to place me ſo,
You haſt away my lingring death, and double all my woe."
So deepe this aunſwere made the ſorrowes downe to ſinke
Into the mothers breſt, that ſhe ne knoweth what to thinke
Of theſe her daughters woords, but all appalde ſhe ſtandes,
And up unto the heavens ſhe throwes her wondring head and handes.
And, nigh beſyde her ſelfe, her huſband hath ſhe ſought;
She telles him all; ſhe doth forget ne yet ſhe hydeth ought.
The teſty old man, wroth, diſdainfull without meaſure,
Sendes forth his folke in haſte for her, and byds them take no leyſure;
Ne on her tears or plaint at all to have remorſe,
But, if they cannot with her will, to bring the mayde perforce.
The meſſage heard, they part, to fetch that they muſt fet,
And willingly with them walkes forth obedient Juliet.
Arrived in the place, when ſhe her father ſaw,
Of whom, as much as duety would, the daughter ſtoode in awe,
The ſervantes ſent away (the mother thought it meete),
The wofull daughter all bewept fell groveling at his feete,
Which ſhe doth waſh with teares as ſhe thus groveling lyes;
So faſt and eke ſo plenteouſly diſtill they from her eyes:
When ſhe to call for grace her mouth doth thinke to open,
Muet ſhe is; for ſighes and ſobs her fearefull talke have broken.
The ſyre, whoſe ſwelling wroth her teares could not aſſwage,
With fiery eyen, and ſkarlet cheekes, thus ſpake her in his rage
(Whilſt ruthfully ſtood by the maydens mother mylde):
"Liſten (quoth he) unthankfull and thou diſobedient childe;

Haſt thou ſo ſoone let ſlip out of thy mynde the woord,
That thou ſo often times haſt heard rehearſed at my boord?
How much the Romayne youth of parentes ſtoode in awe,
And eke what powre upon theyr ſeede the parentes had by lawe?
Whom they not onely might pledge, alienate, and ſell,
(When ſo they ſtoode in neede) but more, if children did rebell,
The parentes had the powre of lyfe and ſodayn death.
What if thoſe good men ſhould agayne receve the living breth?
In how ſtraight bondes would they thy ſtubborne body bynde?
What weapons would they ſeeke for thee? what torments would they
fynde,
To chaſten, if they ſaw the lewdneſs of thy lyfe,
Thy great unthankfulnes to me, and ſhamefull ſturdy ſtryfe?
Such care thy mother had, ſo deere thou wert to mee,
That I with long and earneſt ſute provyded have for thee
One of the greateſt lordes that wonnes about this towne,
And for his many vertues ſake a man of great renowne.
Of whom both thou and I unworthy are too much,
So rich ere long he ſhal be left, his fathers welth is ſuch,
Such is the noblenes and honor of the race
From whence his father came: and yet thou playeſt in this caſe
The dainty foole and ſtubborne gyrle; for want of ſkill
Thou doſt refuſe thy offered weale, and diſobey my will.
Even by his ſtrength I ſweare, that fyrſt did geve me lyfe,
And gave me in my youth the ſtrength to get thee on my wyfe,
Onleſſe by Wenſday next thou bend as I am bent,
And at our caſtle cald Freetowne thou freely do aſſent
To Countie Paris ſute, and promiſe to agree
To whatſoever then ſhall paſſe twixt him, my wife, and me,
Not only will I geve all that I have away
From thee, to thoſe that ſhall me love, me honor, and obay,
But alſo to ſo cloſe and to ſo hard a gayle
I ſhall thee wed, for all thy life, that ſure thou ſhalt not fayle
A thouſand times a day to wiſhe for ſodayn death,
And curſe the day and howre when fyrſt thy lunges did geve thee
breath.
Adviſe thee well, and ſay that thou are warned now,
And thinke not that I ſpeake in ſporte, or mynde to break my vowe.
For were it not that I to Counte Paris gave
My fayth, which I muſt keepe unfalſt, my honor ſo to ſave,
Ere thou go hence, my ſelfe would ſee thee chaſtned ſo,
That thou ſhouldſt once for all be taught thy dutie how to knowe;
And what revenge of olde the angry fyres did fynde
Agaynſt theyr children that rebeld, and ſhewd them ſelfe unkinde."
Theſe ſayde, the olde man ſtraight is gone in haſte away;
Ne for his daughters aunſwere would the teſty father ſtay.
And after him his wyfe doth follow out of doore,
And there they leave theyr chidden childe kneeling upon the floore.

Then

Then ſhe that oft had ſeene the fury of her ſyre,
Dreading what might come of his rage, nould farther ſtyrre his yre.
Unto her chaumber ſhe withdrew her ſelfe aparte,
Where ſhe was wonted to unlode the ſorowes of her hart.
There did ſhe not ſo much buſy her eyes in ſleping,
As (overpreſt with reſtles thoughts) in piteous booteleſs weeping.
The faſt falling of teares make not her teares decreaſe,
Ne, by the powring forth of playnt, the cauſe of plaint to ceaſe.
So that to thend the mone and ſorow may decaye,
The beſt is that ſhe ſeeke ſomme meane to take the cauſe away.
Her wery bed betyme the woful wight forſakes,
And ſo ſainct Frauncis church, to maſſe, her way devoutly takes.
The fryer forth is calde; ſhe prayes him heare her ſhrift;
Devotion is in ſo yong yeres a rare and pretious gyft.
When on her tender knees the daynty lady kneeles,
In mynde to powre foorth all the greefe that inwardly ſhe feeles,
With ſighes and ſalted teares her ſhriving doth beginne,
For ſhe of heaped ſorowes hath to ſpeake, and not of ſinne.
Her voyce with piteous playnt was made already horce,
And haſty ſobs, when ſhe would ſpeake, brake of her woordes perforce.
But as ſhe may, peace meale, ſhe powreth in his lappe
The mariage newes, a miſchefe new, prepared by miſhappe;
Her parentes promiſe erſt to Counte Paris paſt,
Her fathers threats ſhe telleth him, and thus concludes at laſt:
"Once was I wedded well, ne will I wed againe;
For ſince I know I may not be the wedded wyfe of twaine,
(For I am bound to have one God, one fayth, one make,)
My purpoſe is as ſoone as I ſhall hence my jorney take,
With theſe two handes, which joynde unto the heavens I ſtretch,
The haſty death which I deſyre, unto my ſelfe to reach.
This day, O Romeus, this day, thy wofull wife
Will bring the end of all her cares by ending carefull lyfe.
So my departed ſprite ſhall witnes to the ſkye,
And eke my blood unto the earth beare record, how that I
Have kept my fayth unbroke, ſtedfaſt unto my frend."
When thys her heavy tale was told, her vowe eke at an ende,
Her gaſing here and there, her feerce and ſtaring looke,
Did witnes that ſome lewd attempt her hart had undertooke.
Whereat the fryer aſtonde, and gaſtfully afrayde
Leſt ſhe by dede perfourme her woord, thus much to her he ſayde:
"Ah! Lady Juliet, what nede the wordes you ſpake?
I pray you, graunt me one requeſt, for bleſſed Maries ſake.
Meaſure ſomewhat your greefe, hold here a while your peace.
Whilſt I bethinke me of your caſe, your plaint and ſorowes ceaſe.
Such comfort will I geve you, ere you part from hence,
And for thaſſaults of Fortunes yre prepare ſo ſure defence,

So holesome salve will I for your afflictions fynde,
That you shall hence depart againe with well contented mynde."
His wordes have chased straight out of her hart despayre,
Her blacke and ougly dredfull thoughts by hope are waxen fayre.
So fryer Lawrence now hath left her there alone,
And he out of the church in haste is to the chaumber gonne;
Where sundry thoughtes within his carefull head aryse;
The old mans foresight divers doutes hath set before his eyes.
His conscience one while condemns it for a sinne
To let her take Paris to spouse, since he him selfe hath byn
The chefest cause that she unknown to father or mother,
Nor five monthes past, in that selfe place was wedded to another.
An other while an hugy heape of daungers dred
His restles thoughts hath heaped up within his troubled hed.
Even of itselfe thattempte he judgeth perilous;
The execution eke he demes so much more daungerous,
That to a womans grace he must him selfe commit,
That yong is, simple and unware, for waighty affayres unfit.
For, if she fayle in ought, the matter published,
Both she and Romeus were undonne, him selfe eke punished.
When too and fro in mynde he dyvers thoughts had cast,
With tender pity and with ruth his hart was wonne at last;
He thought he rather would in hazard set his fame,
Then suffer such adultery. Resolving on the same,
Out of his closet straight he tooke a little glasse,
And then with double haste retornde where wofull Juliet was;
Whom he hath found wel nigh in traunce, scarce drawing breath,
Attending still to heare the newes of lyfe or els of death.
Of whom he did enquire of the appoynted day;
"On Wensday next, (quoth Juliet) so doth my father say,
I must geve my consent; but, as I do remember,
The solemne day of mariage is the tenth day of September."
"Deere daughter, (quoth the fryer) of good cheere see thou be,
For loe! sainct Frauncis of his grace hath shewde a way to me,
By which I may both thee and Romeus together,
Out of the bondage which you feare, assuredly deliver.
Even from the holy font thy husband have I knowne,
And, since he grew in yeres, have kept his counsels as myne owne.
For from his youth he would unfold to me his hart,
And often have I cured him of anguish and of smart,
I know that by desert his frendship I have wonne,
And him do holde as deere, as if he were my propre sonne.
Wherefore my frendly hart can not abyde that he
Should wrongfully in oughte be harmde, if that it lay in me
To right or to revenge the wrong by my advise,
Or timely to prevent the same in any other wise.
And sith thou art his wyfe, thee am I bound to love,
For Romeus friendship sake, and seeke thy anguish to remove,

And

And dredful torments, which thy hart beſegen rounde;
Wherefore, my daughter, geve good care unto my counſels ſounde.
Forget not what I ſay, ne tell it any wight,
Not to the nurce thou truſteſt ſo, as Romeus is thy knight.
For on this threed doth hang thy death and eke thy lyfe,
My fame or ſhame, his weale or woe that choſe thee to his wyfe.
Thou art not ignorant, becauſe of ſuch renowne
As every where is ſpred of me, but chefely in this towne,
That in my youthfull dayes abrode I travayled,
Through every lande found out by men, by men inhabited;
So twenty yeres from home, in landes unknowne a geſt,
I never gave my weary limmes long time of quiet reſt,
But, in the deſert woodes, to beaſtes of cruell kinde,
Or on the ſeas to drenching waves, at pleaſure of the winde,
I have committed them, to ruth of rovers hand,
And to a thouſand daungers more, by water and by lande.
But not, in vayne, my childe, hath all my wandring byn;
Beſide the great contentednes my ſprete abydeth in,
That by the pleaſant thought of paſſed thinges doth grow;
One private frute more have I pluckd, which thou ſhalt ſhortly know:
What force the ſtones, the plants, and metals have to worke,
And divers other thinges that in the bowels of earth do loorke,
With care I have ſought out, with payne I did them prove;
With them eke can I helpe my ſelfe at times of my behove,
(Although the ſcience be againſt the lawes of men)
When ſodayn daunger forceth me; but yet moſt cheefly when
The worke to doe is leaſt diſpleaſing unto God
(Not helping to do any ſin that wrekefull Jove forbode).
For ſince in lyfe no hope of long abode I have,
But now am comme unto the brinke of my appoynted grave,
And that my death drawes nere, whoſe ſtripe I may not ſhonne,
But ſhall be calde to make account of all that I have donne,
Now ought I from henceforth more depely print in mynde
The judgment of the Lord, then when youthes folly made me blynde;
When love and fond deſyre were boyling in my breſt,
Whence hope and dred by ſtriving thoughts had baniſhd frendly reſt.
Know therefore, daughter, that with other gyftes which I
Have well attained to, by grace and favour of the ſkye,
Long ſince I did finde out, and yet the way I knowe,
Of certain rootes and ſavory herbes to make a kynd of dowe,
Which baked hard, and bet into a powder fyne,
And dranke with conduite water, or with any kynd of wine,
It doth in halfe an howre aſtone the taker ſo,
And maſtreth all his ſences, that he feeleth weale nor woe:
And ſo it burieth up the ſprite and living breath,
That even the ſkilful leche would ſay, that he is ſlayne by death.
One vertue more it hath, as marvelous as this;
The taker, by receiving it, at all not greeved is;

But paineleſs as a man that thinketh nought at all,
Into a ſweete and quiet ſlepe immediately doth fall;
From which, according to the quantitie he taketh,
Longer or ſhorter is the time before the ſleper waketh:
And thence (theffect once wrought) againe it doth reſtore
Him that receaved unto the ſtate wherein he was before.
Wherefore, marke well the ende of this my tale begonne,
And thereby learne what is by thee hereafter to be donne.
Caſt of from thee at once the weede of womanniſh dread,
With manly courage arme thyſelfe from heele unto the head;
For onely on the feare or boldnes of thy breſt
The happy happe or yll miſhappe of thy affayre doth reſt.
Receve this vyoll ſmall and kepe it as thine eye;
And on the mariage day, before the ſunne doe cleare the ſkye,
Fill it with water full up to the very brim,
Then drink it of, and thou ſhalt feele throughout eche vayne and lym
A pleaſant ſlumber ſlyde, and quite diſpred at length
On all thy partes, from every part reve all thy kindly ſtrength;
Withouten moving thus thy ydle partes ſhall reſt,
No pulſe ſhall goe, ne hart once beare within thy hollow breſt,
But thou ſhalt lye as ſhe that dyeth in a traunce:
Thy kinſmen and thy truſty frendes ſhall wayle the ſodayne chaunce;
Thy corps then will they bring to grave in this churchyarde,
Where thy forefathers long agoe a coſtly tombe preparde,
Both for them ſelfe and eke for thoſe that ſhould come after,
(Both depe it is, and long and large) where thou ſhalt reſt, my daughter,
Till I to Mantua ſende for Romeus, thy knight;
Out of the tombe both he and I will take thee forth that night.
And when out of thy ſlepe thou ſhalt awake agayne,
Then may'ſt thou goe with him from hence; and, healed of thy payne,
In Mantua lead with him unknowne a pleaſant lyfe;
And yet perhaps in tyme to comme, when ceaſe ſhall all the ſtryfe,
And that the peace is made twixt Romeus and his foes,
My ſelfe may finde ſo fit a time theſe ſecretes to diſcloſe,
Both to my prayſe, and to thy tender parentes joy,
That dangerles, without reproche, thou ſhalt thy love enjoy."
When of his ſkilfull tale the fryer had made an ende,
To which our Juliet ſo well her care and wits did bend,
That ſhe hath heard it all and hath forgotten nought,
Her fainting hart was comforted with hope and pleaſant thought,
And then to him ſhe ſayd—"Doubt not but that I will
With ſtout and unapauled hart your happy heſt fulfill.
Yea, if I wiſt it were a venemous dedly drinke,
Rather would I that through my throte the certaine bane ſhould ſinke,
Then I, not drinking it, into his handes ſhould fall,
That hath no part of me as yet, ne ought to have at all.

Much

Much more I ought with bold and with a willing hart
To greateſt daunger yeld my ſelfe, and to the dedly ſmart,
To come to him on whom my lyfe doth wholly ſtay,
That is my onely harts delight, and ſo he ſhall be aye."
Then goe, quoth he, my childe, I pray that God on hye
Direct thy foote, and by thy hand upon the way thee gye.
God graunt he ſo confirme in thee thy preſent will,
That no inconſtant toy thee let thy promiſe to fulfill."
A thouſand thankes and more our Juliet gave the frier,
And homeward to her fathers houſe joyfull ſhe doth retyre;
And as with ſtately gate ſhe paſſed through the ſtreate,
She ſaw her mother in the doore, that with her there would meete,
In mynde to aſke if ſhe her purpoſe yet dyd hold,
In mynde alſo, apart twixt them, her duety to have tolde;
Wherefore with pleaſant face, and with wonted chere,
As ſoone as ſhe was unto her approched ſumwhat nere,
Before the mother ſpake, thus did ſhe fyrſt begyn:
" Madame, at ſainct Frauncis churche have I this morning byn,
Where I did make abode a longer while, percaſe,
Then dewty would; yet have I not been abſent from this place
So long a while, without a great and juſt cauſe why;
This frute have I receaved there;—my hart, erſt lyke to dye,
Is now revived agayne, and my afflicted breſt,
Releaſed from affliction, reſtored is to reſt!
For lo! my troubled goſt, alas too ſore diſeaſde
By goſtly counſell and adviſe hath fryer Lawrence eaſde;
To whom I dyd at large diſcourſe my former lyfe,
And in confeſſion did I tell of all our paſſed ſtryfe:
Of Counte Paris ſute, and how my lord, my ſyre,
By my ungrate and ſtubborne ſtryfe I ſtyrred unto yre,
But lo, the holy fryer hath by his goſtly lore
Made me another woman now than I had been before.
By ſtrength of argumentes he charged ſo my mynde,
That, though I ſought, no ſure defence my ſearching thought could finde.
So forced I was at length to yeld up witles will,
And promiſt to be ordered by the fryers prayſed ſkill.
Wherefore, albeit I had raſhely, long before,
The bed and rytes of mariage for many yeres forſwore,
Yet mother, now behold your daughter at your will,
Ready, if you commaunde her aught, your pleaſure to fulfill,
Wherefore in humble wiſe, dere madam, I you pray,
To go unto my lord and ſyre, withouten long delay;
Of him fyrſt pardon crave of faultes already paſt,
And ſhew him, if it pleaſeth you, his child is now at laſt
Obedient to his juſt and to his ſkilfull heſt,
And that I will, God lendeth lyfe, on Wenſday next, be preſt

To wayte on him and you, unto thappoynted place,
Where I will, in your hearing, and before my fathers face,
Unto the Counte geve my fayth and whole assent,
And take him for my lord and spouse; thus fully am I bent;
And that out of your mynde I may remove all doute,
Unto my closet fare I now, to searche and to choose out
The bravest garmentes and the richest jewels there.
Which, better him to please, I mynde on Wensday next to weare.
For if I did excell the famous Grecian rape,
Yet might attyre helpe to amende my bewty and my shape."
The simple mother was rapt into great delight;
Not halfe a word could she bring forth, but in this joyfull plight
With nimble foote she ran, and with unwonted pace,
Unto her pensive husband, and to him with pleasant face
She tolde what she had heard, and prayseth much the fryer;
And joyfull teares ranne downe the cheekes of this gray-berded syer.
With hands and eyes heaved-up he thankes God in his hart,
And then he sayth: "This is not, wyfe, the fryers first desart;
Oft hath he showde to us great frendship heretofore,
By helping us at nedefull times with wisdomes pretious lore.
In all our common weale scarce one is to be founde
But is, for somme good torne, unto this holy father bounde.
Oh that the thyrd part of my goodes (I doe not fayne)
But twenty of his passed yeres might purchase him agayne!
So much in recompence of frendship would I geve,
So much, in sayth, his extreme age my frendly hart doth greeve."
These said, the glad old man from home goeth straight abrode,
And to the stately palace hyeth where Paris made abode;
Whom he desyres to be on Wensday next his geast,
At Freetowne, where he myndes to make for him a costly feast.
But loe, the earle saith, such feasting were but lost,
And counsels him till mariage time to spare so great a cost.
For then he knoweth well the charges will be great;
The whilst, his hart desyreth still her sight, and not his meate.
He craves of Capilet that he may straight goe see
Fayre Juliet; wherto he doth right willingly agree.
The mother, warnde before, her daughter doth prepare;
She warneth and she chargeth her that in no wyse she spare
Her courteous speche, her pleasant lookes, and commely grace,
But liberally to geve them foorth when Paris comes in place:
Which she as cunningly could set forth to the shew,
As cunning craftsmen to the sale do set theyr wares on rew;
That ere the County dyd out of her sight depart,
So secretly unwares to him she stale away his hart,
That of his lyfe and death the wily wench hath powre;
And now his longing hart thinkes long for theyr appoynted howre,
And with importune sute the parents doth he pray
The wedlocke knot to knit soone up, and hast the mariage day.

The

The woer hath paſt forth the fyrſt day in this ſort,
And many other more then this, in pleaſure and diſport.
At length the wiſhed time of long hoped delight
(As Paris thought) drew nere; but nere approched heavy plight.
Againſt the brydall day the parentes did prepare
Such riche attyre, ſuch furniture, ſuch ſtore of dainty fare,
That they which did behold the ſame the night before,
Did thinke and ſay, a man could ſcarcely wiſh for any more.
Nothing did ſeeme to deere; the deereſt thinges were bought;
And, as the written ſtory ſayth, in dede there wanted nought,
That longd to his degree, and honor of his ſtocke:
But Juliet, the whilſt, her thoughts within her breſt did locke;
Even from the truſty nurce, whoſe ſecretnes was tride,
The ſecret counſell of her hart the nurce-childe ſeekes to hyde.
For fith, to mocke her dame, ſhe did not ſticke to lye,
She thought no ſinne with ſhew of truth to blear her nurces eye.
In chaumber ſecretly the tale ſhe gan renew,
That at the doore ſhe told her dame, as though it had been trew.
The flattring nurce dyd prayſe the fryer for his ſkill,
And ſaid that ſhe had done right well by wit to order will.
She ſetteth forth at large the fathers furious rage,
And eke ſhe prayſeth much to her the ſecond mariage;
And County Paris now ſhe prayſeth ten times more,
By wrong, then ſhe her ſelfe by right had Romeus prayſde before.
Paris ſhall dwell there ſtill, Romeus ſhall not retourne;
What ſhall it boote her all her lyfe to languiſhe ſtill and mourne.
The pleaſures paſt before ſhe muſt account as gayne;
But if he doe retorne—what then?—for one ſhe ſhall have twayne.
The one ſhall uſe her as his lawful wedded wyfe;
In wanton love with equal joy the other leade his lyfe;
And beſt ſhall ſhe be ſped of any towniſh dame,
Of huſband and of paramour to fynde her chaunge of game.
Theſe words and like the nurce did ſpeake, in hope to pleaſe,
But greatly did theſe wicked wordes the ladies mynde diſeaſe;
But ay ſhe hid her wrath, and ſeemed well-content,
When dayly dyd the naughty nurce new argumentes invent.
But when the bryde perceved her howre aproched nere,
She ſought, the beſt ſhe could, to fayne, and temperd ſo her cheere,
That by her outward looke no living wight could geſſe
Her inward woe; and yet anew renewde is her diſtreſſe.
Unto her chaumber doth the penſive wight repayre,
And in her hand a percher light the nurce beares up the ſtayre.
In Juliets chaumber was her wonted uſe to lye;
Wherefore her miſtres, dreading that ſhe ſhould her work deſcrye,
As ſoone as ſhe began her pallet to unfold,
Thinking to lye that night where ſhe was wont to lye of olde,
Doth gently pray her ſeeke her lodging ſome where els;
And, leſt the crafty ſhould ſuſpect, a ready reaſon telles.

‘ Dere frend, quoth she, you knowe, tomorow is the day
Of new contract; wherefore, this night, my purpose is to pray
Unto the heavenly myndes that dwell above the skyes,
And order all the course of thinges as they can best devyse,
That they so smyle upon the doinges of tomorow,
That all the remnant of my lyfe may be exempt from sorowe
Wherefore, I pray you, leave me here alone this night,
But see that you tomorow comme before the dawning light,
For you must coorle my heare, and set on my attyre;”—
And easely the loving nurce did yelde to her desyre.
For she within her hed dyd cast before no doute;
She little knew the close attempt her nurce-child went about.
The nurce departed once, the chamber doore shut close,
Assured that no living wight her doing might disclose,
She powred forth into the vyoll of the fryer,
Water, out of a silver ewer, that on the boorde stoode by her.
The slepy mixture made, fayre Juliet doth it hyde
Under her bolster soft, and so unto her bed she hyed:
Where divers novel thoughts arise within her hed,
And she is so invironed about with deadly dred,
That what before she had resolved undoubtedly
That same she calleth into doute: and lying doutefully
Whilst honest love did strive with dred of dedly payne,
With handes y-wrong, and weeping eyes, thus gan she to complaine:
“ What, is there any one, beneth the heavens hye,
So much unfortunate as I? so much past hope as I?
What, am I not my selfe, of all that yet were borne,
The depest drenched in dispayre, and most in Fortunes skorne?
For loe the world for me hath nothing els to finde,
Beside mishap and wretchednes and anguish of the mynde;
Since that the cruell cause of my unhapines
Hath put me to this sodayne plonge, and brought to such distres,
As, to the end I may my name and conscience save,
I must devowre the mixed drinke that by me here I have,
Whose working and whose force as yet I do not know.—”
And of this pitteous plaint began an other doute to growe:
“ What do I know (quoth she) if that this powder shall
Sooner or later then it should or els not woorke at all?
And then my craft descryde as open as the day,
The peoples tale and laughing stocke shall I remayne for aye.
And what know I, quoth she, if serpentes odious,
And other beastes and wormes that are of nature venemous,
That wonted are to lurke in darke caves under grounde,
And commonly, as I have heard, in dead mens tombes are found,
Shall harme me, yea or nay, where I shall lye as ded?—
Or how shall I that alway have in so freshe ayre been bred,
Endure the loathsome stinke of such an heaped store
Of carcases, not yet consumde, and bones that long before

Intombed were, where I my ſleping place ſhall have,
Where all my anceſtors do reſt, my kindreds common grave?
Shall not the fryer and my Romeus, when they come,
Fynd me, if I awake before, y-ſtifled in the tombe;"
And whilſt ſhe in theſe thoughts doth dwell ſomwhat too long,
The force of her ymagining anon did waxe ſo ſtrong,
That ſhe ſurmiſde ſhe ſaw, out of the hollow vaulte,
A griſly thing to looke upon, the carkas of Tybalt;
Right in the ſelfe ſame ſort that ſhe few dayes before
Had ſeene him in his blood embrewed, to death eke wounded ſore.
And then when ſhe agayne within her ſelfe had wayde
That quicke ſhe ſhould be buried there, and by his ſide be layde,
All comfortles, for ſhe ſhall living feere have none,
But many a rotten carkas, and full many a naked bone;
Her daynty tender partes gan ſhever all for dred,
Her golden heares did ſtande upright upon her chilliſh hed.
Then preſſed with the feare that ſhe there lived in,
A ſweat as colde as mountayne yſe pearſt through her ſlender ſkin.
That with the moyſture hath wet every part of hers:
And more beſides, ſhe vainely thinkes, whilſt vainly thus ſhe feares,
A thouſand bodies dead have compaſt her about,
And leſt they will diſmember her ſhe greatly ſtandes in doute.
But when ſhe felt her ſtrength began to weare away,
By little and little, and in her heart her feare encreaſed ay,
Dreading that weaknes might, or fooliſh cowardiſe,
Hinder the execution of the purpoſde enterpriſe,
As ſhe had frantike been, in haſt the glaſſe ſhe cought,
And up ſhe dranke the mixture quite, withouten farther thought.
Then on her breſt ſhe croſt her armes long and ſmall,
And ſo, her ſenſes fayling her, into a traunce did fall.
And when that Phœbus bright heaved up his ſeemely hed,
And from the Eaſt in open ſkies his gliſtring rayes diſpred,
The nurce unſhut the doore, for ſhe the key did keepe,
And douting ſhe had ſlept to long, ſhe thought to breake her ſlepe;
Fyrſt ſoftly dyd ſhe call, then lowder thus did crye,
"Lady, you ſlepe to long, the earle will rayſe you by and by."
But wele away, in vayne unto the deafe ſhe calles,
She thinkes to ſpeake to Juliet, but ſpeaketh to the walles.
If all the dredfull noyſe that might on earth be found,
Or on the roaring ſeas, or if the dredfull thunders ſound,
Had blowne into her eares, I thinke they could not make
The ſleping wight before the time by any meanes awake;
So were the ſprites of Iyfe ſhut up, and ſenſes thrald;
Wherewith the ſeely carefull nurce was wondrouſly apalde.
She thought to daw her now as ſhe had donne of olde,
But loe, ſhe found her parts were ſtiffe and more than marble colde;
Neither at mouth nor noſe found ſhe recourſe of breth;
Two certaine argumentes were theſe of her untimely death.

Wherefore

Wherefore as one diſtraught ſhe to her mother ranne,
With ſcratched face, and heare betorne, but no word ſpeake ſhe can,
At laſt with much adoe, "Dead (quoth ſhe) is my childe;"
Now, "Out alas," the mother cryde;—and as a tyger wilde,
Whoſe whelpes, whilſt ſhe is gonne out of her den to pray,
The hunter gredy of his game doth kill or cary away;
So raging forth ſhe ran unto her Juliets bed,
And there ſhe found her derling and her onely comfort ded.
Then ſhriked ſhe out as lowde as ſerve her would her breth,
And then, that pity was to heare, thus cryde ſhe out on death:
"Ah cruell death (quoth ſhe) that thus againſt all right,
Haſt ended my felicitie, and robde my hartes delight,
Do now thy worſt to me, once wreake thy wrath for all,
Even in deſpite I crye to thee, thy vengeance let thou fall.
Wherto ſtay I, alas! ſince Juliet is gonne?
Wherto live I ſince ſhe is dead, except to wayle and mone.
Alacke, dere chylde, my teares for thee ſhall never ceaſe;
Even as my dayes of lyfe increaſe, ſo ſhall my plaint increaſe:
Such ſtore of ſorow ſhall afflict my tender hart,
That dedly panges, when they aſſayle, ſhall not augment my ſmart."
Then gan ſhe ſo to ſobbe, it ſeemde her hart would braſt;
And while ſhe cryeth thus, behold, the father at the laſt,
The County Paris, and of gentlemen a route,
And ladies of Verona towne and country round about,
Both kindreds and alies thether apace have preaſt,
For by theyr preſence there they ſought to honor ſo the feaſt;
But when the heavy newes the byden geaſtes did heare,
So much they mournd, that who had ſeene theyr countenance and theyr cheere,
Might eaſely have judgde by that that they had ſeene,
That day the day of wrath and eke of pity to have beene.
But more then all the reſt the fathers hart was ſo
Smit with the heavy newes, and ſo ſhut up with ſodayn woe,
That he ne had the powre his daughter to bewepe,
Ne yet to ſpeake, but long is forſd his teares and plaint to kepe.
In all the haſt he hath for ſkilfull leaches ſent;
And, hearing of her paſſed life, they judge with one aſſent
The cauſe of this her death was inward care and thought;
And then with double force againe the doubled ſorowes wrought.
If ever there hath been a lamentable day,
A day, ruthfull, unfortunate and fatall, then I ſay,
The ſame was it in which through Veron town was ſpred
The wofull newes how Juliet was ſterved in her bed.
For ſo ſhe was bemonde both of the young and olde,
That it might ſeeme to him that would the common plaint behold,
That all the common welth did ſtand in jeopardy;
So univerſal was the plaint, ſo piteous was the crye.

For

For lo, beſide her ſhape and native bewties hewe,
With which, like as ſhe grew in age, her vertues prayſes grew,
She was alſo ſo wiſe, ſo lowly, and ſo mylde,
That, even from the hory head unto the witles chylde,
She wan the hartes of all, ſo that there was not one,
Ne great, ne ſmall, but did that day her wretched ſtate bemone.
Whilſt Juliet ſlept, and whilſt the other wepen thus,
Our fryer Lawrence hath by this ſent one to Romeus,
A frier of his houſe, (there never was a better,
He truſted him even as himſelfe) to whom he gave a letter,
In which he written had of every thing at length,
That paſt twixt Juliet and him, and of the powders ſtrength;
The next night after that, he willeth him to comme
To helpe to take his Juliet out of the hollow toombe,
For by that time, the drinke, he ſaith, will ceaſe to woorke,
And for one night his wife and he within his cell ſhall loorke;
Then ſhall he cary her to Mantua away,
(Till fickell Fortune favour him,) diſguyſde in mans aray.
This letter cloſde he ſendes to Romeus by his brother;
He chargeth him that in no caſe he geve it any other.
Apace our frier John to Mantua him hyes;
And, for becauſe in Italy it is a wonted gyſe
That friers in the towne ſhould ſeeldome walke alone,
But of theyr covent aye ſhould be accompanide with one,
Of his profeſſion ſtraight a houſe he fyndeth out,
In mynd to take ſome fryer with him, to walke the towne about,
But entred once, he might not iſſue out agayne,
For that a brother of the houſe a day before or twayne
Dyed of the plague, a ſicknes which they greatly feare and hate:
So were the brethren charged to kepe within their covent gate,
Bard of theyr fellowſhip that in the towne do wonne;
The towne folke eke commaunded are the fryers houſe to ſhonne,
Till they that had the care of health theyr fredome ſhould renew;
Whereof, as you ſhall ſhortly heare, a miſcheefe great there grewe.
The fryer by this reſtraint, beſet with dred and ſorow,
Not knowing what the letters held, differed untill the morowe;
And then he thought in time to ſend to Romeus.
But whilſt at Mantua, where he was, theſe doings framed thus,
The towne of Juliets byrth was wholy buſied
About her obſequies, to ſee theyr darling buried.
Now is the parentes myrth quite chaunged into mone,
And now to ſorow is retornde the joy of every one;
And now the wedding weades for mourning weades they chaunge,
And Hymene into a dyrge;—alas! it ſeemeth ſtraunge:
Inſteade of mariage gloves, now funerall gownes they have,
And whom they ſhould ſee married, they follow to the grave.
The feaſt that ſhould have been of pleaſure and of joy,
Hath every diſh and cup fild full of ſorow and annoye.

Now

Now throughout Italy this common uſe they have,
That all the beſt of every ſtocke are earthed in one grave;
For every houſhold, if it be of any fame;
Doth bylde a tombe, or digge a vault, that beares the houſholdes name;
Wherein, if any of that kyndred hap to dye,
They are beſtowde; els in the ſame no other corps may lye.
The Capilets her corps in ſuch a one did lay,
Where Tybalt ſlaine of Romeus was layde the other day.
An other uſe there is, that whoſoever dyes,
Borne to their church with open face upon the beere he lyes,
In wonted weede attyrde, not wrapt in winding ſheet.
So, as by chaunce he walked abrode, our Romeus man did meete
His maſters wife; the ſight with ſorowe ſtraight did wounde
His honeſt heart; with teares he ſaw her lodged under ground.
And, for he had been ſent to Verone for a ſpye,
The doinges of the Capilets by wiſdom to deſcrye,
And, for he knew her death dyd tooch his maiſter moſt,
Alas! too ſoone, with heavy newes, he hyed away in poſt;
And in his houſe he found his maiſter Romeus,
Where he, beſprent with many teares, began to ſpeake him thus:
" Syr, unto you of late is chaunced ſo great a harme,
That ſure, except with conſtancy you ſeeke yourſelfe to arme,
I feare that ſtraight you will breathe out your latter breath,
And I, moſt wretched wight, ſhall be thoccaſion of your death.
Know ſyr, that yeſterday, my lady and your wife,
I wot not by what ſodain greefe, hath made exchaunge of life;
And for becauſe on earth ſhe found nought but unreſt,
In heaven hath ſhe ſought to fynde a place of quiet reſt;
And with theſe weping eyes my ſelfe have ſeene her layde.
Within the tombe of Capilets:"—and herewithall he ſtayde.
This ſodayne meſſage ſounde, ſent forth with ſighes and teares,
Our Romeus receaved too ſoone with open liſtening eares;
And therby hath ſonke ſuch ſorow in his hart,
That loe, his ſprite annoyed ſore with torment and with ſmart,
Was like to break out of his priſon-houſe perforce,
And that he might flye after hers, would leave the maſſy corce:
But earneſt love that will not fayle him till his ende,
This fond and ſodain fantaſy into his head dyd ſende;
That if nere unto her he offred up his breath,
That then an hundred thouſand parts more glorious were his death:
Eke ſhould his painfull hart a great deale more be eaſed,
And more alſo, he vainely thought, his lady better pleaſed.
Wherefore when he his face hath waſht with water cleane,
Leſt that the ſtaynes of dryed teares might on his cheekes be ſeene,
And ſo his ſorow ſhould of every one be ſpyde,
Which he with all his care did ſeeke from every one to hyde,
Straight, wery of the houſe, he walketh forth abrode;
His ſervant, at the maſters heſt, in chaumber ſtill abode:

And

And then fro ſtreate to ſtreate he wandreth up and downe,
To ſee if he in any place may fynde, in all the towne,
A ſalve meet for his ſore, an oyle fit for his wounde;
And ſeeking long, alac too ſoone! the thing he fought, he founde.
An apothecary ſate unbuſied at his doore,
Whom by his heavy countenance he geſſed to be poore.
And in his ſhop he ſaw his boxes were but few,
And in his window of his wares there was ſo ſmall a ſhew;
Wherefore our Romeus aſſuredly hath thought,
What by no frendſhip could be got, with money ſhould be bought;
For nedy lacke is like the poor man to compell
To ſell that which the cities lawe forbiddeth him to ſell.
Then by the hand he drew the nedy man apart,
And with the ſight of glittering gold inflamed hath his hart:
"Take fiftie crownes of gold (quoth he) I geve them thee,
So that, before I part from hence, thou ſtraight deliver me
Somme poyſon ſtrong, that may in leſſe than halfe an howre
Kill him whoſe wretched hap ſhall be the potion to devowre."
The wretch by covetiſe is wonne, and doth aſſent
To ſell the thing, whoſe ſale ere long, too late, he doth repent.
In haſte he poyſon ſought, and cloſely he it bounde,
And then began with whiſpering voyce thus in his eare to rounde:
"Fayr ſyr, quoth he, be ſure this is the ſpeding gere,
And more there is than you ſhall nede; for halfe of that is there
Will ſerve, I undertake, in leſſe than halfe an howre
To kill the ſtrongeſt man alive; ſuch is the poyſons power."
Then Romeus, ſomwhat eaſd of one part of his care,
Within his boſome putteth up his dere unthrifty ware.
Retoorning home agayne, he ſent his man away,
To Verone towne, and chargeth him that he, without delay,
Provyde both inſtruments to open wide the toombe,
And lightes to ſhew him Juliet; and ſtay, till he ſhall comme,
Nere to the place whereas his loving wife doth reſt,
And chargeth him not to bewray the dolours of his breſt.
Peter, theſe heard, his leave doth of his maſter take;
Betimes he commes to towne, ſuch haſt the painfull man dyd make:
And then with buſy care he ſeeketh to fulfill,
But doth diſcloſe unto no wight his wofull maſters will.
Would God, he had herein broken his maſters heſt!
Would God, that to the frier he had diſcloſed all his breſt!
But Romeus the while with many a dedly thought
Provoked much, hath cauſed inke and paper to be brought,
And in few lines he did of all his love dyſcoorſe,
How by the friers helpe, and by the knowledge of the noorſe,
The wedlocke knot was knit, and by what meane that night
And many moe he did enjoy his happy harts delight;
Where he the poyſon bought, and how his lyfe ſhould ende;
And ſo his wailefull tragedy the wretched man hath pend.

The

The letters clos'd and seald, directed to his syre,
He locketh in his purse, and then a post-hors doth he hyre.
When he approched nere, he warely lighted downe,
And even with the shade of night he entred Verone towne;
Where he hath found his man, wayting when he should comme;
With lanterne, and with instruments to open Juliets toomme.
Helpe Peter, helpe, quod he, helpe to remove the stone,
And straight when I am gone fro thee, my Juliet to bemone,
See that thou get thee hence, and on the payne of death
I charge thee that thou comme not nere while I abyde beneath
Ne seeke thou not to let thy masters enterprise,
Which he hath fully purposed to doe, in any wise.
Take there a letter, which, as soone as he shall ryse,
Present it in the morning to my loving fathers eyes;
Which unto him perhaps farre pleasanter shall seeme,
Than eyther I do mynd to say, or thy grose head can deeme.
Now Peter, that knew not the purpose of his hart,
Obediently a little way withdrewe himselfe apart;
And then our Romeus, the valt stone set up upright,
Descended downe, and in his hand he bare the candle light.
And then with piteous eye the body of his wyfe
He gan behold, who surely was the organ of his lyfe;
For whom unhappy now he is, but erst was blyst;
He watred her with teares, and then a hundred times her kyst;
And in his folded armes full straightly he her plight,
But no way could his greedy eyes be filled with her sight:
His fearfull handes he layde upon her stomach colde,
And them on diverse parts beside the wofull wight did hold.
But when he could not fynd the signes of lyfe he sought,
Out of his cursed box he drewe the poyson that he bought;
Whereof he gredely devowrde the greater part,
And then he cryde, with dedly sigh fetcht from his mourning hart—
"Oh Juliet, of whom the world unworthy was,
From which, for worldes unworthines thy worthy gost did passe,
What death more pleasant could my hart wish to abyde
Then that which here it suffreth now, so nere thy frendly syde?
Or els so glorious tombe how could my youth have craved,
As in one selfe same vaulte with thee haply to be ingraved?
What epitaph more worth, or halfe so excellent,
To consecrate my memorye, could any man invent,
As this our mutual and our piteous sacrifice
Of lyfe, set light for love?"—but while he talketh in this wise,
And thought as yet a while his dolours to enforce,
His tender hart began to faynt, prest with the venoms force;
Which little and little gan to overcomme his hart,
And whilst his busy eyne he threwe about to every part,
He saw, hard by the corce of sleping Juliet,
Bold Tybalts carkas dead, which was nöt all consumed yet.

To

To whom, as having life, in this sort speaketh he:
" Ah cosin dere, Tybalt, where so thy restles sprite now be,
With stretched handes to thee for mercy now I crye,
For that before thy kindly howre I forced thee to dye.
But if with quenched lyfe not quenched be thine yre,
But with revengeing lust as yet thy hart be set on fyre,
What more amendes, or cruell wreake desyrest thou
To see on me, then this which here is shewd forth to thee now?
Who reft by force of armes from thee thy loving breath,
The same with his owne hand, thou seest, doth poyson himselfe to death.
And for he caused thee in tombe too soone to lye,
Too soone also, yonger then thou, himselfe he layeth by."
These sayd, when he gan feele the poysons force prevayle,
And little and little mastred lyfe for aye began to fayle,
Kneeling upon his knees, he said with voyce full lowe,—
" Lord Christ, that so to raunsome me descendedst long agoe
Out of thy fathers bosome, and in the virgins wombe
Didst put on flesshe, oh let my plaint out of this hollow toombe,
Perce through the ayre, and graunt my sute may favour finde;
Take pity on my sinneful and my poore affected mynde!
For well enough I know, this body is but clay,
Nought but a masse of sinne, to frayle, and subject to decay."
Then pressed with extreme greefe he threw with so great force
His overpressed parts upon his ladies wayled corps,
That now his weakened hart, weakened with torments past,
Unable to abyde this pang, the sharpest and the last,
Remayned quite deprived of sense and kindly strength,
And so the long imprisoned soule hath freedome wonne at length.
Ah cruell death, too soone, too soone was this devorce,
Twixt youthfull Romeus heavenly sprite, and his fayre earthy corse.
The fryer that knew what time the powder had been taken,
Knew eke the very instant when the sleper should awaken.
But wondring that he could no kinde of aunswer heare,
Of letters which to Romeus his fellow fryer did beare,
Out of Sainct Frauncis church hymselfe alone dyd fare,
And for the opening of the tombe meete instrumentes he bare.
Approching nigh the place, and seeing there the light,
Great horror felt he in his hart, by straunge and sodaine sight;
Till Peter, Romeus man, his coward hart made bolde,
When of his masters being there the certain newes he tolde:
" There hath he been, quoth he, this halfe howre at the leaste.
And in this time, I dare well say, his plaint hath still increaste."
Then both they entered in, where they alas! dyd fynde
The bretheles corps of Romeus, forsaken of the mynde;
Where they have made such mone, as they may best conceve,
That have with perfect frendship loved, whole frend feerce death dyd reve.

But whilſt with piteous playnt they Romeus fate bewepe,
An howre too late fayre Juliet awaked out of ſlepe[3];

And

[3] In the original Italian Novel Juliet awakes from her trance before the death of Romeo. Shakſpeare has been arraigned for departing from it, and loſing ſo happy an opportunity of introducing an affecting ſcene. He was miſled, we ſee, by the piece now before us. The curious reader may perhaps not be diſpleaſed to compare the concluſion of this celebrated ſtory as it ſtands in the *Giulietta* of Luigi da Porto, with the preſent poem. It is as follows:

"So favourable was fortune to this his laſt purpoſe, that on the evening of the day ſubſequent to the lady's funeral, undiſcovered by any, he entered Verona, and there awaited the coming of night; and now perceiving that all was ſilent, he betook himſelf to the monaſtery of the Minor Friars, where was the vault. The church, where theſe monks then dwelt, was in the citadel, though ſince, for what reaſon I know not, they have transferred their habitation to the Borgo di S. Zeno, in that place which is now called Santo Bernardino; yet is it certain that their former manſion had been inhabited by Saint Francis himſelf. Near the walls of this church, on the outſide, were at that time certain buildings, ſuch as we uſually ſee adjoining to churches, one of which was the ancient ſepulcher of the Cappelletti family, and in this the fair damſel had been depoſited. At this place, about four hours after midnight, Romeo being arrived, and having, as a man of ſuperior ſtrength, by force raiſed the ſtone which covered the vault, and, with certain wedges, which he had brought with him for that purpoſe, having ſo prop'd it that it could not be faſtened down contrary to his deſire, he entered, and recloſed the entrance.

"The unhappy youth, that he might behold his lady, had brought with him a dark lantern, which, after cloſing the vault, he drew forth, and opened; and there, amidſt the bones and fragments of many dead bodies, he beheld the fair Julietta lying as if dead. Whence ſuddenly breaking out into a flood of tears, he thus began: O eyes, which, while it pleaſed the Heavens, were to my eyes the brighteſt lights! O lips, by me a thouſand times ſo ſweetly kiſſed, and from whence were heard the words of wiſdom! O beauteous breaſt, in which my heart rejoiced to dwell! where do I now find you, blind, mute, and cold? how without you do I ſee, do I ſpeak, do I live? Alas, my miſerable lady, whither haſt thou been conducted by that love, whoſe will it now is that this narrow ſpace ſhall both deſtroy and lodge two wretched lovers! Ah me! an end like this my hope promiſed not, nor that deſire which firſt inflamed me with love for you! O unfortunate life, why do I ſupport you? and ſo ſaying, he covered with kiſſes her eyes, her lips, her breaſt, burſting every inſtant into more abundant lamentation; in the midſt of which he cried, O, ye walls, which hang over me, why do you not render my life ſtill more ſhort by cruſhing me in your ruin? But ſince death is at all

And much amaſde to ſee in tombe ſo great a light,
She wiſt not if ſhe ſaw a dreame, or ſprite that walkd by night.

But

all times in our power, it is daſtardly to deſire it, and not to ſnatch it: and, with theſe words, he drew forth from his ſleeve the vial of deadly poiſon, which he had there concealed, and thus proceeded: I know not what deſtiny conducts me to die in the midſt of my enemies, of thoſe by me ſlain, and in their ſepulcher; but ſince, O my ſoul, thus near my love it delights us to die, here let us die! and, approaching to his lips the mortal draught, he received it entire into his boſom; when embracing the beloved maid, and ſtrongly ſtraining her to his breaſt, he cried,—O thou beauteous body, the utmoſt limit of all my deſires, if, after the ſoul is departed, any ſentiment yet remains in you, or, if that ſoul now beholds my cruel fate, let it not be diſpleaſing to you, that, unable to live with you joyfully and openly, at the leaſt I ſhould die with you ſadly and ſecretly;—and holding the body ſtraitly embraced, he awaited death.

"The hour was now arrived, when by the natural heat of the damſel the cold and powerful effects of the powder ſhould have been overcome, and when ſhe ſhould awake; and accordingly, embraced and violently agitated by Romeo, ſhe awoke in his arms, and, ſtarting into life, after a heavy ſigh, ſhe cried, Alas, where am I? who is it thus embraces me? by whom am I thus kiſſed? and, believing it was the Frier Lorenzo, ſhe exclaimed, Do you thus, O friar, keep your faith with Romeo? is it thus you ſafely conduct me to him? Romeo, perceiving the lady to be alive, wondered exceedingly, and thinking perhaps on Pigmalion, he ſaid, Do you not know me, O my ſweet lady? ſee you not that I am your wretched ſpouſe, ſecretly and alone come from Mantua to periſh by you? Julietta, ſeeing herſelf in the monument, and perceiving that ſhe was in the arms of one who called himſelf Romeo, was well nigh out of her ſenſes, and puſhing him a little from her, and gazing on his face, ſhe inſtantly knew him, and embracing gave him a thouſand kiſſes, ſaying, What folly has excited you, with ſuch imminent danger, to enter here? Was it not ſufficient to have underſtood by my letters how I had contrived, with the help of Friar Lorenzo, to feign death, and that I ſhould ſhortly have been with you? The unhappy youth, then perceiving his fatal miſtake, thus began: O miſerable lot! O wretched Romeo! O, by far the moſt afflicted of all lovers! On this ſubject never have I received your letters! and he then proceeded to inform her how Pietro had given him intelligence of her pretended death, as if it had been real, whence, believing her dead, he had, in order to accompany her in death, even there cloſe by her, taken the poiſon, which, as moſt ſubtile, he already felt, had ſent forth death through all his limbs.

"The unfortunate damſel hearingt his, remained ſo overpowered with grief, that ſhe could do nothing but tear her lovely locks, and beat and bruiſe her innocent breaſt; and at length to Romeo, who already

But cumming to her ſelfe ſhe knew them, and ſaid thus:
"What, fryer Lawrence, is it you? where is my Romeus?"

And

lay ſupine, kiſſing him often, and pouring over him a flood of tears, more pale than aſhes, and trembling all over, ſhe thus ſpoke: Muſt you then, O, lord of my heart, muſt you then die in my preſence, and through my means! and will the heavens permit that I ſhould ſurvive you, though but for a moment? Wretched me! O, that I could at leaſt transfer my life to you, and die alone!—to which, with a languid voice the youth replied: If ever my faith and my love were dear to you, live, O my beſt hope! by theſe I conjure you, that after my death, life ſhould not be diſpleaſing to you, if for no other reaſon, at leaſt that you may think on him, who, penetrated with paſſion, for your ſake, and before your dear eyes, now periſhes! To this the damſel anſwered: If for my pretended death you now die, what ought I to do for yours which is real? It only grieves me that here, in your preſence, I have not the means of death, and, inaſmuch as I ſurvive you, I deteſt myſelf! yet ſtill will I hope that ere long, as I have been the cauſe, ſo ſhall I be the companion of your death: And, having with difficulty ſpoken theſe words, ſhe fainted, and, again returning to life, buſied herſelf in ſad endeavours to gather with her ſweet lips the extreme breath of her deareſt lover, who now haſtily approached his end.

"In this interval Friar Lorenzo had been informed how and when the damſel had drunk the potion, as alſo that upon a ſuppoſition of her death ſhe had been buried; and, knowing that the time was now arrived when the powder ſhould ceaſe to operate, taking with him a truſty companion, about an hour before day he came to the vault; where being arrived, he heard the cries and lamentations of the lady, and, through a crevice in the cover, ſeeing a light within, he was greatly ſurpriſed, and imagined that, by ſome means or other, the damſel had contrived to convey with her a lamp into the tomb; and that now, having awaked, ſhe wept and lamented, either through fear of the dead bodies by which ſhe was ſurrounded, or perhaps from the apprehenſion of being for ever immured in this diſmal place; and having, with the aſſiſtance of his companion, ſpeedily opened the tomb, he beheld Julietta, who, with hair all diſheveled, and ſadly grieving, had raiſed herſelf ſo far as to be ſeated, and had taken into her lap her dying lover. To her he thus addreſſed himſelf: Did you then fear, O my daughter, that I ſhould have left you to die here incloſed? and ſhe, ſeeing the friar, and redoubling her lamentations, anſwered: Far from it; my only fear is that you will drag me hence alive!—alas, for the love of God, away, and cloſe the ſepulcher, that I may here periſh,—or rather reach me a knife, that piercing my breaſt, I may rid myſelf of my woes! O, my father, my father! is it thus you have ſent me the letter? are theſe my hopes of happy marriage? is it thus you have conducted me to my Romeo? behold him here in my boſom already

dead!

And then the auncient frier, that greatly ſtood in feare
Leſt if they lingred over long they ſhould be taken theare,

In

dead!—and, pointing to him, ſhe recounted all that had paſſed. The friar, hearing theſe things, ſtood as one bereft of ſenſe, and gazing upon the young man, then ready to paſs from this into another life, bitterly weeping, he called to him, ſaying, O, Romeo, what hard hap has torn you from me? ſpeak to me at leaſt! caſt your eyes a moment upon me! O, Romeo, behold your deareſt Julietta, who beſeeches you to look at her. Why at the leaſt will you not anſwer her in whoſe dear boſom you lie? At the beloved name of his miſtreſs, Romeo raiſed a little his languid eyes, weighed down by the near approach of death, and, looking at her, recloſed them; and, immediately after, death thrilling through his whole frame, all convulſed, and heaving a ſhort ſigh, he expired.

"The miſerable lover being now dead in the manner I have related, as the day was already approaching, after much lamentation the friar thus addreſſed the young damſel:—And you Julietta, what do you mean to do?—to which ſhe inſtantly replied,—here incloſed will I die. Say not ſo, daughter, ſaid he; come forth from hence; for, though I know not well how to diſpoſe of you, the means can not be wanting of ſhutting yourſelf up in ſome holy monaſtery, where you may continually offer your ſupplications to God, as well for yourſelf as for your deceaſed huſband, if he ſhould need your prayers. Father, replied the lady, one favour alone I entreat of you, which for the love you bear to the memory of him,—and ſo ſaying ſhe pointed to Romeo,—you will willingly grant me, and that is, that you will never make known our death, that ſo our bodies may for ever remain united in this ſepulcher: and if, by any accident, the manner of our dying ſhould be diſcovered, by the love already mentioned I conjure you, that in both our names you would implore our miſerable parents that they ſhould make no difficulty of ſuffering thoſe whom love has conſumed in one fire, and conducted to one death, to remain in one and the ſame tomb;—then turning to the proſtrate body of Romeo, whoſe head ſhe had placed on a pillow which had been left with her in the vault, having carefully cloſed his eyes, and bathing his cold viſage with tears,—lord of my heart, ſaid ſhe, without you what ſhould I do with life? and what more remains to be done by me toward you but to follow you in death? certainly nothing more! in order that death itſelf, which alone could poſſibly have ſeparated you from me, ſhould not now be able to part us!—and having thus ſpoken, reflecting upon the horrour of her deſtiny, and calling to mind the loſs of her dear lover, determined no longer to live, ſhe ſuppreſſed her reſpiration, and for a long ſpace holding in her breath, at length ſent it forth with a loud cry, and fell dead upon the dead body."

For the foregoing faithful and elegant tranſlation, as well as that in a former page, I am indebted to a moſt dear and valued friend,

In few plaine woordes the whole that was betyde, he tolde,
And with his fingar ſhewd his corps out-ſtretched, ſtiffe, and colde;
And then purſuaded her with pacience to abyde
This ſodain great miſchaunce; and ſayth, that he will ſoone provyde
In ſome religious houſe for her a quiet place,
Where ſhe may ſpend the reſt of lyfe, and where in time percaſe
She may with wiſdomes meane meaſure her mourning breſt,
And unto her tormented ſoule call back exiled reſt.
But loe, as ſoon as ſhe had caſt her ruthfull eye
On Romeus face, that pale and wan faſt by her ſide dyd lye,
Straight way ſhe dyd unſtop the conduites of her teares,
And out they guſhe;—with cruell hand ſhe tare her golden heares.
But when ſhe neither could her ſwelling ſorow ſwage,
Ne yet her tender hart abyde her ſickenes furious rage,
Falne on his corps ſhe lay long panting on his face,
And then with all her force and ſtrength the ded corps did embrace,
As though with ſighes, with ſobs, with force, and buſy payne,
She would him rayſe, and him reſtore from death to lyfe agayne:
A thouſand times ſhe kiſt his mouth, as cold as ſtone,
And it unkiſt againe as oft; then gan ſhe thus to mone:
" Ah pleaſant prop of all my thoughts, ah onely grounde
Of all the ſweete delightes that yet in all my lyfe I founde,
Did ſuch aſſured truſt within thy hart repoſe,
That in this place and at this time, thy church-yard thou haſt choſe,
Betwixt the armes of me, thy perfect loving make,
And thus by meanes of me to ende thy life, and for my ſake?
Even in the flowring of thy youth, when unto thee
Thy lyfe moſt deare (as to the moſt) and pleaſant ought to bee,
How could this tender corps withſtand the cruell fight
Of furious death, that wonts to fray the ſtouteſt with his ſight?
How could thy dainty youth agree with willing hart
In this ſo fowle infected place to dwell, where now thou art?
Where ſpitefull Fortune hath appoynted thee to bee
The dainty foode of greedy wormes, unworthy ſure of thee.
Alas, alas, alas, what neded now anew
My wonted ſorowes, doubled twiſe, againe thus to renewe:
Which both the time and eke my patient long abode
Should now at length have quenched quite, and under foote have trode?
Ah wretch and caytive that I am, even when I thought
To fynd my painfull paſſions ſalve, I myſt the thing I ſought;
And to my mortall harme the fatal knife I grounde,
That gave to me ſo depe, ſo wide, ſo cruell dedly wounde.
Ah thou, moſt fortunate and moſt unhappy tombe!
For thou ſhalt beare, from age to age, witnes in time to comme

whoſe knowledge of the Italian language is ſo much ſuperior to any that I can pretend to, that I am confident no reader will regret that the taſk has been executed by another. MALONE.

Of

Of the moſt perfect leage betwixt a payre of lovers,
That were the moſt unfortunate and fortunate of others;
Receave the latter ſigh, receave the latter pang,
Of the moſt cruell of cruell ſlaves that wrath and death ay wrang,"
And when our Juliet would continue ſtill her mone,
The fryer and the ſervant fled, and left her there alone;
For they a ſodayne noyſe faſt by the place did heare,
And leſt they might be taken there, greatly they ſtoode in feare.
When Juliet ſaw herſelfe left in the vaulte alone,
That freely ſhe might woorke her will, for let or ſtay was none,
Then once for all ſhe tooke the cauſe of all her harmes,
The body dead of Romeus, and claſped it in her armes;
Then ſhe with earneſt kiſſe ſufficiently did prove,
That more then by the feare of death, ſhe was attaint by love;
And then, paſt deadly feare, (for lyfe ne had ſhe care)
With haſty hand ſhe did draw out the dagger that he ware.
" O welcome death, quoth ſhe, end of unhappines,
That alſo art beginning of aſſured happines,
Feare not to dart me nowe, thy ſtripe no longer ſtay,
Prolong no longer now my lyfe, I hate this long delaye;
For ſtraight my parting ſprite, out of this carkas fled,
At eaſe ſhall finde my Romeus ſprite emong ſo many ded.
And thou my loving lord, Romeus, my truſty feere,
If knowledge yet doe reſt in thee, if thou theſe woordes doſt heer,
Receve thou her, whom thou didſt love ſo lawfully,
That cauſd alas! thy violent death, although unwillingly;
And therefore willingly offers to thee her goſt,
To thend that no wight els but thou might have juſt cauſe to boſte
Thinjoying of my love, which ay I have reſerved
Free from the reſt, bound unto thee, that haſt it well deſerved:
That ſo our parted ſprites from light that we ſee here,
In place of endleſſe light and bliſſe may ever live y-fere."
Theſe ſaid, her ruthleſſe hand through gyrt her valiant hart:
Ah, ladies, helpe with teares to wayle the ladies dedly ſmart!
She grones, ſhe ſtretcheth out her limmes, ſhe ſhuttes her eyes,
And from her corps the ſprite doth flye;—what ſhould I ſay? ſhe dyes.
The watchmen of the towne the whilſt are paſſed by,
And through the gates the candle light within the tombe they ſpye;
Whereby they did ſuppoſe inchaunters to be comme,
That with prepared inſtruments had opend wide the tombe,
In purpoſe to abuſe the bodies of the ded,
Which, by their ſcience ayde abuſde, do ſtand them oft in ſted.
Theyr curious harts deſyre the truth hereof to know;
Then they by certaine ſteppes deſcend, where they do fynd below,
In claſped armes y-wrapt the huſband and the wyfe,
In whom as yet they ſeemd to ſee ſomme certaine markes of lyfe.
But when more curiouſly with leyſure they did vew,
The certainty of both theyr deathes aſſuredly they knew:

Then here and there ſo long with carefull eye they ſought,
That at the length hidden they found the murtherers;—ſo they thought.
In dungeon depe that night they lodgde them under grounde;
The next day do they tell the prince the miſchiefe that they found.
The news was by and by throughout the towne dyſpred,
Both of the taking of the fryer, and of the two found ded.
Thether you might have ſeene whole houſholds forth to ronne,
For to the tombe where they did heare this wonder ſtraunge was donne,
The great, the ſmall, the riche, the poore, the yong, the olde,
With haſty pace do ronne to ſee, but rew when they beholde.
And that the murtherers to all men might be knowne,
(Like as the murders brute abrode through all the towne was blowne)
The prince did ſtraight ordaine, the corſes that wer founde
Should be ſet forth upon a ſtage hye rayſed from the grounde,
Right in the ſelfe ſame fourme, ſhewde forth to all mens ſight,
That in the hollow valt they had been found that other night;
And eke that Romeus man and fryer Lawrence ſhould
Be openly examined; for els the people would
Have murmured, or faynd there were ſome waighty cauſe
Why openly they were not calde, and ſo convict by lawes.
The holy fryer now, and reverent by his age,
In great reproche ſet to the ſhew upon the open ſtage,
(A thing that ill beſeemde a man of ſilver heares)
His beard as whyte as mylke he bathes with great faſt-falling teares:
Whom ſtraight the dredfull judge commaundeth to declare
Both, how this murther hath been donne, and who the murtherers are;
For that he nere the tombe was found at howres unfitte,
And had with hym thoſe yron tooles for ſuch a purpoſe fitte.
The frier was of lively ſprite and free of ſpeche,
The judges woords appald him not, ne were his wittes to ſeeche.
But with adviſed heed a while fyrſt did he ſtay,
And then with bold aſſured voyce aloud thus gan he ſay:
"My lordes, there is not one among you, ſet togyther,
So that, affection ſet aſide, by wiſdome he conſider
My former paſſed lyfe, and this my extreme age,
And eke this heavy ſight, the wreke of frantike Fortunes rage,
But that, amaſed much, doth wonder at this chaunge,
So great, ſo ſodainly befalne, unlooked for, and ſtraunge.
For I that in the ſpace of ſixty yeres and tenne,
Since fyrſt I did begin, to ſoone, to lead my lyfe with men,
And with the worldes vaine thinges myſelfe I did acquaint,
Was never yet, in open place, at any time attaynt
With any cryme, in weight as heavy as a ruſhe,
Ne is there any ſtander by can make me gylty bluſhe;
Although before the face of God I doe confeſſe
Myſelfe to be the ſinfulſt wretch of all this mighty preſſe.

When

When readieſt I am and likelieſt to make
My great accompt, which no man els for me ſhall undertake;
When wormes, the earth, and death, doe cyte me every howre,
Tappeare before the judgment ſeate of everlaſting powre,
And falling ripe I ſteppe upon my graves brinke,
Even then, am I, moſt wretched wight, as eche of you doth thinke,
Through my moſt haynous deede, with hedlong ſway throwne downe,
In greateſt daunger of my lyfe, and damage of renowne,
The ſpring, whence in your head this new conceite doth ryſe,
(And in your hart increaſeth ſtill your vayne and wrong ſurmiſe)
May be the hugenes of theſe teares of myne, percaſe,
That ſo abundantly downe fall by eyther ſyde my face;
As though the memory in ſcriptures were not kept
That Chriſt our Saviour himſelfe for ruth and pitie wept:
And more, who ſo will reade, y-written ſhall be fynde,
That teares are as true meſſengers of mans ungylty mynde.
Or els, a liker proofe that I am in the cryme,
You ſay theſe preſent yrons are, and the ſuſpected time:
As though all howres alike had not been made above!
Did Chriſt not ſay, the day had twelve? wherby he ſought to prove,
That no reſpect of howres ought juſtly to be had,
But at all times men have the choyce of doing good or bad;
Even as the ſprite of God the harts of men doth guyde,
Or as it leaveth them to ſtray from vertues path aſyde.
As for the yrons that were taken in my hand,
As now I deeme, I nede not ſeeke to make ye underſtand
To what uſe yron firſt was made, when it began;
How of it ſelfe it helpeth not, ne yet can hurt a man:
The thing that hurteth is the malice of his will,
That ſuch indifferent thinges is wont to uſe and order yll.
Thus much I thought to ſay, to cauſe you ſo to know
That neither theſe my piteous teares, though nere ſo faſt they flowe,
Ne yet theſe yron tooles, nor the ſuſpected time,
Can juſtly prove the murther donne, or damne me of the cryme:
No one of theſe hath powre, ne power have all the three,
To make me other than I am, how ſo I ſeeme to be.
But ſure my conſcience, if I ſo gylt deſerve,
For an appeacher, witneſſe, and a hangman, eke ſhould ſerve;
For through mine age, whoſe heares of long time ſince were hore,
And credyt greate that I was in, with you, in time tofore,
And eke the ſojorne ſhort that I on earth muſt make,
That every day and howre do loke my journey hence to take,
My conſcience inwardly ſhould more torment me thriſe,
Then all the outward deadly payne that all you could devyſe.
But God I prayſe, I feele no worme that gnaweth me,
And from remorſes pricking ſting I joy that I am free:
I meane, as touching this, wherewith you troubled are,
Wherewith you ſhould be troubled ſtill, if I my ſpeche ſhould ſpare.

But

But to the end I may ſet all your hartes at reſt,
And pluck out all the ſcrupuls that are rooted in your breſt,
Which might perhappes henceforth increaſing more and more,
Within your conſcience alſo increaſe your cureleſſe ſore,
I ſweare by yonder heavens, whither I hope to clym,
(And for a witnes of my woordes my hart atteſteth him,
Whoſe mighty hande doth welde them in theyr violent ſway,
And on the rolling ſtormy ſeas the heavy earth doth ſtay)
That I will make a ſhort and eke a true dyſcourſe
Of this moſt wofull tragedy, and ſhew both thend and ſourſe
Of theyr unhappy death, which you perchaunce no leſſe
Will wonder at then they alas! poore lovers in diſtreſſe,
Tormented much in mynd, not forcing lively breath,
With ſtrong and patient hart dyd yelde them ſelfe to cruell death:
Such was the mutual love wherein they burned both,
And of theyr promyſt frendſhippes fayth ſo ſtedy was the troth."
And then the auncient fryer began to make diſcourſe,
Even from the firſt, of Romeus and Juliets amours;
How firſt by ſodayn ſight the one the other choſe,
And twixt them ſelfe dyd knitte the knotte which onely death might loſe;
And how, within a while, with hotter love oppreſt,
Under confeſſions cloke, to him themſelfe they have addreſt;
And how with ſolemne othes they have proteſted both,
That they in hart are maried by promiſe and by othe;
And that except he graunt the rytes of church to geve,
They ſhal be forſt by earneſt love in ſinneful ſtate to live:
Which thing when he had wayde, and when he underſtoode
That the agreement twixt them twayne was lawfull, honeſt, good,
And all thinges peyſed well, it ſeemed meet to bee
(For lyke they were of nobleneſſe, age, riches, and degree);
Hoping that ſo at length ended might be the ſtryfe
Of Montagew and Capelets, that led in hate theyr lyfe,
Thinking to woorke a worke well-pleaſing in Gods ſight,
In ſecret ſhrift he wedded them; and they the ſelfe ſame night
Made up the mariage in houſe of Capilet,
As well doth know (if ſhe be aſkt) the nurce of Juliet.
He told how Romeus fled for reving Tybalts lyfe,
And how, the whilſt, Paris the earle was offred to his wife;
And how the lady dyd ſo great a wrong dyſdayne,
And how to ſhrift unto his church ſhe came to him agayne;
And how ſhe fell flat downe before his feete aground,
And how ſhe ſware, her hand and bloody knife ſhould wound
Her harmles hart, except that he ſome meane dyd fynde
To diſappoynt the earles attempt: and ſpotles ſave her mynde.
Wherefore, he doth conclude, although that long before
By thought of death and age he had refuſde for evermore

The

The hidden artes which he delighted in, in youth,
Yet wonne by her importunenes, and by his inward ruth,
And fearing leſt ſhe would her cruell vowe dyſcharge,
His cloſed conſcience he had opened and ſet at large;
And rather did he chooſe to ſuffer for one tyme
His ſoule to be ſpotted ſomdeale with ſmall and eaſy cryme,
Then that the lady ſhould, wery of livying breath,
Murther her ſelfe, and daunger much her ſeely ſoule by death:
Wherefore his auncient artes agayne he puts in ure;
A certain powder gave he her, that made her ſlepe ſo ſure,
That they her held for dead; and how that fryer John
With letters ſent to Romeus to Mantua is gone;
Of whom he knoweth not as yet, what is become;
And how that dead he found his frend within her kindreds tombe.
He thinkes with poyſon ſtrong, for care the yong man ſtervde,
Suppoſing Juliet dead; and how that Juliet hath carvde,
With Romeus dagger drawne her hart, and yelded breath,
Deſyrous to accompany her lover after death;
And how they could not ſave her, ſo they were afeard,
And hidde themſelfe, dreading the noyſe of watchmen, that they heard.
And for the proofe of this his tale, he doth deſyer
The judge to ſend forthwith to Mantua for the fryer,
To learne his cauſe of ſtay, and eke to read his letter;
And, more beſide, to thend that they might judge his cauſe the better,
He prayeth them depoſe the nurce of Juliet,
And Romeus man, whom at unawares beſyde the tombe he met.
Then Peter, not ſo much, as erſt he was, diſmayd:
My lordes, quoth he, too true is all that fryer Laurence ſayd.
And when my maiſter went into my myſtres grave,
This letter that I offer you, unto me he gave,
Which he him ſelfe dyd write, as I do underſtand,
And charged me to offer them unto his fathers hand.
The opened packet doth conteyne in it the ſame
That erſt the ſkilfull fryer ſaid; and eke the wretches name
That had at his requeſt the deedly poyſon ſold,
The price of it, and why he bought his letters plaine have tolde.
The caſe unfolded ſo and open now it lyes,
That they could wiſh no better proofe, ſave ſeeing it with theyr eyes:
So orderly all thinges were tolde, and tryed out,
That in the preaſe there was not one that ſtoode at all in doute.
The wyſer ſort, to counſell called by Eſcalus,
Here geven advice, and Eſcalus ſagely decreeth thus;
The nurſe of Juliet is baniſht in her age,
Becauſe that from the parentes ſhe dyd hyde the mariage,
Which might have wrought much good had it in time been knowne,
Where now by her concealing it a miſcheefe great is growne;
And Peter, for he dyd obey his maſters heſt,
In woonted freedome had good leave to lead his lyfe in reſt:

Thapothecary high is hanged by the throte,
And, for the paynes he tooke with him, the hangman had his cote.
But now what ſhall betyde of this gray-bearded ſyre,
Of fryer Lawrence thus araynde, that good barefooted fryre?
Becauſe that many time he woorthily did ſerve
The common welth, and in his lyfe was never found to ſwerve,
He was diſcharged quyte, and no mark of defame
Did ſeem to blot or touch at all the honour of his name.
But of himſelfe he went into an hermitage,
Two miles from Veron towne, where he in prayers paſt forth his age;
Till that from earth to heaven his heavenly ſprite dyd flye:
Fyve years he lived an hermite, and an hermite dyd he dye.
The ſtraungnes of the chaunce, when tryed was the truth,
The Montagewes and Capelets hath moved ſo to ruth,
That with their emptyed teares theyr choler and theyr rage
Has emptied quite; and they, whoſe wrath no wiſdom could aſſwage,
Nor threatning of the prince, ne mynde of murthers donne,
At length, (ſo mighty Jove it would) by pitye they are wonne.
And leſt that length of time might from our myndes remove
The memory of ſo perfect, ſound, and ſo approved love,
The bodies dead, removed from vaulte where they did dye,
In ſtately tombe, on pillars great of marble, rayſe they hye.
On every ſide above were ſet, and eke beneath,
Great ſtore of cunning epitaphes, in honor of theyr death.
And even at this day the tombe is to be ſeene *;
So that among the monumentes that in Verona been,
There is no monument more worthy of the ſight,
Then is the tombe of Juliet and Romeus her knight.

¶ Imprinted at London in Fleete Strete within Temble bar, at the ſigne of the hand and ſtarre, by Richard Tottill the xix day of November. An. do. 1562.

* Breval ſays in his Travels, 1726, that when he was at Verona, his guide ſhewed him an old building, then converted into a houſe for orphans, in which the tomb of theſe unhappy lovers had been; but it was then deſtroyed. MALONE.

APPENDIX.

Sequitur emendatio, pars studiorum longe utilissima. Neque enim sine causa creditum est, stylum non minus agere, cum delet. Hujus autem operis est, adjicere, detrahere, mutare.—Nam et damnanda sunt quæ placuerant, et invenienda quæ fugerant.

Quintil.

APPENDIX.

VOL. I.

TEMPEST.

P. 5. n. 5.] The examples of this phraſe, produced by Mr. Steevens, were accidentally omitted. Add therefore to his note:

So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I. ſc. vi.

"When they ſhall hear how we have play'd the men."

Again, in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 1590, P. II.

"Viceroys and peers of Turkey, *play the men.*"

STEEVENS.

Again, in Scripture, 2 Samuel, x. 12. "Be of good courage, and let us *play the men* for our people." MALONE.

P. 7. n. 5.] In the old copy theſe words were abſurdly printed as ſpoken by one perſon. Dr. Johnſon's arrangement is proved to be right, not only by the reaſon of the thing, but by a ſimilar paſſage in *Coriolanus*, Act V. ſc. *ult.* "He kill'd my ſon;—my daughter," &c. where the words, *All People* are prefixed to the ſpeech. MALONE.

P. 8. n. 3.] *Add to my note.* So, in Spenſer's *Shepheard's Calender* (April):

"The red roſe *medled* with the white y-fere,
"In either *cheeke* depeinctein lively cheere."

Again, in Lewknor's tranſlation of Contareno's *Commonwealth and Government of Venice*, 1598: "—which ſcrolles being firſt all well *meddled* together, are put into the pott."

MALONE.

P. 9. n. 6.] So, in *the Winter's Tale*;

"——Beſeech you,
"Of your own ſtate take care; *this dream of mine*,—
"Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
"But milk my ewes and weep."

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

"He liv'd in the court—
"——to the grave
"A child that guided dotards; *to his miſtreſs*,
"For whom he now is baniſh'd,—her own price
"Proclaims how ſhe eſteem'd him and his virtue."

MALONE.

P. 11. n. 3.] *To traſh for over-topping* may either mean to lop them becauſe they did over-top, or in order to prevent them from over-topping. So Lucetta in the ſecond ſcene of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, ſays,

" —I was taken up for laying them down:
" Yet here they ſhall not lie *for catching* cold."

This mode of expreſſion is not frequent in Shakſpeare, but occurs in every play of Beaumont and Fletcher:

" We'll have a bib *for* ſpoiling of your *doublet*."
The Captain.
" Stir my horſe *for* catching cold. *Love's Pilgrimage*
" —all her face patch'd *for* diſcovery. *The Pilgrim.*

That is, to prevent diſcovery. MASON.

P. 12. n. 6.] There is a very ſingular coincidence between this paſſage and one in Bacon's *Hiſtory of King Henry VII.* [Perkin Warbeck] " did in all things notably acquit himſelf; inſomuch as it was generally believed—that he was indeed *Duke* Richard. Nay, *himſelf, with long and continual counterfeiting, and with oft telling a lie, was turned by habit almoſt into the thing he ſeemed to be; and from a liar to be a believer.* MALONE.

Ibid.—Me, poor man! my library
Was large enough; i. e. was large enough *for*. Of this kind of ellipſis ſee various examples in a note on *Cymbeline*. Vol. VIII. p. 472, n. 3. MALONE.

P. 14. l. 1.] For *cherubim*, read *cherubin*, which is the reading of the old copy, and, though inaccurate, was the conſtant language of Shakſpeare's time. In Bullokar's *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 8vo. 1616 we find " CHERUBIN, *one* of the higheſt order of angels." So, in Sir Thomas Overbury's characters, 1616: [*A Preciſian*] " He thinks every organiſt is in the ſtate of damnation, and had rather hear one of Robert Wiſdome's Pſalmes than the beſt hymn *a cherubin* can ſing." Again, in *The Spaniſh Tragedy*, 1605:

" Back'd with a troop of fiery *cherubins*." MALONE.

Ibid. Some food we had, and ſome freſh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, (*who* being then appointed
Maſter of this deſign;) did give us;] Mr. Steevens has ſuggeſted, that we might better read—*he* being then appointed; and ſo we ſhould certainly now write: but the reading of the old copy is the true one, that mode of phraſeology being the idiom of Shakſpeare's time. So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

" —This

" —— This your ſon-in-law,
" And ſon unto the king, (*whom* heavens directing,)
" Is troth-plight to your daughter."

Again, in *Coriolanus:*

" ——— waving thy hand,
" *Which* often, thus, *correcting thy ſtout heart,*
" Now humble as the ripeſt mulberry,
" That will not hold the handling; or, ſay to them," &c.

See Vol. IV. p. 257, n. 1. and p. 488, n. *; and Vol. VII. p. 239, n. 5. MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 4. l. 12.] For *deck*, r. *leck.*—Add at the end of my note.—In Cole's Latin Dictionary, 1679, we find—" *To dag, collutulo, irroro.* MALONE.

P. 16. —*to ride*

On the curl'd clouds;] So, in Iſaiah, xix. 1. " The Lord *rideth* on the ſwift *cloud.*" MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 7.] So alſo De Loier, ſpeaking of " ſtrange ſights happening in the ſeas," *Treatiſe of Spectres*, 4to. 1605, p. 67, b: " Sometimes they ſhall ſee the fire which the ſaylors call *Saint Hermes*, to fly uppon their ſhippe, and *to alight upon the toppe of the maſt*; and ſometimes they ſhall perceive a wind that ſtirreth ſuch ſtormes as will run round about their ſhippe, and play about it in ſuch ſort, as by the hurling and beating of the clowdes will rayſe uppe *a fire that will burne uppe the yardes, the ſayles, and the tacklings of the ſhippe.*" MALONE.

P. 17. —*and* quit *the veſſel,*] *Quit* is, I think, here uſed for *quitted.* So, in *K. Lear:*

" ——— 'Twas he inform'd againſt him,
" And *quit* the houſe on purpoſe, that their puniſhment
" Might have the freer courſe."

So, in *King Henry VI.* P. I. *lift*, for *lifted:*

" He ne'er *lift* up his hand, but conquered." MALONE.

Ibidem. On their ſuſtaining *garments*, &c.] The word *ſuſtaining* in this place does not mean *ſupporting*, but *enduring*; and by their *ſuſtaining garments* Ariel means, their garments which bore, without being injured, the drenching of the ſea. MASON.

Perhaps *ſuſtaining* is here uſed for *ſuſtained.* So, in *Antony and Cleopatra, all-obeying*, for *all-obeyed.* Mr. Maſon's interpretation, however, may be the true one; and the word *ſuſtaining* may alſo have been uſed for *ſuffering*, in the paſſage quoted from *King Lear.* Their garments could not be called *ſuſtaining*, in the ſenſe which Mr. Steevens attributes to the

word, for it is well known that the clothes of a perſon who has fallen into the ſea, when they become thoroughly wet, inſtead of ſuſtaining him, render him leſs able to keep himſelf from ſinking. MALONE.

P. 20.—— *to tread the ooze*
Of the ſalt deep;—

To do me buſineſs *in the veins of the earth,*] So Milton, *Par. Loſt:*

" Or do his errands in the gloomy deep."

P. 22. *Come, thou tortoiſe! when?*] This expreſſion of impatience occurs often in our old dramas. See Vol. V. p. 9, n. 8, and Vol. VII. p. 330, n. 5. MALONE.

P. 22. *We cannot* miſs *him.*] That is, as Mr. Maſon has obſerved, *We cannot do without him.* This provincial expreſſion is ſtill uſed in the midland counties. MALONE.

P. 24. *Which any print of goodneſs will not take,*
Being capable of all ill!] So, in Harrington's tranſlation of *Orlando Furioſo*, 1591:

" The cruel Eſſelyno, that was thought
" To have been gotten by ſome wicked devil,
" *That never any goodneſs had been taught,*
" But ſold his ſoule to ſin and doing evil." MALONE.

P. 25. l. 4.] For *vild*, r. *vile*, and *dele* my note. *Vild* in the old copy is merely the ancient mode of ſpelling *vile*, and therefore, as modern orthography has been obſerved in all other places, it ought alſo to be followed here. MALONE.

Ibidem. The red plague rid you!] To follow Mr. Steevens's note.

So again, in *Coriolanus:*

" Now the *red peſtilence* ſtrike all trades in Rome!"

The word *rid*, which has not been explained, means to *deſtroy*. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II.

" —If you ever chance to have a child,
" Look, in his youth, to have him ſo cut off,
" As, deathſmen! you have *rid* this ſweet young prince."
MALONE.

P. 26. *Court'ſied when you have, and kiſs'd,*] The lady's hand only was kiſs'd, as it ſhould ſeem, previous to the dance. See Winwood's *Memorials*, Vol. II. p. 44: " —at this he was taken out to dance, and footed it like a luſty old gallant with his country-woman. He took out the queen, and forgot not to *kiſs her hand.*" MALONE.

Ibidem. Where ſhould this muſick be? i'the air, or the earth?]

So, Milton, in his *Il Penſeroſo*:

" And, as I walk, ſweet muſick, breathe,
" Above, about, or underneath!" MALONE.

Ibidem, n. 3. l. 4.] After " our author's word," add—agen, A. S. ſignifies both *adverſus* and *iterum*. In *Julius Cæſar* we find *againſt* uſed in the firſt of theſe ſenſes:

" Againſt the capitol I met a lion,—."

Lydgate in his *Troie boke*, deſcribing Priam's palace, uſes *again* in the ſenſe of *againſt*:

" And even *agayne* this kynges royal ſee,
" In the partye that was thereto contrayre,
" Yrayſed was by many crafty ſtayre
" In brede and length a full rich aultere." MALONE.

P. 29. n. 6. l. 6. from the bottom.]
Again, in Lily's *Maydes Metamorphoſes*, 1600:

" Well met, fair *nymph*, or *goddeſſe* if ye be."

Add at the end:

I have ſaid " that nothing is more common in theſe plays than a word being uſed in reply in a ſenſe different from that in which it was employed by the firſt ſpeaker." Here follow my proofs. In *As you like it*, Orlando, being aſked by his brother, " Now, ſir, what *make* you here?" [i. e. What do you do here?] replies, " Nothing; I am not taught to *make* any thing." So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III.

" ——Henceforward will I bear
" Upon my target three fair ſhining *ſuns*.
" *Rich.* Nay, bear three *daughters*."

Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II.

" *Ch. Juſt.* Your means are very ſlender, and your *waſte* great.
" *Fal.* I would it were otherwiſe; I would my means were greater, and my *waiſt* ſlenderer."

Again, in *K. Richard III.*

" With this, my lord, myſelf hath *nought* to do.
" *Glo.* *Naught* to do with miſtreſs Shore?" &c.

MALONE.

P. 31. n. 2.] We have the ſame thought in Lily's *Euphues*, 1580: " Then how vain is it, that the *foot* ſhould neglect his office, to correct the *face*." MALONE.

P. 33. n. *.] *Claribel* is alſo the miſtreſs of Phaon in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. iv. MALONE.

P. 34.] *How* luſh *and luſty the graſs looks, how green!*] The word *luſh* has not yet been rightly interpreted. It appears from the following paſſage in Golding's tranſlation of Ovid, 1587, to have ſignified *juicy*, *ſucculent*:

" What? ſeeſt thou not, how that the year, as repreſenting plaine
" The age of man, departes himſelf in quarters foure: firſt, baine*
" And tender in the ſpring it is, even like a ſucking babe,
" Then greene and void of ſtrength, and *luſh* and *foggy* is the blade;
" And cheers the huſbandman with hope."

Ovid's lines (Met. XV.) are theſe:

Quid? non in ſpecies ſuccedere quattuor annum
Aſpicis, ætatis peragentem imitamina noſtræ?
Nam tener et lactens, puerique ſimillimus ævo,
Vere novo eſt. Tunc *herba recens, et roboris expers,*
Turget, et inſolida eſt, et ſpe delectat agreſtem.

Spenſer in his *Shepheard's Calender*, (Feb.) applies the epithet *luſty* to green:

" With leaves engrain'd in *luſtie green*." MALONE.

P. 35. n. *. l. 2.] For *Fauhonbridge*, r. *Faukonbridge*.

P. 37. n. 9. l. 5.] For *ſho'uld*, r. *ſh'ould*.

P. 43. After n. 3.] So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*: " —why he'll anſwer nobody, he *profeſſes* not anſwering." MALONE.

P. 48. n. 4. l. 2.] For *bombard*, r. *bumbard*.

P. 50. n. 9.] Add to my note.—Theſe words, however, may mean, (as Mr. Maſon has obſerved,) " I will not take for him even more than he is worth." MALONE.

P. 53. n. 1.] *Dele* Dr. Grey's note, and ſubſtitute the following.

This is a common expreſſion, to denote profound obeiſance. So, in *Timon of Athens*:

" Follow his ſtrides, his lobbies fill with tendance,—
" *Make ſacred even his ſtirrop*, and through him
" Drink the free air."

Again, in *Titus Andronicus*: " —When you come to him, [the emperor,] at the firſt approach, you muſt kneel, *then kiſs his foot*, then deliver your pigeons." MALONE.

Ibidem, n. 2.] Add to my note—

With reſpect to the place from which Caliban ſays he will fetch theſe young ſea-mels, or ſea-mews, Shakſpeare might have learned from Pliny's *Natural Hiſtory*, 1600, (a book that he is known to have looked into,) " As touching the gulls or *ſea-cobs*, they build in *rockes*." p. 287. MALONE.

---

* i. e. limber, flexible.

P. 54. *'Ban, 'Ban, Ca—Caliban,*] Perhaps our author remembered a ſong of Sir P. Sidney's:

" Da, da, da—Daridan."

Aſtrophel and Stella, fol. 1627. MALONE.

P. 55. n. 4.] In like manner in *Coriolanus*, Act IV. the ſame change was made by him. " I am a Roman, *and* (i. e. and *yet*) my ſervices are, as you are, againſt them." Mr. Pope reads—" I am a Roman, *but* my ſervices," &c. MALONE.

P. 57. *The fleſh-fly blow my mouth:*] i. e. ſwell and inflame my mouth. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" Here is a vent of blood, and ſomething *blown*."

Again, *ibidem*:

" ——— and let the water-*flies*

" *Blow* me into abhorring." MALONE.

Ibidem —than I would *ſuffer*—] I have here, with all the modern editors, incautiouſly adopted an emendation made by Mr. Pope. But the reading of the old copy—than *to* ſuffer—is right, however ungrammatical. So, in *All's well that ends well*: " No more of this, Helena, go to, no more; leſt it be rather thought you affect a ſorrow, *than to have*." MALONE.

P. 66. n. 5.] Our poet had probably Lily's *Euphues, and his England*, particularly in his thoughts: ſignat. Q. 3.—" As there is but one phœnix in the world, ſo is there but *one tree* in Arabia wherein ſhe buildeth." See alſo Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: " *Raſin*, a trèe in Arabia, whereof there is but *one* found, and upon it the phœnix ſits."

In l. 1. of this note, for *phœn' thronex*, r. *phœnix' throne*. The letters were ſhuffled out of their places at the preſs. MALONE.

P. 69. n. 7. l. 3.] for 1670, r. 1679.

P. 71. n. 3.] Add to Mr. Steevens's note.—So in the celebrated libel called *Leiceſter's Commonwealth*: " I heard him once my ſelfe in publique act at Oxford, and that in preſence of my lord of Leiceſter, maintain that poyſon might be ſo tempered and given, as it ſhould not appear preſently, and yet ſhould kill the party afterwards at what time ſhould be appointed."

Ibidem, n. 5. l. 5. from the bottom.] For 1529, r. 1540.

P. 72. n. 8. l. ult.] For υπνῳ, r. υπνῳ.

P. 78. *With your* ſedg'd crowns, *and ever-harmleſs looks*,] So, in Golding's Tranſlation of Ovid's *Metamorph.* B. IX. 1587:

" The noble ſtream of Calydon made anſwere, who did weare

" A *garland* made of reedes and flagges upon his *ſedgy* heare." MALONE.

P. 79. n. 1.] Perhaps our poet alſo remembered Spenſer's *Ruines of Time*, 1591:

" High *towers*, fair *temples*, goodly theatres,
" Strong walls, rich porches, princelie pallaces,
" Large ſtreets, brave houſes, ſacred ſepulchres,
" Sure gates, ſweet gardens, ſtately galleries,
" Wrought with faire pillours, and fine imageries,
" All theſe, (O pitie!) now are turn'd to duſt,
" And overgrown with black oblivions ruſt." MALONE.

P. 80. n. 2.] I am now inclined to think that *rack* is a mis-ſpelling for *wrack*, i. e. *wreck*, which Fletcher likewiſe has uſed for a minute broken fragment. See his *Wife for a Month*, where we find the word mis-ſpelt as it is in the *Tempeſt*:

" He will bulge ſo ſubtilly and ſuddenly,
" You may ſnatch him up by parcels, like a *ſea-rack*."

It has been urged, that " objects which have only a viſionary and inſubſtantial exiſtence, can, when the viſion is faded, leave nothing *real*, and conſequently no *wreck* behind them." But the objection is founded on miſapprehenſion. The words—" Leave not a rack (or wreck) behind," relate not to " the baſeleſs fabrick of this viſion," but to the final deſtruction of the world, of which the towers, temples, and palaces, ſhall (*like* a viſion, or a pageant,) be diſſolved, and leave no veſtige behind. MALONE.

P. 85. *Go, charge thy goblins, that they grind their* joints
With dry convulſions; ſhorten up their ſinews
With aged cramps;] So Milton, in his Maſque:

" He with his bare wand can unthread thy *joints*,
" And crumble all thy *ſinews*." MALONE.

P. 86. *His tears run down his beard*, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds:] Milton probably remembered theſe lines, when he wrote

" Or uſher'd with a ſhower ſtill,
" When the guſt hath blown his fill,
" Ending on the ruſsling leaves,
" *With minute drops from off the eaves*." MALONE.

P. 89. l. 23.] For *a pace*, r. *apace*.

P. 91. n. 1. Add at the end of my firſt note.] That the crying of owls was introduced as deſcriptive of night, and not to mark the ſeaſon of the year, is proved by Shakſpeare's frequent mention of the ſame bird in various places, in all of which the owl is introduced as an attendant upon night. So, in *Macbeth*:

" It

" It was the *owl* that *cry'd*, the fatal bellman,
" That gives the ſtern'ſt good-*night*."

Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II.

" Deep night, dread night, the ſilent of the night,
" When ſcritch-*owls cry*—".

Again, in his *Venus and Adonis*:

" The *owl*, *night's* herald, ſhrieks; 'tis very late," &c.

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

" The night to the *owl*, and morn to the lark, leſs welcome." MALONE.

P. 91. n. 2.] After the words—" midland counties", add.—So, in a kindred ſenſe, in *K. Lear*:

" —— while I to this hard houſe,—
" (Which even but now, demanding *after* you,
" Deny'd me to come in,) return," &c. MALONE.

P. 93. n. 7.] Add to Mr. Steevens's note.—To be *woe* is often uſed by old writers to ſignify to be *ſorry*. So, in the play of *The Four P's*, 1569:

" But be ye ſure, I would be *woe*,
" That you ſhould chance to beguile me ſo."

P. 96. n. 2.] We have the ſame phraſeology in *Coriolanus*:

" One thus deſcended,—
" To be ſet high in place, we did commend
" To your *remembrances*." MALONE.

Ibidem. l. 15, of text.] After *gone*, put a full point.

P. 97. n. 4.] *Trickſy* alſo ſignifies neat, elegantly adorned. See Florio's Dictionary, 1598: *Nimſarſi*, to trim, to ſmug, to *trixie*, to deck or ſpruce himſelf up as a nymphe." The ſame writer interprets *Pargoletta*, " quaint, pretty, nimble, *trixie*, tender, ſmall." See alſo Minſheu's DICT. in v. to *trick*. MALONE.

Ibidem, n. 5.] The emendation made by Mr. Pope (which like all the late editors I have inadvertently admitted into the text,) ought to be a warning to all future editors, not to ſubſtitute modern for ancient phraſeology, merely becauſe the latter appears uncouth or unuſual. In this edition I have had this rule almoſt conſtantly before my eyes; but in the preſent and two or three more inſtances, my caution (which I truſt will be found to have been ſtrenuouſly exerted againſt all capricious alterations) was overwatched.

Two words (and not one, as Mr. Pope ſuppoſed,) were undoubtedly intended; but the compoſitor has printed *of*, inſtead of *on*. " *On* ſleep" was the ancient Engliſh phraſeology. The reader will therefore be pleaſed to correct the text accordingly.

ingly. So, in Gascoigne's *Suppoſes*: "—knock again; I think they be *on* ſleep." Again, in a ſong ſaid to have been written by Anna Boleyn:

"O death, rock me *on* ſlepe."

Again, in Campion's *Hiſtory of Ireland*, 1633: "One officer in the houſe of great men is a tale-teller, who bringeth his lord *on* ſleep with tales vaine and frivolous." MALONE.

P. 99. n. 3. l. 2.] for *Eixir*, r. *Elixir*.

Omitted in its proper place, p. 4, n. 2.

Dr. Johnſon has obſerved, that in the naval dialogue in the firſt ſcene of this play there are ſome inaccuracies and contradictory orders; but the obſervation, which he ſays, was made by a ſkilful ſeaman, is founded on a miſtake. Theſe orders ſhould be conſidered as given, not at once, but ſucceſſively, as the emergency required. One attempt to ſave the ſhip failing, another is tried. MALONE.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

P. 107. n. 3.] Since this note was written, I have ſeen the edition of Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, printed in 1598. It contains the firſt two *Seſtiads* only. The remainder was added by Chapman. MALONE.

P. 107. n. 7.] Add—Or the conſtruction intended may have been—Let me hear from thee by letters to Milan, i. e. addreſſed to me there. MALONE.

P. 110. *Nay, in that you are* aſtray, &c.] From the word *aſtray* here, and *loſt mutton* above, it is obvious that the double reference was to the firſt ſentence of the general confeſſion in the Prayer-Book. HENLEY.

P. 116. n. 5.] Again, in Hall's *Chronicle*, fol. 98. b. "The Queen marched from York to Wakefield, and *bade baſe* to the duke even before his caſtle." MALONE.

Ibidem. Yet here they ſhall not lie for *catching cold.*] i. e. leſt they ſhould catch cold.

So, in an ancient *Dialogue both pleaſaunte and profitable*, by Willyam Bulleyn, 1564:

"My horſe ſtarteth, and had like to have unſaddled me; let me ſit faſter, *for falling*."

Again, in Plutarch's Life of Antony, tranſlated by Sir Thomas North: "So he was let in, and brought to her muffled as he was, *for being knowen*," i. e. for fear of being known.

See

See Mr. Maſon's note on *The Tempeſt*, p. 11, n. 3.
MALONE.

P. 117. n. 9.] *Impeachment* in this paſſage means reproach or imputation. So Demetrius ſays to *Helena* in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*,

" You do *impeach* your modeſty too much,
" To leave the city, and commit yourſelf
" Into the hands of one that loves you not."
MASON.

P. 118.—*now will we break with him.*] i. e. break the matter to him. MASON.

P. 128. n. 8.] There could be no doubt about the ſenſe of this paſſage, had Launce ſaid, " O, that *it* could ſpeak like a wood woman!" but he uſes the feminine pronoun in ſpeaking of the ſhoe, becauſe it is ſuppoſed to repreſent a woman.
MASON.

P. 130. n. 2.] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*, 1594:

" —— the illiterate, that know not how
" To cipher what is writ in learned books,
" Will *cote* my loathſome treſpaſs in my looks."

In our poet's time words were thus frequently ſpelt by the ear. MALONE.

P. 134. n. 7.] After " *contemporaries*," add—So, in *The Famous Hiſtorie of George Lord Faukonbridge*, 4to. 1616, p. 15: " Such an *imperious* God is love, and ſo commanding." MALONE.

P. 136. n. 6. l. 5.] For *Valen, tines*, r. *Valentines*.

P. 137. n. 2. l. 2.] For 149, r. 146.

P. 138.—*how ſay'ſt thou, that my maſter is become a notable lover?*] i. e. (as Mr. Maſon has elſewhere obſerved) What ſay'ſt thou to this circumſtance,—namely, that my maſter is become a notable lover? MALONE.

P. 140. n. 7.] Mr. Steevens is right in aſſerting that competitor in this place means *confederate* or *partner*. The word is uſed in the ſame ſenſe in *Twelfth Night*, where the clown, ſeeing Maria and Sir Toby approach, who were joined in the plot againſt Malvolio, ſays,

" The *competitors* enter."

Again, in *K. Richard III.*

" ——— The Guilfords are in arms,
" And every hour more *competitors*
" Flock to the rebels." MASON.

P. 151. n. 9.] See Lord Surrey's Sonnets, 1557:

" My

" My ſong, thou ſhalt attain to find the pleaſant place,
" Where ſhe doth live, by whom I live; may chance to have the grace,
" When ſhe hath read, and ſeen the grief wherein I ſerve,
" *Between her breſts ſhe ſhall thee put, there ſhall ſhe thee reſerve.*" MALONE.

P. 154. n. 2.] Mr. Steevens aſks, how a deſire for dainties can make amends for an offenſive breath. It certainly can not; but he forgets that Launce replies to the *words* of Speed, not to his meaning. The quibble is preſerved, and the *ſweet* mouth makes equally amends for the ſour breath, whatever the real ſignification of the former phraſe may be.

A *ſweet mouth* may poſſibly imply a diſpoſition to wantonneſs, as well as a love of dainties; but it cannot in this place mean that ſhe ſings ſweetly, for that would be a real perfection, and he is enumerating her vices. MASON.

P. 156. Speed. *And more* wealth *than faults.*

Launce. *Why, that word makes the faults* gracious.] Mr. Steevens's interpretation of the word *gracious* has been controverted, but it is right. We have the ſame ſentiment in *The Merry Wives of Windſor:*

" O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd *faults*
" Look *handſome* in *three hundred* pounds a year!

MALONE.

P. 172. n. 2.] After *part with*, add—So, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

" I dare be ſworn for him, he would not *leave* it,
" Or pluck it from his finger for the wealth
" That the world maſters." MALONE.

P. 176. n. 3.] It appears from hence, and a paſſage in Maſſinger, that the word *ſtatue* was formerly uſed to expreſs a portrait. Julia is here addreſſing herſelf to a picture; and in *The City Madam* the young ladies are ſuppoſed to take leave of the *ſtatues* of their lovers, as they ſtile them, though Sir John at the beginning of the ſcene calls them *pictures*, and deſcribes them afterwards as nothing but ſuperficies, colours, and no ſubſtance. MASON.

P. 178. n. 4] She pities Sir Thurio's poſſeſſions, becauſe they are let to others, and are not in his own dear hands. Such appears to me to be the meaning. MASON.

P. 182, n. 2. l. 3.] For n. 2, *read* n. 3; and add—

So, in our poet's 133d Sonnet:

" But ſlave to ſlavery my *ſweeteſt* friend muſt be."

MALONE.

MERRY

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

P. 191. n. 2. l. 2.] After *universities*," add—of Cambridge and Dublin.

P. 192. *The* dozen *white* louses *do become an old coat well.*] A similar play of words is found in the ballad said to be made by Shakspeare on Sir Thomas Lucy. See Vol. I. Part I. The arms of the Lucy family are three *luces* hariant; but I am informed that one of the shields in Charlecote church has *twelve luces* depicted on it. MALONE.

P. 198. n. 5.] After "sixpences," *add*—See also Vol. V. p. 336, n. 1. "Quoit him down Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling." MALONE.

P. 201.—*and so conclusions* pass'd the cariers.] Bardolph means to say, "and so in the *end* he reel'd about with a circuitous motion, like a horse, *passing a carier*." To *pass a carier* was the technical term. So, in Nashe's *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, &c. 1596: "—her hottest fury may be resembled to the *passing* of a brave *cariere* by a Pegasus."

Again, in Harrington's *Ariosto*, 1591 (the quotation is Mr. Steevens's):

"To stop, to start, to *pass carier*, to bound."

We find the term again used in *K. Henry V.* in the same manner as in the passage before us: "— The king is a good king, but—he *passes* some humours and *cariers*." MALONE.

P. 204. Anne. *The dinner attends you, sir.*

Slen.—*Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my cousin Shallow.*] This passage shews that it was formerly the custom in England, as it is now in France, for persons to be attended at dinner by their own servants, wherever they dined. MASON.

P. 205. n. 1. —*three* venies *for a dish of stew'd prunes.*] Mr. Steevens's interpretation is not accurate. Slender means to say, that the wager for which he played was a dish of stew'd prunes, which was to be paid by him who received three *hits*. See Bullokar's *English Expositor*, 8vo. 1616: "*Venie*. A *touch* in the body at playing with weapons." See also Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598. "*Tocco*. A touch or feeling." Also a *venie* at fence; a *hit*." MALONE.

P. 207. n. 8.] Shakspeare might have remembered in Spenser's *Tears of the Muses*,

"Which was the care of *Kesars* and of *kings*."

Pheesar was a made word from *pheese*. "I'll *pheese* you," says

says Sly to the Hoſteſs in *The Taming of the Shrew*. See Vol. III. p. 243, n. 2, and Vol. VIII. p. 206, n. 1.

MALONE.

P. 209. n. 8.] Add to my note.—There is a ſimilar corruption in the folio copy of *K. Lear*. In the quarto, 1608, ſignat. B, we find—"ſince what I *well* intend," inſtead of which the folio exhibits—"ſince what I *will* intend," &c.

MALONE.

P. 210. n. 6.] So, in Hinde's *Eliofto Libidinoſo*, 1606: "—for princes are great marks, upon whom many eyes are *intended*." i. e. earneſtly bent. MALONE.

P. 212. *I will* incenſe *Page*—] To *incenſe* in Shakſpeare's age meant to *inſtigate*. See Minſheu's Dictionary, 1617, in v. MALONE.

P. 214. n. 4.] "A tall man of his hands" ſometimes meant quick-handed, active; and as Slender is here commending his maſter for his gymnaſtick abilities, perhaps the phraſe is here uſed in that ſenſe. See Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598, in v. "*Maneſco*. Nimble or quick-handed; a tall man of his hands." MALONE.

P. 219. n. 2.] Add to Mr. Steevens's note.

So, in the third book of Gower, *de Confeſſione Amantis*:

"The ſon cleped was Machayre,
"The daughter eke Canace hight,
"*By daie bothe and eke by night.*"

Loud and ſtill was another phraſe of the ſame meaning.

P. 224. n. 5.] Piſtol again uſes it in *K. Henry V.*; ſo does the Clown in *Twelfth Night*: I do not believe therefore that any ridicule was here aimed at Preſton, the author of Cambyſes. MALONE.

P. 225. n. 1.] Add to my note—On the Stationers' books was entered in 1579 by Thomas Dawſon, a book entitled, "*Of Cataia and the region of Sina, and of the* MARVAILOUS WONDERS *that have been ſeen in thoſe parts*." MALONE.

P. 230, n. 4.] Dr. Warburton's interpretation is, I think, right. *Equipage* indeed does not *per ſe* ſignify *ſtolen* goods, but ſuch goods as Piſtol promiſes to return, we may fairly ſuppoſe, would be ſtolen. *Equipage*, which, as Dr. Farmer obſerves, had been but newly introduced into our language, is defined by Bullokar in his *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 8vo. 1616, "Furniture, or proviſion for horſemanſhip, eſpecially in triumphs or tournaments." Hence the modern uſe of this word. MALONE.

P. 231.

P. 231. n. 8.] Sir Thomas Overbury's *Characters*, 1616, furnish us with a confirmation of the reading of the old copies: "The eye of this wolf is as quick in his head as a *cutpurse* in a *throng*." MALONE.

P. 239. *Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues;*
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.] These lines have much the air of a quotation, but I know not whether they belong to any contemporary writer. In Florio's *Second Fruites*, 1591, I find the following verses:

"Di donne e, et sempre fu natura,
"Odiar chi l'ama, e chi non l'ama cura."

Again:

"——— Sono simili a crocodilli
"Chi per prender l'huomo, piangono, e preso la devorano,
"Chi le fugge sequono, e chi le seque fuggono."

Thus translated by Florio:

"—— they are like crocodiles,
"They weep to winne, and wonne they cause to die,
"*Follow men flying, and men following fly.*" MALONE.

P. 240. n. 3.] Mr. Steevens is, I think, mistaken. What Ford means to say is, that if he could once detect her in a crime, he should then be able to drive her from those defences with which she would otherwise ward off his addresses; *such as* her *purity*, her reputation, her marriage-vow, &c. So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"——— Tell him, you're sure,
"All in Bohemia's well;—Say this to him,
"He's beat from his best *ward*." MASON.

P. 243. n. 3.] Dr. Farmer, I believe, is right. The host, who, availing himself of the poor Doctor's ignorance of English phraseology, applies to him all kind of opprobrious terms, here means to call him *a coward*. So, in *The Three Lords of London*, 1590:

"My lordes, what means these gallants to performe?
"Come these *Castillian cowards* but to brave?
"Do all these mountains move, to breed a mouse?"

There may, however, be also an allusion to his profession, as a water-*caster*.

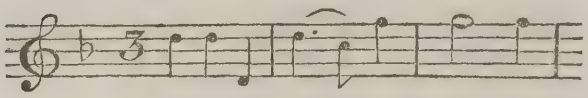
I know not whether we should not rather point—Thou art a Castilian, king-urinal! &c.

In *K. Henry VIII.* Wolsey is called count-cardinal.

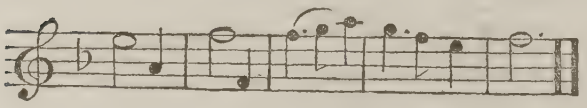
MALONE.

P. 246.

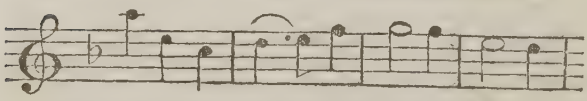
P. 246. n. 2.] The muſical notes to which this ſong was ſet, have been recovered by Sir John Hawkins from a MS. of Shakſpeare's time. Not thinking them of much value, I omitted to inſert them, but in compliance with the wiſhes of a muſical friend I ſhall here give them a place.



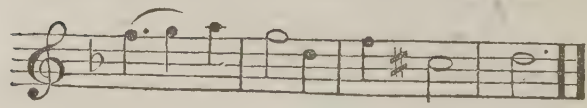
Come live with me, and be my



love, and we will all the plea-ſures prove,



that hills and val - lies, dale and field, and



all the crag-gy moun-tains yield.

SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

P. 256. n. 5.] Tire-*volant*, however, I believe with Mr. Steevens, was the poet's word. "Their heads (ſays Naſhe in 1594) with their *top and top-gallant* lawne baby caps, and ſnow-reſembled ſilver curlings, they make a plain puppet-ſtage of. Their breaſts they embuſke up on hie, and their round roſeate buds they immodeſtly lay forth, to ſhew, at their hands there is fruit to be hoped." *Chriſt's Tears over Jeruſalem*, 4to. 1594. MALONE.

P. 256. n. 6.] In how much requeſt the Venetian tyre formerly was held, appears from Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, 1624: " —let her have the Spaniſh gate, [*gait*] the *Venetian tire*, Italian complements and endowments." MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 8.] At the beginning of my note, *inſert*—

The firſt ſtanza of this popular ballad was as follows:

" Fortune, my foe, why doſt thou frown on me?
" And will my fortune never better be?
" Wilt thou, I ſay, for ever breed my pain,
" And wilt thou not reſtore my joys again?" MALONE.

P. 257. *I cannot cog, and ſay thou art this and that, like a many of theſe liſping hawthorn-buds,—I cannot; but I love thee.*] So, in *Wily Beguil'd*, 1606:

" I cannot play the diſſembler,
" And woo my love with courting ambages,
" Like one whoſe love hangs on his ſmooth tongue's end;
" But in a word I tell the ſum of my deſires,
" I love faire Lelia." MALONE.

P. 259. *The cowl-ſtaff?*] is a ſtaff uſed for carrying a large tub or baſket with two handles. In Eſſex the word *cowl* is yet uſed for a tub. MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 6.] So, in a letter written by Queene Catharine in 1526, Howard's Collection, Vol. I. p. 212: " We will and command you, that ye delyver or cauſe to be delyvered unto our truſty and well-beloved John Creuſſe—one buck *of ſeaſon*." " The ſeaſon of the hynd or doe (ſays Manwood) doth begin at Holyrood-day, and laſteth till Candelmas." *Foreſt Laws*, 1598. MALONE.

P. 266. n. 8.] *Add to my note.*—Thus: " You two are going to throw away your daughter on a fool and a phyſician; you, ſir, on the former, and you, madam, on the latter." MALONE.

P. 273. n. 6. l. ult.] For *ſpracht*, r. *ſpacht*.

P. 276. n. *. l. 6.] For *on her entrance*, r. *on Falſtaff's reentrance*.

P. 277. l. ult. of text.] For *gang*, r. *ging*, which was the word intended by the poet, and was anciently uſed for *gang*. So, in Ben Jonſon's *New Inn*, 1631:

" The ſecret is, I would not willingly
" See or be ſeen to any of this *ging*,
" Eſpecially the lady."

Again, in *The Alchemiſt*, 1610:

" —Sure he has got

" Some

" Some baudy picture to call all this *ging*;
" The friar and the boy, or the new motion," &c.
MALONE.

P. 279. n. 4.] Add to my note—Or it may ſignify ſuperficial, external appearances. So, in another play:
" So ſmooth he *daub'd* his vice with ſhew of virtue."
MALONE.

P. 282. n. 5.] So, in *Weſtward for Smelts*, a pamphlet which Shakſpeare certainly had read: " I anſwere in the behalfe of one, who is *as free from diſloyaltie, as is the ſunne from darkneſs, or the fire from* COLD." A huſband is ſpeaking of his wife. MALONE.

P. 291. l. 2.] Reſtore the reading of the old copy—*whereof*, and inſtead of the preſent, ſubſtitute the following, note:

Thus the old copy. Mr. Pope and all the ſubſequent editors read—The mirth *whereof's* ſo larded, &c. but the old reading is the true one, and the phraſeology that of Shakſpeare's age. *Whereof* (as I ſuſpected when my original note was written) was formerly uſed as we now uſe *thereof*; " —the mirth *thereof* being ſo larded," &c. So, in *Mount Tabor, or Private Exerciſes of a Penitent Sinner*, 8vo. 1639: " In the mean time [they] cloſely conveyed under the cloaths wherewithal he was covered, a viſard, like a ſwine's ſnout, upon his face, with three-wire chains faſtened thereunto, the other end *whereof being* holden ſeverally by thoſe three ladies; who fall to ſinging again," &c. MALONE.

P. 297. n. 7.] The ſame thought is found in Lily's *Euphues*, 1580: " I think in thoſe days love was well ratified on earth, when luſt was ſo full authorized by the gods in heaven." MALONE.

P. 300. n. 8. l. 8.] *Dele* the comma after *conſequence*, and put a comma after *innocence*.

Ibidem, n. 8. l. 14.] The fantaſies with which the mind of the virtuous maiden is to be amuſed, are the reverſe of thoſe with which Oberon diſturbs Titania in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*:

" There ſleeps Titania;—
" With the juice of this I'll ſtreak her eyes,
" And make her full of *hateful fantaſies*." MALONE.

P. 301. n. 3.] *Middle earth*, ſays the Gloſſariſt to Gawin Douglas's Tranſlation of Virgil, is only *this* earth, ab A. S. myddan eard, *mundus*. MALONE.

P. 302.

P. 302. *And* turn *him to no pain:*] This appears to have been the common phraſeology of our author's time. So again, in the *Tempeſt:*

" ——— O, my heart bleeds,
" To think of the *teen* that I have *turn'd you to.*"

Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III.

" Edward, what ſatisfaction canſt thou make,
" For bearing arms, for ſtirring up my ſubjects,
" And all the *trouble* thou haſt *turn'd me to.*"

Of this line there is no trace in the original play, on which the third Part of *K. Henry VI.* was formed. MALONE.

Ibidem, n. 6.] In Sonnets by H. C. [Henry Conſtable,] 1594, we find the ſame image:

" *Luſt is a fire*, that for an hour or twaine
" Giveth a ſcorching blaze, and then he dies;
" Love a continual furnace doth maintaine," &c.

MALONE.

P. 305. l. 9.] For *windſor*, r. *Windſor.*

VOL. II.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

P. 4. n. 4.] Add, after the paſſage from *Much ado about Nothing.*

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*, folio, 1623:

" And hither ſhall he come, and that very night
" Shall Romeo," &c.

inſtead of

" And hither ſhall he come, *and he and I*
" *Will watch thy waking*, and that very night
" Shall Romeo," &c. MALONE.

P. 5. n. 7. After Mr. Steevens's note.] Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

" ——— never did young man fancy
" With ſo eternal and ſo *fix'd a ſoul.*" MASON.

P. 6. n. 7.] Add to my note.—So, in *Timon of Athens:*

" It is our *part*, and promiſe to the Athenians,
" To ſpeak with Timon." MALONE.

P. 17. n. 9.] Add to my note.—Again, in *Cymbeline:*

" Unleſs a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never ſaw any one ſo *prone.*" MALONE.

Ibidem. At the end of note 2.] The ſame phraſe, in Lucio's

wanton ſenſe, occurs in *Luſty Iuventus*. STEEVENS.

Ibidem. In the text.] For *Scene VI.* r. *Scene IV.*

P. 19. n. 7.] For *Our author is often incorrect in the computation of time*, r. *Claudio would naturally repreſent the period during which the law had not been put in practice, greater than it really was.* MALONE.

P. 20. l. 11.] Add—*Exeunt.*

P. 22. n. 1.] So, in Tarleton's *Newes out of Purgatory*, bl. l. no date: "—he ſpide the fetch, and perceived that all this while this was his *lover's* huſband, to whom he had revealed theſe eſcapes." MALONE.

P. 23. Add to note 2.] So, in our author's 3d Sonnet:

"For who is ſhe ſo fair, whoſe unear'd *womb*
"Diſdains the *tillage* of thy huſbandry?" MALONE.

P. 24. n. 8.] So, in *Othello*, 4to. 1622:

"And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my ſheets
"*H'as* done my office."

Again, in *All's well that ends well*, p. 247, folio 1623, we find *H'as* twice, for *He has*. See alſo *Twelfth Night*, p. 258, edit. 1623: "—*h'as* been told ſo," for "*he has* been told ſo." MALONE.

P. 26. n. 7.] The ſenſe undoubtedly requires, "—which now you cenſure him *for*," but the text certainly appears as the poet left it. I have elſewhere ſhewn that he frequently uſes theſe elliptical expreſſions. See Vol. VII. p. 128, n. 8; Vol. VIII. p. 472, n. 3; and Vol. IX. p. 469, n. 3. MALONE.

P. 36. *Save your honour!*] *Your honour*, which is ſo often repeated in this ſcene, was in our author's time the uſual mode of addreſs to a *lord*. See Vol. X. p. 3, n. 2. It had become antiquated after the Reſtoration; for Sir William D'Avenant in his alteration of this play has ſubſtituted *your excellence* in the room of it. MALONE.

P. 38. *The law hath not been dead, though it hath ſlept:*] So, in *The Spaniſh Tragedy*, 1605:

"Nor dies revenge, although he ſleep awhile."
MALONE.

P. 39. n. 3. l. 3.] So, in *Coriolanus*, Act V. ſc. v.

"———but *there to end*,
"WHERE he was to begin, and give away
"The benefit of our levies." &c.

Again, in *Julius Cæſar*:

"And WHERE *I did begin, there ſhall I end.*"
MALONE.

P. 40. n. 5.] So, in *The Two Noble Kinſmen*, 1634:

" Thou bring'ſt ſuch *pelting* ſcurvy news continually,
" Thou art not worthy life." MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 6.] Add to Mr. Steevens's note.
So, in *Antonio's Revenge*, 1602:

" Till by degrees the rough and *gnarly* trunk
" Be riv'd in ſunder."

P. 41. n. 2.] Add to my note.
The word *breeds* is uſed in nearly the ſame ſenſe in *The Tempeſt*:

" ——— Fair encounter
" Of two moſt rare affections! Heavens rain grace
" On that which *breeds* between them!" MALONE.

P. 44. n. 1.] No language could more forcibly expreſs the aggravated profligacy of Angelo's paſſion, which the purity of Iſabella ſerved but the more to inflame.—The deſecration of edifices devoted to religion, by converting them to the moſt abject purpoſes of nature, was an eaſtern method of expreſſing contempt. See 2 Kings, x. 27. HENLEY.

P. 45. *I come to viſit the afflicted* ſpirits
Here in the priſon.] This is a ſcriptural expreſſion very ſuitable to the grave character which the duke aſſumes: " —by which alſo he went and preached unto *the ſpirits in priſon*." 1 Pet. iii. 19. WHALLEY.

Ibidem. n. 3.] Add to my note.—Again, in *All's Well That ends well*:

" ——— Yet, in his idle *fire*,
" To buy his will, it would not ſeem too dear."

To *fall* IN, (not *into*) was the language of the time. So, in *Cymbeline*:

" —almoſt ſpent with hunger,
" I am fallen *in* offence." MALONE.

P. 51. n. 5.] Add to my note, after the inſtance from *K. Richard II.* (in which for *ſelf-ſame* mould, r. *ſelf*-mould,) Again, in *Timon of Athens*:

" —Common mother, thou,
" Whoſe womb unmeaſurable, and infinite breaſt,
" Teems and feeds all; whoſe ſelf-ſame *mettle*,
" Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
" Engenders the black toad," &c. MALONE.

P. 54. n. 7. Add to Mr. Steevens's note.] So, in Marlowe's *Luſt's Dominion*, 1657:

" *Subſcribe* to his deſires."

Milton uſes the word in the ſame ſenſe.

P. 54. n. 1.] Add to my note.—So, in Holinſhed's *Hiſt. of Scotland*, p. 150: "—aſleep they were ſo faſt, that a man might have removed the chamber over them, ſooner than *to* have awaked them out of their drunken ſleep."

MALONE.

P. 55. n. 4.] I have ſhewn in a note on *Cymbeline*, Vol. VIII. p. 380, n. 2. that *feodary* was uſed by Shakſpeare in the ſenſe of an *aſſociate*, and ſuch undoubtedly is its ſignification here. Dr. Warburton's note therefore is certainly wrong, and ought to be expunged.

After having aſcertained the true meaning of this word, I muſt own, that the remaining part of the paſſage before us is extremely difficult. I would, however, reſtore the original reading *thy*, and the meaning ſhould ſeem to be this. We are all frail, ſays Angelo. Yes, replies Iſabella; if he has not one aſſociate in his crime, if no other perſon own and follow the ſame criminal courſes which you are now purſuing, let my brother ſuffer death.

I think it, however, extremely probable that ſomething is omitted. It is obſervable that the line "—Owe and ſucceed thy weakneſs," does not, together with the ſubſequent line,—"Nay, women are frail too,"—make a perfect verſe: from which it may be conjectured that the compoſitor's eye glanced from the word *ſucceed* to *weakneſs* in a ſubſequent hemiſtich, and that by this overſight the paſſage is become unintelligible.

MALONE.

P. 57. *And now I give my ſenſual race the rein:*] And now I give my ſenſes the rein, in the race they are now running.

HEATH.

P. 61, n. 7.] I apprehend Shakſpeare means to ſay no more, than that the paſſage from this life to another is as eaſy as ſleep; a poſition in which there is ſurely neither folly nor impiety. MALONE.

P. 62. n. 5.] Theſe examples ſhould have been added to Mr. Steevens's note.

So, in Marſton's *Dutch Courtezan*, 1605:

"Let colder *eld* their ſtrong objections move."

Again, in our author's *Merry Wives of Windſor*:

"The ſuperſtitious idle-headed *eld*."

Gower uſes it for *age* as oppoſed to youth:

"His *eld* had turn'd to youth."

De Confeſſione Amantis, lib. v. fol. 106.

P. 69. n. 3.] The following example of the uſe of the word *wilderneſs*, ſhould not have been omitted. Add therefore

therefore to Mr. Steevens's note, after the word *diſorderly*; So, in *Old Fortunatus*, 1600:

" But I in *wilderneſs* totter'd out my youth."

P. 73. '*Twas never merry world ſince, of two uſuries, the merrieſt was put down, and the worſer allowed by order of law a* furr'd gown *to keep him warm. And furr'd with* fox *and* lamb *ſkins too*,—] Fox-ſkins and lamb-ſkins were both uſed as facings to cloth in Shakſpeare's time. See the Statute of Apparel, 24 Henry VIII. c. 13. Hence *fox-furr'd* ſlave is uſed as an opprobrious epithet in *Wily Beguiled*, 1606, and in other old comedies. See alſo *Characteriſmi, or Lenton's Leaſures*, &c. 1631: " An *Uſurer* is an old *fox*, clad in *lamb-ſkin*, who hath pray'd [prey'd] ſo long abroad," &c. MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 5.] I have ſince obſerved that the word was uſed in the ſame ſenſe by the contemporary writers. So, in Tarleton's *Newes out of Purgatory*, printed about the year 1590: " —till my return I would have thee ſtay at our little *graunge* houſe in the country."

Again, in Daniel's *Complaint of Roſamond*, 1594:

" Thus wrought to ſin, ſoon was I train'd from court
" To a ſolitary *grange*."

In Lincolnſhire they at this day call every lone houſe that is unconnected with others, a *grange*. MALONE.

P. 73. n. 6.] *Baſtard* was raiſin-wine. See Minſheu's Dict. in v. and Cole's Latin Dict. 1679. MALONE.

P. 74. n. 1.] Add to my note.—This line is rendered harſh and obſcure by the word *free* being dragged from its proper place for the ſake of the rhyme. MALONE.

P. 78. n. 7.] *Detected*, however, may mean, *notoriouſly charged*, or guilty. So, in North's tranſlation of Plutarch: " —he only of all other kings in his time was moſt *detected* with this vice of leacherie." Again, in Howe's Abridgment of Stowe's Chronicle, 1618, p. 363: " In the month of February divers traiterous perſons were apprehended, and *detected* of moſt wicked conſpiracie againſt his majeſty:—the 7th of Sept. certaine of them wicked ſubjects were indicted," &c. MALONE.

P. 79.—*a* ſhy *fellow was the duke*:] The meaning of this term may be beſt explained by the following lines in the fifth Act:

" —the wicked'ſt caitiff on the ground,
" May ſeem as *ſhy*, as grave, as juſt, as abſolute," &c. MALONE.

P. 80. n. 6.] Lucio's words have certainly been rightly explained. The phraſe, however, had its origin in times of popery. "In Queene Marye's daies, (ſays an Abbot of Weſtminſter in a debate in the houſe of Lords, in 1559,) your honours do know right well, how the people of this realm did live in an order, and would not run before the lawes, nor openly diſobey the queenes highneſſes procedings and proclamations:—there was no open *fleſh-eatinge*, nor ſhambles-keeping in the lent, and *daies* prohibited." Strype's *Annals of the Reformation*, Vol. I. Append. p. 26.

MALONE.

P. 82. *There is ſcarce truth enough alive to make ſecurities ſecure; but* ſecurity *enough to make fellowſhips accurs'd.*] The ſpeaker here alludes to thoſe legal ſecurities into which "fellowſhip" leads men to enter for each other. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II. "He would not take his bond and yours; he liked not the *ſecurity*." Falſtaff in the ſame ſcene, plays, like the Duke, on the ſame word: "I had as lief they ſhould put ratſbane in my mouth, as offer to ſtop it with *ſecurity*. I look'd he ſhould have ſent me two and twenty yards of ſattin,—and he ſent me *ſecurity*. Well, he may ſleep in *ſecurity*," &c. MALONE.

P. 83. n. 3.] In *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609, we find the ſame expreſſion:

"——he hath but ſhown
"*A pattern in himſelf*, what thou ſhall find
"In others." MALONE.

P. 86. n. 3.] Add to Mr. Steevens's note.

So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"Could ſo much turn the conſtitution
"Of any *conſtant* man."

Ibidem. n. 4.] Add to Dr. Johnſon's note.

"He cauſed the doors to be *mured* and caſed up."
Painter's Palace of Pleaſure.

Ibidem. n. 5.] Add to Mr. Steevens's note.

So, in Sir Arthur Gorge's tranſlation of Lucan, 1614:

"Yet with his hooſes doth beat and rent
"The *planched* floore, the barres, and chaines."

P. 87. *O place and greatneſs, millions of falſe eyes*
Are ſtuck upon thee!] So, in Chaucer's *Sompnour's Tale*, late edit. v. 7633:

"There is full many an eye, and many an ere
"Awaiting on a lord," &c. STEEVENS.

Ibidem.

Ibidem. n. 2.] I now incline to think that *queſts* here means *inquiſitions*, in which ſenſe the word was uſed in Shakſpeare's time. See Minſheu's Dict. in v. Cole in his Latin Dictionary, 1679, renders "A *queſt*," by "*examen, inquiſitio.*" MALONE.

P. 97. n. 1.] Add to my note.—*Sericum raſum.* See Minſheu's Dict. in v. *Raſh*, and Florio's Italian Dict. 1598, in v. *raſcia, raſcetta.* MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 2. Add to my note.] The practices of the money-lenders of Shakſpeare's time are thus deſcribed by Naſhe, in his pamphlet entitled *Chriſt's Teares over Jeruſalem*, 1594: "He [a uſurer] falls acquainted with gentlemen, frequents ordinaries and dicing-houſes dayly, where when ſome of them at play have loſt all their mony, he is very diligent at hand, on their chaines and bracelets, or jewels, to lend them *half the value.* Now this is the nature of young gentlemen, that where they have broke the iſe, and borrowed once, they will come again the ſecond time; and that theſe young foxes know as well as the beggar knows his diſh. But at the ſecond time of their coming, it is doubtful to ſay whether they ſhall have money or no. The world growes hard, and wee all are mortal; let him make him any aſſurance before a judge, and they ſhall have ſome hundred pounds *per conſequence*, in *ſilks and velvets.* The third time if they come, they ſhall have *baſer commodities*: the fourth time, *luteſtrings* and GREY PAPER." MALONE.

P. 105. n. 2.] Again, more appoſitely, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II.

"What dare not Warwick, if falſe Suffolk *dare him.*"

MALONE.

P. 107. n. 7.] That *vail* was the old ſpelling of *veil*, appears from a line in *The Merchant of Venice*, folio, 1623:

"*Vailing* an Indian beauty—"

for which in the modern editions *veiling* has been rightly ſubſtituted. MALONE.

P. 114. n. 2.] Mr. Steevens's interpretation is certainly the true one. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*, Act III. ſc. i:

"A *vulgar* comment will be made of it;

"And that ſuppoſed by the *common rout*,—

"That may," &c.

Again, in *Twelfth Night*:

"—for 'tis a *vulgar* proof,

"That very oft we pity enemies." MALONE.

P. 114. n. 8.] A *temporary medler* means, I believe, one who ſeiſes all ſuch opportunities as the time affords, to meddle or interfere in the buſineſs of others. MALONE.

P. 120. n. 6.] The different orders of monks have a chief, who is called the General of the order; and they have alſo ſuperiors, ſubordinate to the general, in the ſeveral provinces through which the order may be diſperſed. The friar therefore means to ſay, that the duke dare not touch a finger of his, for he could not puniſh him by his own authority, as he was not his ſubject; nor through that of the ſuperior, as he was not of that province. MASON.

P. 128. n. 5.] According to the *trick*, is, according to the faſhion of thoughtleſs youth. So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*: "—yet I have a *trick* of the old rage." Again, in a collection of epigrams, entitled *Wit's Bedlam*, printed about the year 1615:

"Carnus calls lechery a *trick* of youth;
"So he grows old; but this trick hurts his growth."

MALONE.

P. 129. n. 6.] The following inſtance of the ancient uſe of the word *forfeit* ſhould have been added to Mr. Steevens's note.

So, in the 12th Pageant of the Coventry Collection of Myſteries, the Virgin Mary tells Joſeph:

"I dede never *forfete* with man, I wys."

P. 129. n. 8.] Mr. Maſon (whoſe book did not reach my hands till the firſt ſix of theſe plays had been printed) concurs with me in the explanation of this paſſage, and ſupports it by the duke's words in the beginning of the fifth act:

"——— and we hear
"Such goodneſs of your juſtice, that our ſoul
"Cannot but yield you forth to publick *thanks*,
"*Fore-running more requital.*"

Heywood alſo in his *Apology for Actors*, 1612, uſes to *gratulate*, in the ſenſe of to *reward*. "I could not chuſe but *gratulate* your honeſt endeavours with this remembrance."

MALONE.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

P. 142. n. 6.] So, in *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609: "*Hoſt*. Out of my doors, knave, thou entereſt not my doors; I have no *chalk* in my houſe; my *poſts* ſhall not be guarded with a little ſing-ſong." MALONE.

P. 147. *While I at home* ſtarve for a *merry* look.] So, in our poet's 47th Sonnet:

"When that mine eye is *famiſh'd for a look*." MALONE.

P. 149.

P. 149. n. 1.] The obſervation concerning gold is found in one of the early dramatick pieces, *Damon and Pythias*, 1582:

" ——— *gold* in time does *wear* away,
" And other precious things do fade: friendſhip does ne'er decay." MALONE.

P. 164. n. 5.] Love-*ſprings* are what our poet has in *Romeo and Juliet* called the *buds of love*.

Dele the words—*See a note on the ſecond ſcene of the fifth act of Coriolanus*, and *inſert*—See Vol. X. p. 44, n. 9.

P. 166. n. 4.] Again, more appoſitely in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

" Love is a ſpirit, all compact of fire,
" Not groſs to *ſink*, but *light*, and will aſpire."

Venus is here ſpeaking of herſelf.

Again, *ibidem*:

" *She's love*, ſhe loves, and yet ſhe is not lov'd." MALONE.

P. 169. n. 1.] Add to my note.

In *Macbeth*, folio 1623, *heire* is printed for *hair*:

" Whoſe horrid image doth unfix my *heire*."

Again, in *Cymbeline*, folio, 1623:

" —His meaneſt garment is dearer
" In my reſpect, than all the *heires* above thee." MALONE.

P. 171. n. 5.] *Dele* the words—" but omitted to note them,"—and inſert theſe.

So, in *The Winters Tale*:

" But as the unthought-on accident is *guilty*
" *To* what we wildly do,"—. MALONE.

P. 178. n. 7.] *Band* is uſed in the ſenſe which is couched under the words, " a ſtronger thing," in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

" Sometimes her arms infold him, like a *band*." MALONE.

P. 194. n. 2.] Fools undoubtedly were ſhaved and *nick'd* in a particular manner, in our author's time, as is aſcertained by the following paſſage in *The Choice of Change, containing the triplicitie of Divinitie, Philoſophie, and Poetrie*, by S. R. Gent. 4to. 1598: " Three things uſed by monks, which provoke other men to laugh at their follies. 1. They are *ſhaven and notched on the head, like fooles*."

See alſo Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598, in v. " *Zuccone*. A ſhaven pate, a *notted* poule; a poule-pate; a gull, a ninnie." MALONE.

MUCH

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

P. 208. n. 5.] Add at the beginning of Mr. Steevens's note the following words, which were omitted by the negligence of the compositor.—"*Montanto* was one of the ancient terms of the fencing school."

P. 218. n. 2. Add to my note, at the end of l. 7.]

This kind of conclusion to letters was not obsolete in our author's time, as has been suggested. Michael Drayton concludes one of his letters to Drummond of Hawthornden in 1619, thus: "And so wishing you all happiness, *I commend you to God's tuition*, and rest your assured friend." So also Lord Salisbury concludes a letter to Sir Ralph Winwood, April 7th, 1610, "—And so I commit you to God's protection." Winwood's *Memorials*, III. 147. MALONE.

P. 229. n. 7.] After Mr. Steevens's note.

So, in *The Choice of Change, containing the triplicitie of Divinitie, Philosophie, and Poetrie*, by S. R. Gent. 4to. 1598: "Three sortes of people, in respect of use in necessitie, may be accounted good:—*Merchantes*, for they may play the *usurers*, instead of the Jewes." Again, *ibid.* "There is a scarcitie of Jewes, because christians make an occupation of *usurie*." MALONE.

P. 232. n. 5.] "Thou must goe to the citie of Babylon to the Admiral Gaudisse, to bring me thy hand full of the heare of his beard, and foure of his greatest teeth. Alas, my lord, (quoth the Barrons) we see well you desire greatly his death, when you charge him with such a message." *Huon of Bourdeaux*, ch. 17. BOWLE.

P. 231. n. 3.] After *places*, add—Again, in *Julius Cæsar*:

"——Now bid me run,
"And I will strive with *things impossible*,
"And get the better of them." MALONE.

P. 243. *O, she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence.*] See *Mortimeriados*, by Michael Drayton, 4to. 1596:

"She now begins to write unto her lover,—
"Then turning back to read what she had writ,
"She teyrs the paper, and condemns her wit."

MALONE.

P. 253. n. *.] The words—"Or in the shape of two countries," &c. to "no doubt," were omitted in the folio, probably to avoid giving any offence to the Spaniards, with whom James became a friend in 1604. MALONE.

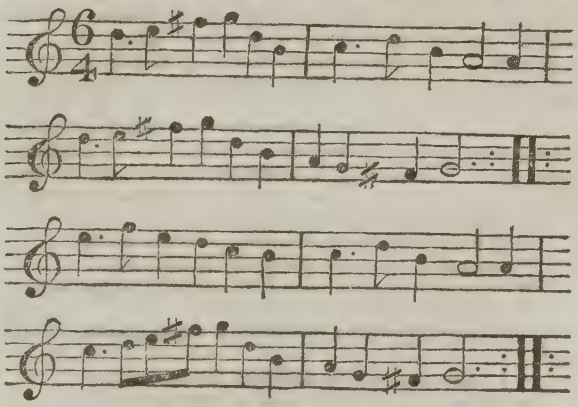
P. 254.

P. 254. n. 8.] Add to my note.—Beſides; Don Pedro is evidently playing on the word *dies* in Claudio's ſpeech, which Claudio uſes metaphorically, and of which Don Pedro avails himſelf to introduce an alluſion to that conſummation which he ſuppoſes Beatrice was *dying* for. MALONE.

P. 262.—*a goodly* commodity, *being* taken up *of theſe men's bills.*] Here is a cluſter of conceits. *Commodity* was formerly as now, the uſual term for an article of merchandiſe. To *take up*, beſides its common meaning, *(to apprehend)* was the phraſe for obtaining goods on credit. "If a man is thorough with them in honeſt *taking up*, (ſays Falſtaff,) then they muſt ſtand upon ſecurity." *Bill* was the term both for a ſingle bond, and a halberd.

We have the ſame conceit in *K. Henry VI.* P. II. "My lord, when ſhall we go to Cheapſide, and *take up commodities* upon our *bills*." MALONE.

P. 264. n. 2.] Add to Sir John Hawkins's note.—I have lately recovered it from an ancient MS. and it is as follows:



SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

P. 265. n. 7.] Add to my note.—Again, in *The Taming of the Shrew:* "—and has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or *moral* of his ſigns and tokens." MALONE.

P. 279. *O, a* ſtool and a cuſhion *for the Sexton.*] Perhaps a ridicule was here aimed at *The Spaniſh Tragedy:*

"*Hieron.* What, are you ready?

"*Balth.* Bring a *chaire and a cuſhion* for the king."

MALONE.

P. 282.

P. 282. n. 1.] The following errors of the preſs, in the old copies, which I had not obſerved, when this note was written, incline me to prefer Mr. Steevens's emendation of this paſſage [And, *ſorry* wag, &c.] to my own. In *Cymbeline*, Act V. ſc. ult. we find in the original copy, "I am *ſorrow* for thee," inſtead of "I am *ſorry*," &c. And in one of the quarto copies of *K. Lear*, printed in 1608, the ſame miſprint is found in Act IV. ſc. vii.

"——I am only *ſorrow*,
"He had no other deathſman."

The other quarto, printed in the ſame year, and alſo the folio, read rightly, "I am only *ſorry*," &c.

The word *wag*, as a ſubſtantive, however unſuitable to the gravity of the ſpeaker, may be alſo confirmed by a paſſage in *Cymbeline*:

"—— change fear and niceneſs
"—— into a *waggiſh* courage,
"Ready in *gibes*, quick-anſwer'd, ſaucy," &c.

i. e. to the courage of a gay, lively, young fellow, one who would "*cry hem*, when he ſhould groan." MALONE.

P. 287. n. 8.] For *note* 4, *p.* 262, r. *p.* 214, *n.* 5.

P. 292.—incenſed *me* —] i. e. inſtigated me. See Minſheu's Dict. in v. MALONE.

P. 300. n. 3.] I do not believe that any alluſion was here intended to Hero's having yet atchieved "no matrimonial adventure." *Diana's knight* or *Virgin knight*, was the common poetical appellation of virgins, in Shakſpeare's time. So, in *The Two Noble Kinſmen*, 1634:

"O ſacred, ſhadowy, cold and conſtant queen,
"—— who to thy *female knights*
"Allow'ſt no more blood than will make a bluſh,
"Which is their order's robe,—."

Again, more appoſitely in Spenſer's *Faery Queene*, B. III. c. xii.

"Soon as that *virgin knight* he ſaw in place,
"His wicked bookes in haſt he overthrew."

MALONE.

P. 305. n. 1. l. antipenult.] For *linnen*, r. *linen*.

MALONE.

LOVE'S

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

P. 312. n. 2.] Mr. Warton is of opinion that Shakſpeare here alludes to the May games. But I have no doubt that the more obvious interpretation is the true one. So, in Chaucer's *Knightes Tale*:

" And freſher than *May* with *floures newe*,"—.

So alſo, in our poet's *K. Richard II.*:

" She came *adorned* hither, like ſweet *May*."

i. e. as the ground is in that month enamelled by the gay diverſity of flowers which the ſpring produces.

Again, in *The Deſtruction of Troy*, 1619: " At the entry of the month of May, when the earth is attired and adorned with diverſe flowers," &c. MALONE.

P. 317. n. 8. l. 2.] *Dele* the comma after *when*.

P. 333. l. 2.] *Dele* the comma after *no*.—*No point* was a negation borrowed from the French. See the note on the ſame words, Act V. ſc. ii. MALONE.

P. 366. n. 9. l. 2.] For *Gemrd's*, r. *Gerard's*.

P. 368. n. 3.] Add at the beginning of my note.—In the old copies the word *of* is wanting. " Which we *of* taſte," &c.

Mr. Tyrwhitt's laſt obſervation is fully ſupported by a ſubſequent paſſage:

" ——— and then we,
" Following the ſigns, woo'd but the ſign of *ſhe*."

MALONE.

P. 369. *If a* talent *be a claw*, &c.] In our author's time the *talon* of a bird was frequently written *talent*. Hence the quibble here, and in *Twelfth Night*, " —let them uſe their *talents*." So, in *The Firſt Part of the Contention between the houſes of York and Lancaſter*, 1600:

" Are you the kite, Beaufort? where's your *talents?*"

Again, in Marlowe's *Tamberlaine*, 1590:

" —and now doth ghaſtly death
" With greedy *tallents* gripe my bleeding heart."

MALONE.

P. 375. *Nor ſhines the ſilver moon one half ſo bright,*
Through the tranſparent boſom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears —] So, in our poet's *Venus and Adonis*:

" But hers, which *through the cryſtal tears gave light*,
" Shone, *like the moon in water*, ſeen by night."

MALONE.

P. 377.

P. 377. n. 5.] I have now no doubt that Theobald's emendation is right. In the text therefore, for *not*, read *but*.

The word *corporal* in Shakſpeare's time was uſed for *corporeal*. So, in *Macbeth*, "each *corporal* agent." Again:

"——————and what ſeem'd *corporal*, melted
"As breath into the wind."

Again, in *Julius Cæſar*:

"His *corporal* motion govern'd by my ſpirit."

This adjective is found in Bullokar's *Expoſitor*, 8vo. 1616, but *corporeal* is not.

Not is again printed for *but* in the original copy of *The Comedy of Errors*, (See p. 165, n. 7.) and in other places.

MALONE.

P. 381. n. 7.] Add to my note.

The original reading, and Mr. Heath's explanation of it, are confirmed by a paſſage in Spenſer's *Faery Queene*, B. II. c. ix.

"As when a ſwarme of *gnats* at even-tide
"Out of the fennes of Allan doe ariſe,
"Their *murmuring* ſmall *trompettes ſounden* wide," &c.

MALONE.

P. 385.—*beauty doth beauty lack,*
If that ſhe learn not of her eye to look:
No face is fair, that is not full as black.] So, in our poet's 132d Sonnet:

"—thoſe two *mourning* eyes become thy face:—
"O, let it then as well beſeem thy heart
"To mourn for me;—
"Then will I ſwear, *beauty herſelf is black,*
"*And all they foul, that thy complexion lack.*"

See alſo his 127th Sonnet. MALONE.

P. 389. n. 9.] Our poet's contemporaries, I have lately obſerved, are chargeable with the ſame inaccuracy. So, in *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, by Robert Greene, 1598:

"Shew thee the tree, leav'd with refined gold,
"Whereon the fearful dragon held his ſeat,
"That watch'd *the garden*, call'd HESPERIDES."

The word may have been uſed in the ſame ſenſe in *The Legend of Orpheus and Eurydice*, a poem, 1597:

"And, like the dragon of the Heſperides,
"Shutteth the garden's gate,—." MALONE.

P. 389. l. 7.] For *makes*, r. *make*, for the reaſon aſſigned in the note. So, in *Twelfth Night*: "—for every *one* of theſe *letters are* in my name."

Again,

Again, in *K. Henry V.*

" The *venom* of ſuch *looks*, we fairly hope,
" *Have* loſt their quality."

Again, in *Julius Cæſar:*

" The *poſture* of your *blows are* yet unknown."

Again, more appoſitely, in *K. John:*

" How oft the *ſight* of *means* to do ill deeds
" *Make* ill deeds done."

So Marlowe, in his *Hero and Leander:*

" The *outſide* of her *garments were* of lawn."

See alſo the ſacred writings: " The *number* of the *names* together *were* about an hundred and twenty." Acts i. 15. MALONE.

P. 391.——*but be firſt adviſ'd,*
In conflict that you get the ſun of them.] In the days of archery, it was of conſequence to have the ſun at the back of the bowmen, and in the face of the enemy. This circumſtance was of great advantage to our Henry the Fifth at the battle of Agincourt.—Our poet, however, I believe, had alſo an equivoque in his thoughts. MALONE.

P. 392. n. 3.] After Dr. Farmer's note.

It is found in Bullokar's *Expoſitor*, 8vo. 1616. MALONE.

P. 394. *They have been at a great feaſt of languages, and ſtolen the ſcraps.*] So, in *Chriſt's Teares over Jeruſalem*, by Thomas Nathe, 1594: " The phraſe of ſermons, as it ought to agree with the ſcripture, ſo heed muſt be taken, that their whole ſermon ſeem not *a banquet of the broken fragments of* ſcripture." MALONE.

P. 395. n. 6.] A *venue*, as has already been obſerved, is not a *bout* at fencing, but a *hit*. " A ſweet touch of wit, (ſays Armado,) a ſmart *hit*." So, in *The Famous Hiſtory of Captain Thomas Stukeley*, bl. l. 1605: " —for forfeits, and *vennyes* given, upon a wager, at the ninth button of your doublet, thirty crowns." MALONE.

P. 396. n. 8.] Add to my note.—If this was the poet's intention, they ought to be included in a parentheſis. To whomſoever the words are ſuppoſed to be addreſſed, the emendation appears to me equally neceſſary. It is confirmed by a paſſage in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream:* " Give me your neif, mounſieur Muſtardſeed. Pray you, *leave your courteſie*, mounſieur."

In *Hamlet*, the prince, when he deſires Oſrick to " put his bonnet to the right uſe," begins his addreſs with the ſame words which Armado uſes: but unluckily is interrupted by the

the courtier, and prevented (as I believe) from using the very word which I suppose to have been accidentally omitted here.

" *Ham. I beseech you, remember*—

" *Osr.* Nay, good my lord, for my ease, in good faith."

In the folio copy of this play we find in the next scene:

O, that your face were so full of o's—

instead of—were *not* so full, &c. See various other instances of similar omissions in Vol. VIII. p. 327, n. 6. MALONE.

P. 408. *Dumain was at my service, and his sword;*
No point, *quoth I.*] Add to my note:

The former supposition appears to me much the more probable of the two.

In the *Return from Parnassus*, 1606, Philomusus says—" Tit, tit, tit, *non poynte*; *non debet fieri*," &c. See also Florio's Italian Dict. 1598, in v. " Punto.—never a whit;—*no point*, as the Frenchmen say." MALONE.

P. 410. n. 7.] That the original is the true reading, is ascertained by one of Nashe's tracts; *Christ's Teares over Jerusalem*, 1594: " The sower scattered some seede by the highway side, which the foules of the ayre *peck'd up*."

MALONE.

P. 417. n. 8.] After line 12. add.—In *Othello*, 1622, the former word is used exactly as here:

" And mark the *jeers*, the gibes, and notable scorns,
" That dwell in every region of his *face*."

At the end add—Again, in *The Epistle Dedicatorie* to Nashe's *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596: " —nor Dick Swash, or *Desperate Dick*, that's such a terrible cutter at a chine of beefe, and devoures more meat at ordinaries in discoursing of his fraies, and deep acting of his slashing and hewing, than would serve half a dozen brewers draymen."

MALONE.

P. 426. l. penult. of the text.] *Dele* the note of interrogation, and put a semicolon.

P. 432. n. 6.] Add to my note.—It is only the old spelling of *quote*. So again, in our poet's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594:

" Yea, the illiterate—
" Will *cote* my loathed trespass in my looks." MALONE.

P. 437. n. 8.] At the beginning of Mr. Steevens's note, add the following example of this phrase.

So, in Marston's *What you will*, 1607: " 'Faith, Doricus, thy braine boyles; *keel* it, *keel* it, or all the fat's i'the fire."

Ibidem. And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,] So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III.

" What

" What time *the ſhepherd, blowing of his nails,*
" Can neither call it perfect day nor night." MALONE.

P. 438. *When roaſted crabs hiſs in the bowl,*] Add to my note.—The bowl muſt be ſuppoſed to be filled with ale; a toaſt and ſome ſpice and ſugar being added, what is called *Lamb's wool* is produced. So, in *K. Henry V.* 1598 (not our author's play):

" Yet we will have in ſtore a *crab in the fire,*
" With nut-brown ale, that is full ſtale," &c. MALONE.

Omitted in its proper place.

P. 310. n. 2.] By *all theſe* Dumain means the King, Biron, &c. to whom he may be ſuppoſed to point, and with whom he is going to live in philoſophical retirement. A. C.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

P. 441. n. 1. l. 15.] For *original*, r. *originals*.

P. 445. *Unto his lordſhip*, to *whoſe unwiſh'd yoke*
My ſoul conſents not to give ſovereignty.] Dele *to* in the firſt of theſe lines, and for *unwiſh'd*, r. *unwiſhed*.—Though I have been in general extremely careful not to admit into the text any of the innovations made by the editor of the ſecond folio, from ignorance of our poet's language or metre, my caution was here over-watched; and I have printed the above lines as exhibited by that and all the ſubſequent editors, of which the reader was apprized in a note. The old copies ſhould have been adhered to, in which they appear thus:

Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordſhip, whoſe unwiſhed yoke
My ſoul conſents not to give ſovereignty.

i. e. to give ſovereignty *to*. See various inſtances of this kind of phraſeology in a note on *Cymbeline*, Vol. VIII. p. 472, n. 3. The change was certainly made by the editor of the ſecond folio from his ignorance of Shakſpeare's phraſeology. MALONE.

P. 446. n. 6.] Add to Dr. Johnſon's note.

" So would I, ſaid the enchanter, glad and fain
" *Beteem* to you his ſword, you to defend."

Inſert, at the beginning of Mr. Steevens's note.

Again, in *The Caſe is altered*; *How? Aſk Dallio and Millo*, 1604: " I could *beteem* her a better match."

P. 460. n. 7. l. 11.] For *Skelton*, r. *Shelton*.

P. 461. *And* tailor *cries,*] This phraſe perhaps originated in a pun. *Your* tail *is now on the ground.* See Camden's *Remaines*, 1614. PROVERBS. " Between two ſtools the *tayle* goeth to the ground." MALONE.

P. 463. n. 5.] Add to Mr. Steevens's note.

So, in Gaſcoigne's *Glaſs of Government*, 1575: "Doway is a *pelting* town, pack'd full of poor ſcholars."

P. 466. *That* rheumatick diſeaſes *do abound.*] *Rheumatick diſeaſes* ſignified in Shakſpeare's time, not what we now call *rheumatiſm*, but diſtillations from the head, catarrhs, &c. So, in a paper entitled "The State of Sir H. Sydney's bodie, &c. Feb. 1567;" *Sydney Memorials*, Vol. I. p. 94: "—he hath verie much diſtempered diverſe parts of his bodie, as namely, his hedde, his ſtomach, &c. and thereby is always ſubject to coughes, diſtillations, and other *rumatick diſeaſes*."

MALONE.

P. 466. n. 7.] Add to my note.

This ſingular image was, I believe, ſuggeſted to our poet by Golding's tranſlation of Ovid, Book II.

"And laſtly, quaking for the colde, ſtood *Winter* all forlorne,
"With rugged head as white as dove, and garments all to-torne,
"Forladen with the iſycles, that dangled up and downe
"Upon his gray and *hoary beard*, and ſnowie *frozen crown*." MALONE.

P. 480. Either *death, or you, I'll find immediately.*] Thus the ancient copies, and ſuch was Shakſpeare's uſage. He frequently employs *either* and other ſimilar words, as monoſyllables. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II.

"*Either* from the king, or in the preſent time."

Again, in *K. Henry V.*

"*Either* paſt, or not arriv'd to pith and puiſſance."

Again, in *Julius Cæſar:*

"*Either* led or driven, as we point the way."

Again, in *K. Richard III.*

"*Either* thou will die by God's juſt ordinance,—."

Again, in *Othello:*

"*Either* in diſcourſe of thought, or actual deed."

So alſo Marlowe in his *Edward II.* 1598:

"*Either* baniſh him that was the cauſe thereof—".

The modern editors read—*Or* death or you, &c. MALONE.

P. 481. *God ſhield us! A lion among ladies is a moſt dreadful thing.*] There is an odd coincidence between what our author has here written for Bottom, and a real occurrence at the Scottiſh court in the year 1594. Prince Henry the eldeſt ſon of James the Firſt was chriſtened in Auguſt in that year. While the king and queen, &c. were at dinner, a triumphal chariot (the frame of which, we are told, was ten feet

feet long and seven broad) with several allegorical personages on it, was drawn in by "a black-moore. This chariot should have been drawne in by a *lyon*, but because his presence might have brought some feare to the neareſt, or that the ſight of the lighted torches might have commoved his tameneſs, it was thought meete that the Moore ſhould ſupply that room." *A true account of the moſt triumphal and royal accompliſhment of the baptiſm of the moſt excellent, right high, and mighty prince, Henry Frederick, &c. as it was ſolemnized the 30th day of Auguſt*, 1594. 8vo. 1603. MALONE.

P. 484. *Through bog, through buſh, through brake, through brier,*] So, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. VI. c. viii.

"Through hills, through dales, *through buſhes and through briars*,

"Long thus ſhe bled," &c. MALONE.

P. 488. n. 4.] Add to my note.—So, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. ix.

"If it be I, *of pardon I you pray*." MALONE.

P. 489. *Tie up my* love's *tongue*, &c.] I have here incautiouſly, with the other modern editors, adopted an alteration made by Mr. Pope. But the old copies are undoubtedly right: for *love's*, therefore, read—*lover's*. Our poet has again uſed *lover* as a monoſyllable in *Twelfth Night*:

"Sad true *lover* never find my grave."

See alſo a note on *Twelfth Night*, p. 46, *poſt*. MALONE.

P. 509. n. 7.] Add to Mr. Steevens's note.—

So, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. VI. c. 30:

"And whilſt ſhe *coys* his ſooty cheeks, or curls his ſweaty top,—"

P. 512. *That he awaking, when the* others *do*;] For *others*, r. *other*; for ſuch is the reading of the old copies, and ſuch was the phraſeology of Shakſpeare's age; though the modern editors have departed from it.—So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I. "—and unbound the reſt, and then came in the *other*."

Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II. "For the *other*, Sir John, let me ſee," &c.

So, in the epiſtle prefixed to *Pierce Pennileſſe his Supplication to the Devil*, by Thomas Naſhe, 4to. 1592: "I hope they will give me leave to think there be fooles of that art, as well as of all *other*." MALONE.

P. 514. n. 2.] To follow Mr. Steevens's note.

In *The Winter's Tale* Antigonus is deſtroyed by a *bear*, who is chaced by hunters. See alſo our poet's *Venus and Adonis*:

" For now she hears it is no gentle chase,
" But the blunt boar, rough *bear*, or lion proud."
MALONE.

P. 517.] ——*my love to Hermia*,
Melted as doth *the snow*—] The emendation here made is confirmed by a passage in *K. Henry V.*
" ——— as *doth* the melted snow
" Upon the vallies." MALONE.

P. 519. n. 3.] *Procris and Cephalus*, written by Henry Chute, was entered on the Stationers' books by John Wolf, in 1593, and probably published in the same year. It was a poem, but not dramatick, as has been suggested. MALONE.

P. 524. n. 4.] Add to my note.—Mr. Upton's emendation may derive some support from a passage in *Macbeth*:
" —when they shall be opened, *black* Macbeth
" Shall seem as pure as *snow*." MALONE.

P. 532. *Approach, ye furies fell!*
O fates, come, come, &c.] The poet here, and in the following lines spoken by Thisbe,
" O sisters three,
" Come, come to me,
" With hands as pale as milk—"
probably intended to ridicule a passage in *Damon and Pythias*, by Richard Edwards, 1582:
" Ye *furies*, all at once
" On me your torments trie:—
" Gripe me, you greedy greefs,
" And present pangues of death,
" *You sisters three, with cruel handes*
" *With speed come stop my breath!*" MALONE.

Ibidem. Well mous'd, *lion!*] To *mouse* signified to mammock, to tear in pieces, as a cat tears a mouse. See Vol. IV. p. 477, n. 6. MALONE.

P. 534. *A* moth *will turn the balance.*] For *moth*, r. *mote*. *Moth* was the old mode of spelling this word. See a note on *King John*, post. MALONE.

P. 536. *Now the hungry lion roars*, &c.] It has been justly observed by an anonymous writer, that " among this assemblage of familiar circumstances attending midnight, either in England or its neighbouring kingdoms, Shakspeare would never have thought of intermixing the exotick idea of the *hungry lion roaring*, which can be heard no nearer than in the deserts of Africa, if he had not read in the 104th Psalm:
" Thou

'Thou makeſt darkneſs that it may be *night*, wherein all he beaſts of the foreſt do move; the *lions roaring* after their prey, do ſeek their meat from God." MALONE.

P. 539. n. 3. l. 4.] For *then ymph*, r. *the nymph*.

VOL. III.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

P. 9. n. 6.] Any emendation of this paſſage, is, I find, unneceſſary, the old copy being certainly right. So, in *Sapho and Phao*, a comedy by Lily, 1591: "As for you, Sir boy, I will teach you how to run away; you ſhall be ſtript from top to toe, and whipt with nettles; I will handle you *for this geare* well: I ſay no more." Again, in Naſhe's Epiſtle Dedicatory to his *Apologie of Pierce Pennileſſe*, 1593: "I meane to trounce him after twenty in the hundred, and have a bout with him, with two ſtaves and a pike, *for this geare*."

MALONE.

P. 38. n. 2.] My doubt concerning the word *younker* was without foundation. The word is uſed by Florio in his tranſlation of Montagne, and by our author himſelf in *King Henry IV.* MALONE.

P. 42. n. 8.] Dr. Johnſon's emendation is ſupported by Shakſpeare's 101ſt Sonnet:

"——it lies in thee
"To make thee much out-live a *gilded tomb*."

MALONE.

P. 46. —*That many may be meant*
By the fool multitude,] I have reaſon to congratulate myſelf on having here adhered to the ancient copies, in oppoſition to the other modern editors, having, ſince this note was printed, met with many examples of this kind of phraſeology. So, in Plutarch's Life of Cæſar, as tranſlated by North, 1575: "—he aunſwered, that theſe fat long-heared men made him not affrayed, but the lean and whitely-faced fellows; *meaning that by* Brutus and Caſſius." i. e. meaning by that, &c. Again, in Sir Thomas More's Life of Edward the Fifth;—Holinſhed, p. 1374: "—that *meant he by the lordes* of the queenes kindred that were taken before," i. e. by that he meant the lords, &c. Again, *ibidem*, p. 1371: "My lord, quoth lord Haſtings, on my life, never doubt you; for while one man is there,—never can there be, &c.

This *meant he by Cateſby*, which was of his near ſecrete counſaile." i. e. by this he meant Cateſby, &c.

Again, Puttenham in his *Arte of Poeſie*, 1589, p. 157, after citing ſome enigmatical verſes, adds, " —the good old gentleman would tell us that were children, how *it was meant by* a furr'd glove." i. e. a furr'd glove was meant by it,—i. e. by the enigma. Again *ibidem*, p. 161: " Any ſimple judgment might eaſily perceive *by whom it was meant*, that is, by lady Elizabeth, queene of England." MALONE.

P. 58. *Making them* lighteſt, *which wear moſt of it.*] *Lighteſt* is here uſed in a wanton ſenſe. So afterwards:

" Let me be light, but let me not ſeem *light*."

MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 3.] When this note was written, the following paſſage in *K. Henry IV.* P. I. did not occur to me. It is ſtrongly in favour of the reading of the text:

" ——but in ſhort ſpace
" It *rain'd* down *fortune* ſhow'ring on thy head,
" And ſuch a flood of greatneſs fell on you," &c.

MALONE.

P. 69. n. 4.] For *p.* 208, r. *p.* 214.

P. 73. n. 2.] For *p.* 216, r. *p.* 116.

P. 77. n. 1.] I have inadvertently omitted the following lines in Turberville's *Epitaphes*, p. 13, which have been pointed out by Dr. Farmer, in ſupport of the emendation propoſed (*ſwollen*):

" Firſt came the ruſtick forth,
" With pipe and *puffed bag*."

I am, however, of opinion that the old is the true reading. MALONE.

P. 84. n. 6. l. 3.] For λποτὲς, r. λποστὲς.

P. 88. —*thou ſhould'ſt have had ten more*,] This appears to have been an old joke. So, in *A Dialogue both pleaſaunt and pietifull*, &c. by Dr. William Bulleyne, 1564, (which has been quoted in a former page,) one of the ſpeakers, to ſhew his mean opinion of an oſtler at an inn, ſays, " I did ſee him aſke bleſſinge to xii godfathers at ones." MALONE.

P. 100. n. 4. l. 3.] After the word *meaning*, add—The word has been already employed in this ſenſe:

" Cannot *contain* their urine for affection."

So alſo in Montaigne's *Eſſaies*, tranſlated by Florio, 1603, B. II. c. iii. " Why doſt thou complaine againſt this world? It doth not *containe* thee: if thou liveſt in paine and ſorow, thy baſe courage is the cauſe of it; to die there wanteth but will."

will." Again, in Bacon's *Eſſaies*, 4to. 1625, p. 327: "To *containe* anger from miſchiefe, though it take hold of a man, there be two things."

Dele the remainder of the note. MALONE.

P. 91. *In ſuch a night did Thiſbe*, &c.] In *Wily Beguil'd*, a comedy, printed in 1606, we find the following lines:

"See how the twinkling ſtars do hide their borrowed ſhine.—

"In ſuch a night did Paris win his love.

"*Lelia.* In ſuch a night Æneas prov'd unkind.

"*Sophos.* In ſuch a night did Troilus court his dear.

"*Lelia.* In ſuch a night fair Phillis was betraid."

Mr. Whalley has made the ſame obſervation.—*Wily Beguil'd* was written before 1596, being mentioned by Naſhe in one of his pamphlets publiſhed in that year. MALONE.

Ibidem. And ſaw the lion's ſhadow ere himſelf.] Thiſbe may be ſuppoſed to have ſeen the lion's ſhadow by moon-light in the water of the fountain near the tomb of Ninus. Our poet probably had recently read in Chaucer's *Legend of Good Women*, TISBE OF BABILONE. MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 5.] For the willow the poet muſt anſwer, but I believe he here recollected Chaucer's deſcription of Ariadne in a ſimilar ſituation:

"Alas (quod ſhe) that ever I was wrought!
"I am betrayed, and her heere to-rent,
"And *to the ſtronde* barefote faſt ſhe went,
"And cried; Theſeus, mine hert ſwete,
"Where be ye, that I may nat with you mete;
"And might thus with beeſtes bin yſlaine.
"The halow rockes anſwerde her againe.
"No man ſhe ſaw, and yet ſhone the moone.—
"She cried, *O turne again*, for routhe and ſinne;
"Thy barge hath not all his meine in.
"*Her kerchefe on a pole ſticked ſhe*,
"Aſcaunce he ſhould it well yſee,
"And him remember that ſhe was behind,
"And turne againe, and on the ſtronde her find."
Legend of good Women, p. 194. b. MALONE.

P. 94. *Such harmony is in immortal ſouls;*
But, whilſt this muddy veſture of decay
Doth groſsly cloſe it in, we cannot hear it.] This hath been imitated by Milton in his *Arcades*:

"Such ſweet compulſion doth in muſick lie,
"To lull the daughters of neceſſity,

" And keep unſteady nature in her law,
" And the low world in meaſur'd motion draw
" After *the heavenly tune, which none can hear*
" *Of human mould, with groſs unpurged ear.*" MALONE.

P. 95. — *do but note a wild and wanton herd,*
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet ſound,
Or any air of muſick touch their ears,
You ſhall perceive them make a mutual ſtand, &c.] We find the ſame thought in *The Tempeſt*:

" ——— Then I beat my tabor,
" At which, like *unback'd colts,* they prick'd their ears,
" Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noſes,
" *As they ſmelt muſick.*" MALONE.

P. 116.] In a Perſian Manuſcript in the poſſeſſion of Enſign Thomas Munro, of the firſt battalion of Sepoys, now at Tanjore, is found the following ſtory of a Jew and a Muſſulman. Several leaves being wanting both at the beginning and end of the Mſ. its age has not been aſcertained. The tranſlation, in which the idiom is Perſian, though the words are Engliſh, was made by Mr. Munro, and kindly communicated to me (together with a copy of the original) by Daniel Braithwaite, eſq.

" It is related, that in a town of Syria a poor Muſſulman lived in the neighbourhood of a rich Jew. One day he went to the Jew, and ſaid, lend me 100 dinars, that I may trade with it, and I will give thee a ſhare of the gain.—This Muſſulman had a beautiful wife, and the Jew had ſeen and fallen in love with her, and thinking this a lucky opportunity, he ſaid, I will not do thus, but I will give thee a hundred dinars, with this condition, that after ſix months thou ſhalt reſtore it to me. But give me a bond in this form, that if the term of the agreement ſhall be exceeded one day, I ſhall cut a pound of fleſh from thy body, from whatever part I chooſe. The Jew thought that by this means he might perhaps come to enjoy the Muſſulman's wife. The Muſſulman was dejected and ſaid, how can this be? But as his diſtreſs was extreme, he took the money on that condition, and gave the bond, and ſet out on a journey; and in that journey he acquired much gain, and he was every day ſaying to himſelf, God forbid that the term of the agreement ſhould paſs away, and the Jew

bring vexation upon me. He therefore gave a hundred gold dinars into the hand of a truſty perſon, and ſent him home to give it to the Jew. But the people of his own houſe, being without money, ſpent it in maintaining themſelves. When he returned from his journey, the Jew required payment of the money, and the pound of fleſh. The Muſſulman ſaid, I ſent thy money a long time ago. The Jew ſaid, thy money came not to me. When this on examination appeared to be true, the Jew carried the Muſſulman before the Cazi, and repreſented the affair. The Cazi ſaid to the Muſſulman, either ſatisfy the Jew, or give the pound of fleſh. The Muſſulman not agreeing to this, ſaid, let us go to another Cazi. When they went, he alſo ſpoke in the ſame manner. The Muſſulman aſked the advice of an ingenious friend. He ſaid, "ſay to him, let us go to the Cazi of Hems *. Go there, for thy buſineſs will be well." Then the Muſſulman went to the Jew, and ſaid, I ſhall be ſatisfied with the decree of the Cazi of Hems; the Jew ſaid, I alſo ſhall be ſatisfied. Then both departed for the city of Hems †. When they preſented themſelves before the judgment-ſeat, the Jew ſaid, O my Lord Judge, this man borrowed an hundred dinars of me, and pledged a pound of fleſh from his own body. Command that he give the money and the fleſh. It happened, that the Cazi was the friend of the father of the Muſſulman, and for this reſpect, he ſaid to the Jew, "Thou ſayeſt true, it is the pur-

* Hems-Emeſſa, a city of Syria, long. 70. lat. 34.

The Orientals ſay that Hippocrates made his ordinary reſidence there; and the Chriſtians of that country have a tradition, that the head of St John the Baptiſt was found there, under the reign of Theodoſius the younger.

This city was famous in the times of paganiſm for the Temple of the Sun, under the name of Heliogabalus, from which the Roman emperor took his name.

It was taken from the Muſſulmen by the Tartars, in the year of Chriſt 1098. Saladin retook it in 1187. The Tartars took it in the year 1258. Afterwards it paſſed into the hands of the Mamalukes, and from them to the Turks, who are now in poſſeſſion of it. This city ſuffered greatly by a moſt dreadful earthquake in 1157, when the Franks were in poſſeſſion of Syria. HERBELOT.

† Here follows the relation of a number of unlucky adventures, in which the Muſſulman is involved by the way; but as they only tend to ſhew the ſagacity of the Cazi in extricating him from them, and have no connection with Shylock, I have omitted them. T. M.

port

port of the bond; and he desired, that they should bring a sharp knife. The Mussulman on hearing this, became speechless. The knife being brought, the Cazi turned his face to the Jew, and said, "Arise, and cut one pound of flesh from the body of him, in such a manner, that there may not be one grain more or less, and if more or less thou shalt cut, I shall order thee to be killed. The Jew said, I cannot. I shall leave this business and depart. The Cazi said, thou mayest not leave it. He said, O Judge, I have released him. The Judge said, it cannot be; either cut the flesh, or pay the expence of his journey. It was settled at two hundred dinars: the Jew paid another hundred, and departed." MALONE.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

P. 120. n. 5.] For *p.* 24, r. *p.* 75, n. 1.

P. 121. n. 7. l. 3.] For *Macbeth*, r. *The Winter's Tale*.

P. 131. n. 9. l. 2.] For 1590, r. 1592.

P. 138. n. 2. l. 8.] For *sharply*, r. *strangely*.

P. 144. *The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,*
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat,
Almost to bursting, and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose, &c.]

Saucius at quadrupes nota intra tecta refugit,
Successitque gemens stabulis; questuque, cruentus,
Atque imploranti similis, tectum omne replevit. Virg.
MALONE.

Ibidem. l. 13.] For *worldings*, r. *worldlings*.

P. 149. n. 6.] Add at the end.—In the original copy of *Othello*, 4to. 1622, nearly the same mistake has happened; for there we find—

Let us be *merry*, let us hide our joys,

instead of—Let us be *wary*. MALONE.

P. 151. n. 4. l. 9.] *Dele* the word, *however*.

P. 161. *All the world's a stage*, &c.] This observation had been made in an English drama before the time of Shakspeare. See *Damon and Pythias*, 1582:

"Pythagoras said, that *this world was like a stage*,
"*Whereon many play their parts*."

In *The Legend of Orpheus and Eurydice*, 1597, we find these lines, which were pointed out to me by Mr. Kemble:

"Unhappy man ———
"Whose life a sad continual tragedie,

"Himself

" Himſelf the *actor, in the world, the ſtage,*
" *While as the acts are meaſur'd by his age.*" MALONE.

P. 154. n. 7.] Again, in *King Henry IV.* P. II. " Is not your voice *broken?*"

In the Epiſtle prefixed to Spenſer's *Shepherd's Calender*, the writer ſpeaks of the raſcally route of our " *ragged* rhimers;" and Sir Henry Wotton in his will mentions his " *ragged* eſtate."

Again, in our poet's *Rape of Lucrece:*

" Thy ſecret pleaſure turns to open ſhame,
" Thy ſmoothing titles to a *ragged* name."

Again, in Naſhe's *Anatomie of Abſurditie*, 1589: " — as the fooliſh painter in Plutarch, having blurred a *ragged* table with the rude picture of a dunghill cocke, wiſhed his boy in any caſe to drive all live cocks from this his worthleſs workmanſhip," &c. See alſo the extract from his *Apologie of Pierce Pennileſſe*, quoted below, p. 171. MALONE.

P. 163. n. 6.] Naſhe in *Pierce Pennileſſe his Supplication to the Devil*, 1592, commending the Engliſh theatres, ſays, " our ſtage is more ſtately furniſhed,—not conſiſting, like theirs, of a Pantoloun, a whore, and a Zanie," &c. but he does not deſcribe the dreſs of the Pantaloon. MALONE.

P. 165. n. 1.] Add at the end of my note.—That this paſſage refers to the turbulence of the ſky, and the conſequent agitation of the ocean, and not to the operation of froſt, may be collected from our author's having in *King John* deſcribed ice as uncommonly ſmooth:

" To throw a perfume on the violet,
" *To ſmooth the ice,*" &c. MALONE.

P. 171. *This is the very* falſe gallop of verſes;] So, in Naſhe's *Apologie of Pierce Pennileſſe*, 4to. 1593: " I would trot a *falſe gallop* through the reſt of his ragged *verſes*, but that if I ſhould retort the rime doggrell aright, I muſt make my verſes (as he doth his) run *hobbling*, like a brewer's cart upon the ſtones, and obſerve no meaſure in their feet."
MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 7.] Add at the end of my note.—The following line in *K. Richard III.* may be urged to ſhew that the familiar image of the butter-woman's *horſe* going to market, was in our author's thoughts:

" But yet I run before my horſe to market." MALONE.

P. 173. n. 4.] Dr. Farmer's explanation may derive ſome ſupport from a ſubſequent paſſage: " — as ſwift a *wit* as Atalanta's heels." MALONE.

P. 176.

P. 176. n. 3.] Add to my note.—On a further conſideration of this paſſage I am ſtrongly inclined to think, with Dr. Johnſon, that we ſhould read—a South-ſea diſcovery. "Delay, however ſhort, is to me tedious and irkſome as the longeſt voyage, as a voyage of diſcovery on the South-Sea." The word *of*, which had occurred juſt before, might have been inadvertently repeated by the compoſitor. MALONE.

P. 178. *It is eaſy to count* atomies,—] "An *atomie* (ſays Bullokar in his *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 1616,) is a *mote* flying in the ſunne. Any thing ſo ſmall that it cannot be made leſſe." MALONE.

P. 180. n. 9.] Add to my note after the words—*painted cloth*. (l. 11.) That moral ſentences were wrought in theſe painted cloths, is aſcertained by the following paſſage in *A Dialogue both pleaſaunt and pietifull*, &c. by Dr. Willyam Bulleyne, 1564, (Signat. H 5.) which has been already quoted: "This is a comelie parlour,—and faire *clothes*, with pleaſaunte borders aboute the ſame, with many *wiſe ſayings* painted upon them." MALONE.

P. 182. n. 4.] See Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, 1598:

"His preſence made the *rudeſt* peaſant melt,
"That in the vaſt *uplandiſh* countrie dwelt."

Again, in Puttenham's *Arte of Poeſie*, 4to. 1589, fol. 120: "—or finally in any *uplandiſh* village or corner of a realm, where is no reſort but of poor ruſticall or uncivill people." MALONE.

P. 185. n. 2.] Add to my note.—Again, in *The Spaniſh Tragedy*:

"It is my fault, not ſhe, that merits blame;
"My *feature* is not to *content* her ſight;
"My words are rude, and work her no delight."

Feature appears to have formerly ſignified the whole countenance. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. I.

"Her peerleſs *feature*, joined with her birth,
"Approves her fit for none but for a king." MALONE.

P. 192. n. 2.] Inſtead of *See* p. 22, r. See *Vol.* II. p. 22.

P. 194. n. 3.] Add to my note.—So, in a Collection of Epigrams, Epitaphs, &c. entitled *Wits Bedlam*, printed about 1615:

"On a rare dyer of ſilke.
"Here lies one, who *liv'd* by *dying*,
"Yet *dy'd* not truly till this lying." MALONE.

P. 196.] Add to my note after the words, "*that age*."—As *no* is here printed inſtead of *mo*, ſo in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act

Act V. we find in the folio, 1623, *Mo* matter, for *No* matter.

After the paſſage quoted from *Antony and Cleopatra*, add—

Again, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

" But ſay that he, or we, (*as neither have*,)

" Receiv'd that ſum," &c. MALONE.

P. 208. *Take thou no ſcorn, to wear the horn*;] In *K. John* in two parts, 1591, a play which our author had without doubt attentively read, we find theſe lines:

" But let the fooliſh Frenchman *take no ſcorn*,

" If Philip front him with an Engliſh *horn*." MALONE.

P. 211. —*in the* purlieus *of this foreſt*—] " *Purlieu*," ſays Manwood's *Treatiſe on the Foreſt Laws*, c. 20, " is a certain territorie of ground adjoyning unto the foreſt, meered and bounded with unmoveable marks, meeres and boundaries, which territories of ground was alſo foreſt, and afterwards diſaforeſted againe by the perambulations made for the ſevering of the new foreſt from the old." REED.

Bullokar in his *Expoſitor*, 1616, deſcribes a *purlieu* as " a place neere joining to a foreſt, where it is lawful for the owner of the ground to hunt, if he can diſpend fortie ſhillings by the yeere, of freeland." MALONE.

P. 222. n. 4.] An anonymous writer has obſerved that in this phraſe there may be an alluſion to St. Luke's Goſpel, xx. 34. " The children of this world marry, and are given in marriage." MALONE.

P. 230. n. 3.] Add, after the quotation from *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

Again, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

" Bids him farewel, and look well to her *heart*,

" The which, by Cupid's bow ſhe doth proteſt,

" He carried thence *incaged in his breaſt*."

Again, in *King Richard III.*

" Even ſo thy breaſt incloſeth my poor heart."

Again, in *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

" Thy heart thou leav'ſt with her, when thou doſt hence depart,

" And in thy breaſt incloſed bear'ſt her tender friendly heart." MALONE.

P. 234. l. 4.] For *pleaſes*, r. *pleaſe*.

Like all my predeceſſors, I had here adopted an alteration made by Mr. Rowe, of which the reader was apprized in the note; but the old copy is certainly right, and ſuch was the phraſeology of Shakſpeare's age. So, in *K. Richard III.*

" Where every horſe bears his commanding rein,

" And may direct his courſe, as *pleaſe* himſelf."

Again,

Again, in *Hamlet*:

" ——— a pipe for fortune's finger,
" To ſound what ſtop ſhe *pleaſe*."

Again, in *K. Henry VIII.*

" ——— All men's honours
" Lie like one lump before him, to be faſhion'd
" Into what pitch he *pleaſe*." MALONE.

P. 235. l. 6. of notes.] For *K. Henry V.* r. *K. Henry IV.* P. II.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

P. 241. n. 1. l. ult.] For *that as*, r. *as that*.

P. 242. n. 2.] To *touze* or *toaze* had the ſame ſignification. See Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: " Arruffare. To *touze*, to tug, to bang, or rib-baſte one." MALONE.

P. 252. n. 5.] It appears from *The Captain*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, Act IV. ſc. ii. that *ſingle beer* and *ſmall beer* were ſynonymous terms. MALONE.

P. 253. n. 6.] The text is undoubtedly right.

There is a village in Warwickſhire called *Burton on the Heath*, where Mr. Dover, the founder of the Cotſwold games, lived. MALONE.

P. 255. *And ſay, you would* preſent her at the leet,
Becauſe ſhe brought ſtone jugs, and no ſeal'd quarts:]

The *leet* is the *Court-leet*, or *View of frank pledge*, held anciently once a year, within a particular hundred, manor, or lordſhip, before the ſteward of the leet. See Kitchin *On Courts*, 4th edit. 1663. " The reſidue of the matters of the charge which enſue," ſays that writer, on Court Leets, p. 21. " are enquirable and *preſentable*, and are alſo puniſhable in a leet." He then enumerates the various articles, of which the following is the twenty-ſeventh: " Alſo if tiplers ſell by CUPS *and diſhes, or meaſures ſealed, or* not ſealed, *is inquirable*." See alſo *Characteriſmi, or Lenton's Leaſures*, 12mo. 1631: " He [an informer] transforms himſelfe into ſeveral ſhapes, to avoid ſuſpicion of *inne-holders*, and inwardly joyes at the ſight of a blacke pot or *jugge*, knowing that their ſale by *ſealed quarts* ſpoyles his market." MALONE.

P. 258 n. 8.] Add after Dr. Johnſon's note.—So, in *The Nice Wanton*, an ancient interlude, 1560:

" O ye children, let your time be well ſpent,
" *Applye* your learning, and your elders obey."

Again, in Gaſcoigne's *Suppoſes*, 1566: " I feare he *applyes* his ſtudy ſo, that he will not leave the minute of an houre from his booke." MALONE.

P. 283. n. 9.] Add to my note.—Again, in *Timon of Athens*: "We *know him* for no leſs, though we are but ſtrangers to him." MALONE.

P. 285. ——*ſhe looks as clear*

As morning roſes newly waſh'd with dew.] So Milton in his *L'Allegro*:

"There on beds of violets blue,

"And new-blown roſes waſh'd with dew," &c. MALONE.

P. 292. n. 4.] Counterpoints were in ancient times extremely coſtly. In Wat Tyler's rebellion, Stowe informs us, when the inſurgents broke into the wardrobe in the Savoy, they deſtroyed a coverlet, worth a thouſand marks. MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 5.] The word, however, may have been uſed in its common acceptation. In Holinſhed, p. 819, we are told, "the king himſelf had a houſe of timber, and for his other lodgings he had great and goodly *tents of blew water-work*, garniſhed with yellow and white." Perhaps, as our author was a reader of Holinſhed, this circumſtance might have adhered to his memory. MALONE.

P. 301. n. 4.] Add to my note.—This lacquey therefore did not wear a common *fancy* in his hat, but ſome fantaſtical ornament, comprizing the humour of forty different fancies. Such, I believe, is the meaning. A couplet in one of Sir John Davies's Epigrams, 1598, may alſo add ſupport to my interpretation:

"Nor for thy love will I once gnaſh a bricke,

"Or ſome *pied colours* in my bonnet *ſticke*."

A *fancy*, however, meant alſo a love-ſong or ſonnet, or other poem. So, in *Sapho and Phao*, 1591: "I muſt now fall from love to labour, and endeavour with mine oar to get a fare, not with my pen to write *a fancy*." If the word was uſed here in this ſenſe, the meaning is, that the lacquey had ſtuck forty ballads together, and made ſomething like a feather out of them. MALONE.

P. 303. n. 6.] Add to my note.—Again, in *Coriolanus*:

"*Remains* that in the official marks inveſted,

"You anon do meet the ſenate."

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"The beauty that is borne here in the face

"The bearer knows not, but *commends* itſelf

"To others' eyes." MALONE.

P. 305. —*he took his bride about the neck*;

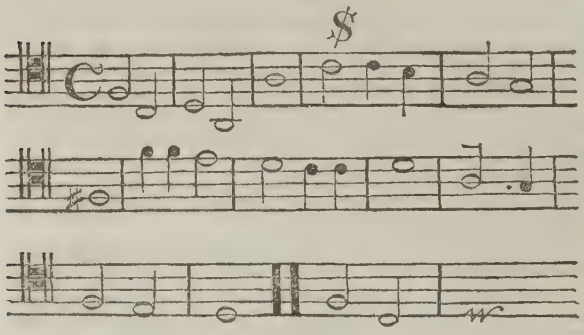
And kiſs'd her lips with ſuch a clamorous ſmack,

That, at the parting, all the church did echo.] This alſo

alſo is a very ancient cuſtom, as appears from the following rubrick, with which I was furniſhed by the late Reverend Mr. Bowle. " Surgant ambo, ſponſus et ſponſa, et accipiat ſponſus pacem a ſacerdote, et ferat ſponſe, *oſculans eam*, et neminem alium, nec ipſe, nec ipſa." *Manuale Sarum*, Paris, 1533, 4to. fol. 69. MALONE.

P. 310. n. 1.]

Jack boy! ho boy!



SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

P. 314. n. 7.] This ballad was peculiarly ſuited to Petruchio's preſent ſituation: for it appears to have been deſcriptive of the ſtate of a lover who had newly reſigned his freedom. In an old collection of Sonnets, entitled *A handeful of pleaſant delites, containing ſundrie new ſonets*, &c. by Clement Robinſon, 1584, is " Dame Beautie's replie to the *lover late at libertie*, and now complaineth himſelfe to be her captive, intituled, *Where is the life that late I led.*

" The life that erſt thou led'ſt, my friend,
" Was pleaſant to thine eyes," &c. MALONE.

P. 325. n. 3.] That it was the practice to waſh the hands immediately before ſupper, as well as before dinner, is aſcertained by the following paſſage in *The Fountayne of Fame, erected in an Orcharde of amorous adventures*, by Anthony Munday, 1580: " Then was our *ſupper* brought up very orderly, and ſhe brought me *water to waſhe my handes*. And after I had waſhed, I ſat downe, and ſhe alſo; but concerning what

what good cheere we had, I need not make good report." MALONE.

P. 325. n. 7.] To the examples already given in ſupport of the reading of the old copy, may be added this very appoſite one from Lily's *Euphues, and his England*, 1580: "Shall I *ruffle* in new devices, with chains, with *bracelets*, with *rings*, with roabes?"

Again, in Drayton's *Battaile of Agincourt*, 1627:

"With *ruffling* banners, that do brave the ſky."

MALONE.

P. 326. *Come, tailor, let us ſee theſe ornaments*;] In our poet's time, women's gowns were uſually made by men. So, in the Epiſtle to the Ladies, prefixed to *Euphues and his England*, by John Lily, 1580: "If a *taylor make your gown* too little, you cover his fault with a broad ſtomacher; if too great, with a number of pleights; if too ſhort, with a fair guard; if too long, with a falſe gathering." MALONE.

P. 328. n. 8.] After Mr. Steevens's note.

So, in the Regiſter of Mr. Henſlowe, proprietor of the Roſe theatre, (a manuſcript of which an account has been given in Vol. I. Part II. p. 288): "3 of June 1594. Lent, upon a womanes gowne of villet in grayne, with a velvet *cape* imbroidered with bugelles, for xxxvi s." MALONE.

P. 333. —— *or* moral —] i. e. the ſecret purpoſe. See Vol. II. p. 265, n. 7. MALONE.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

P. 354. n. 3.] After Sir William Blackſtone's note.

So, in Spenſer's *Shepheard's Calender*:

"Shee, while ſhe was, (that *was* a woeful word to ſaine,)
"For beauties praiſe and pleaſaunce had no peere."

Again, in *Wily Beguil'd*, 1606:

"She is not mine, I have no daughter now;
"That I ſhould ſay *I had*, thence comes my grief."

MALONE.

P. 360. n. 8.] Our author's ſixth Sonnet fully ſupports the emendation here made:

"That *uſe* is not forbidden uſury,
"Which happies thoſe that pay the willing loan;
"That's for thyſelf, to breed another thee,
"Or *ten times* happier, be it *ten* for one.
"Ten times thyſelf were happier than thou art,
"*If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee.*" MALONE.

P. 363. n. 5.] Add to my note.—We find ſome of theſe terms of endearment again uſed in *The Winter's Tale*. Leontes ſays to the young Mamillius,

" Come, *captain*, we muſt be neat," &c.

Again, in the ſame ſcene, Polixenes, ſpeaking of his ſon, ſays,

" He's all my exerciſe, my mirth, my matter;

" Now my ſworn *friend*, and then mine *enemy*;

" My paraſite, my ſoldier, ſtateſman, all." MALONE.

P. 367. —*It much* repairs

Me to talk of your good father:] To *repair*, in theſe plays, generally ſignifies, to *renovate*. So, in *Cymbeline*:

" —— O diſloyal thing,

" That ſhould'ſt *repair* my youth!" MALONE.

P. 368. n. 8.] In *The Winter's Tale*, *place* is again uſed for *rank* or ſituation in life:

" —— O thou thing,

" Which I'll not call a *creature of thy place*." MALONE.

P. 369. n. *.] Add to my note.—So, in *King John*:

" *Thus*, leaning on my elbow, I *begin*." MALONE.

P. 370. n. 2.] Add to my note.—So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II.:

" —— every minute now

" Should be the *father* of ſome ſtratagem." MALONE.

P. 375. n. 4.] Add to my note.—In 1585 was entered on the Stationers' books by Edward White, " *The lamentation of Hecuba and the ladyes of Troye*;" which probably contained the ſtanza here quoted." MALONE.

P. 379. n. 7.] In *Troilus and Creſſida* we find—" I *care not* to be the louſe of a lazar, *ſo I were not* Menelaus." There the words certainly mean, I ſhould not be ſorry or unwilling to be, &c. According to this, then, the meaning of the paſſage before us ſhould be, " If you were mother to us both, it would not give me more ſolicitude than heaven gives me,—ſo I were not his ſiſter." But Helena certainly would not confeſs an indifference about her future ſtate. However, ſhe may mean, as Dr. Farmer has ſuggeſted, " I ſhould not care *more* than, but *equally as*, I care for future happineſs; I ſhould be as content and ſolicit it as much, as I pray for the bliſs of heaven." MALONE.

P. 390. *So holy writ in babes hath judgment ſhewn,*

When judges have been babes.] The alluſion is to St. Matthew's Goſpel, xi. 25. " O father, lord of heaven and earth, I thank thee, becauſe *thou haſt hid theſe things from the wiſe*

wiſe and prudent, and revealed them unto babes." See alſo 1 Cor. i. 27. "But GOD hath choſen the fooliſh things of the world to confound the wiſe; and GOD hath choſen the weak things of the world, to confound the things which are mighty." MALONE.

P. 390. n. 7.] Shakſpeare ſays nothing of miracles continuing to happen, nor of wiſe men writing againſt the poſſibility of them; but only,—after alluding to *the production of water from a rock*, and *the drying up the red ſea*,—that *miracles had been denied by the* GREATEST; or in other words, that the ELDERS OF ISRAEL (who juſt before in reference to another text were ſtyled *judges*,) had notwithſtanding theſe miracles, wrought for their own preſervation, refuſed that compliance they ought to have yielded. See the book of Exodus, and particularly ch. xvii. 5, 6, &c. HENLEY.

See alſo Pſalm lxxviii. 13. &c. and Pſalm cvi. St. Matthew's Goſpel, xi. 21, and St. Luke's Goſpel, vii. 30. MALONE.

P. 391. n. 2. l. penult.] Again, in *The Remedie of Love*, 4to. 1600:

"If ſhe be fat, then ſhe is ſwollen, ſay,
"If browne, then tawny as the Africk Moore;
"If ſlender, leane, meagre and worn away,
"If courtly, wanton, *worſt of worſt* before." MALONE.

P. 394. n. 2. l. 2.] For *Fooliſh*, r. *Fooles*.

Ibidem. n. 3.] Add to my note.—*Tib* and *Tom* are generally coupled by our old writers. *Tib*, Cole renders in his Latin Dict. 1679, by *mulier ſordida*.

"He ſtruck at Tib, and down fell Tom,"

is, I think, one of Ray's Proverbial Sentences. MALONE.

P. 397. n. 9.] The epithet *authentick* was in our author's time particularly applied to the learned. So, in Drayton's *Owle*, 4to. 1604:

"For which thoſe grave and ſtill *authentick* ſages,
"Which ſought for knowledge in thoſe golden ages,
"From whom we hold the ſcience that we have," &c. MALONE.

P. 399. *O'er whom both ſovereign power, and* father's voice,
I have to uſe:] They were his *wards*, as well as his ſubjects. HENLEY.

P. 404. n. 3.] Add, after—*ſweet verbal brief*.

Again, in the Prologue to *Sir John Oldcaſtle*, 1600:

"To ſtop which ſcruple, let this *brief* ſuffice:—
"It is no pamper'd glutton we preſent," &c. MALONE.

P. 412. *A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner, but one that lies three thirds*, &c.] So, in Marlowe's *King Edward II.* 1598:

" *Gav.* What art thou?
" 2. *Poor Man.* A *traveller*.
" *Gav.* Let me see; thou would'st well
" To wait on my trencher, and *tell me lies at dinner-time*."
MALONE.

P. 416. n. *] To this fashion Bishop Earle alludes in his *Characters*, 1638, Signat. E. 10. " He has learnt to *ruffle* his face from his *boote*; and takes great delight in his walk to heare his spurs gingle." MALONE.

P. 437. n. 4. l. penult.] For—*whom to protest I love*, r. *whom I protest to love*.

P. 447. n. 7.] Add to my note.—The feigned letter from Olivia to Malvolio, is partly prose, partly verse. MALONE.

P. 453. *All's well that ends well; still the* fine's the crown;] So, in *The Spanish Tragedy*:

" The *end is crown* of every work well done."

All's well that ends well, is one of Camden's proverbial sentences. MALONE.

P. 460. n. 2.] After the instance from *Pericles*, add—(in support of the reading of the old copy)

Again, in *Timon of Athens*:

" When *fortune*, in her shift and change of *mood*,
" Spurns down her late belov'd."

Again, in *Julius Cæsar*:

" —— *Fortune* is merry,
" And *in* this *mood* will give us any thing." MALONE.

P. 469. n. 7.] The following passage in *King Henry IV.* P. II. may be adduced in support of Mr. Steevens's interpretation of this passage: " Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown,—and I will take such order that thy friends shall *ring for thee*."

Here Falstaff certainly means to speak equivocally; and one of his senses is, " I will take care to have thee knocked in the head, and thy friends shall ring thy funeral knell."
MALONE.

PERICLES.

P. 581. l. 2.] For *to*, r. *too*.

VOL. IV.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

P. 4. *That inſtant was I turn'd into a hart,*
And my deſires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er ſince purſue me.] Our author had here undoubtedly Daniel's fifth Sonnet in his thoughts:

" Whilſt youth and error led my wand'ring mind,
" And ſette my thoughts in heedles waies to range,
" All unawares, a goddeſſe chaſte I finde,
" (Diana like) to worke my ſuddaine change.
" For her no ſooner had mine eye bewraid,
" But with diſdaine to ſee mee in that place,
" With faireſt hand the ſweet unkindeſt maid
" Caſts water-cold diſdaine upon my face:
" *Which turn'd my ſport into a hart's deſpaire,*
" *Which ſtill is chac'd, while I have any breath,*
" *By mine own thoughts, ſette on me by my faire;*
" *My thoughts, like hounds, purſue me to my death.*
" Thoſe that I foſter'd of mine owne accord,
" Are made by her to murder thus theyr lord."
Delia and Roſamond, augmented, 16mo. 1594.

The ſame obſervation has been made by an anonymous writer. MALONE.

P. 8. *Thou ſhalt preſent me as an eunuch to him,*
It may be worth thy pains; for I can ſing
And ſpeak to him in many ſorts of muſick,] When the practice of caſtration (which originated certainly in the eaſt) was firſt adopted, ſolely for the purpoſe of improving the voice, I have not been able to learn. The firſt regular opera, as Dr. Burney obſerves to me, was performed at Florence in 1600: " till about 1635 muſical dramas were only performed occaſionally in the palaces of princes, and conſequently before that time eunuchs could not abound. The firſt eunuch that was ſuffered to ſing in the Pope's chapel was in the year 1600."

So early, however, as 1604, eunuchs are mentioned by one of our poet's contemporaries, as excelling in ſinging:

" Yes, I can ſing, fool, if you'll bear the burthen; and I can play upon inſtruments ſcurvily, as gentlemen do. O that I had been *gelded!* I ſhould then have been a fat fool for

a chamber, *a ſqueaking fool* for a tavern, and a private fool for all the ladies." *The Malcontent*, by J. Marſton, 1604. MALONE.

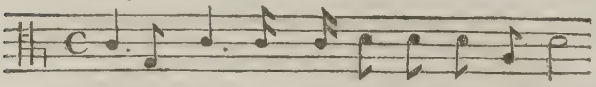
P. 12. *I am not ſuch an aſs, but I can keep my hand dry.*] I ſuppoſe, Sir Andrew means, that he is not ſuch a fool but that he can keep himſelf out of the water. MALONE.

P. 32. n. 7. l. ult.] For *Who*, r. *When*.

P. 34. n. 5. l. laſt but 5.] For *impeticoat*, r. *impetticoat*.

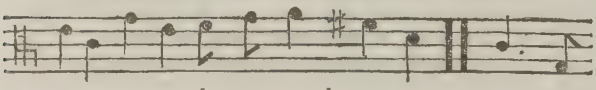
P. 37. Add to note 2.]

A 3 voc.



Hold thy peace, and I pree thee hold thy pe.ce,

?



3d 2d

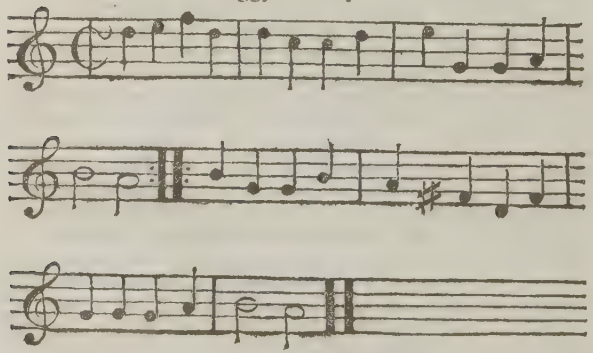
thou knave, thou knave: hold thy peace, thou knave.

SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

P. 38. At the end of n. 6. *add*, MALONE.

P. 38. n. 4.] *Peg-a-Ramſey*, or *Peggy Ramſey*, is the name of ſome old ſong: the following is the tune to it:

Peggy Ramſey.



SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

P. 44.

P. 44. n. 3.] Add at the end of my note.—The meaning is, (as Mr. Heath has obſerved,) "It is ſo conſonant to the emotions of the heart, that they echo it back again."
MALONE.

P. 45. n. 6.] The text is undoubtedly right, and *worn* ſignifies, *conſumed, worn out.* So Lord Surrey, in one of his Sonnets, deſcribing the ſpring, ſays,

"Winter is *worn*, that was the flowers bale."

Again, in *King Henry VI.* P. II.

"Theſe few days' wonder will be quickly *worn*."

Again, in *The Winter's Tale:*

"——— and but infirmity,

"Which waits upon *worn* times,—." MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 7.] *Free* however may only mean *cheerful.* So, in *Othello;*

"I ſlept the next night well: was *free* and merry."

Again, in *Macbeth:*

"Be *free* and jovial with thy gueſts to-night."

"Fair and *free*," Mr. Warton obſerves, is in the metrical romances a common apellation for a lady. Warton's MILT. p. 38. Chaucer, the ſame ingenious writer obſerves, applies this epithet to married women, which is adverſe to the explication given in my original note:

"Riſe up, my wife, my love, my lady *free*."
MARCH. T. v. 1655. Urr.

"So Jonſon makes his beautiful Counteſs of Bedford to be 'fair, and *free*, and wiſe.' Epigrams, lxxvi." MALONE.

P. 46. n. 1.] Add to my note.—Coffins being frequently made of *cypreſs* wood, (perhaps in conſequence of *cyprus* being uſed at funerals) the epithet *ſad* is here employed with ſtrict propriety. "King Richard the Second (ſays Speed) was ſo affected by the death of his favourite Robert de Vere, duke of Ireland, that he commanded the *cypreſs* cheſt wherein his body lay embalmed, to be opened, that he might ſee and handle it." The king attended his funeral. MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 4.] Since this note was written, I have obſerved that *lover* is elſewhere uſed by our poet as a word of one ſyllable. So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream:*

"Tie up my *lover's* tongue; bring him ſilently."

Again, in *King Henry VIII.*

"Is held no great good *lover* of the archbiſhop's."

There is perhaps therefore no need of abbreviating the word *never* in this line. MALONE.

P. 49. n. 3.] Add, after the paſſage taken from the *Winter's Tale*:

Again, in *King Richard III.*

" —like *dumb ſtatues*, or unbreathing ſtones,
" *Star'd on each other*, and look deadly pale."

I have expreſſed a doubt whether the word *grief* was employed in the ſingular number, in the ſenſe of *grievance*. I have lately obſerved that our author has himſelf uſed it in that ſenſe in *King Henry IV.* P. II.

" ——— an inch of any ground
" To build a *grief* on."

Dr. Percy's interpretation, therefore, may be the true one. MALONE.

P. 51. n. 6.] After the paſſage quoted from *K. Henry IV.* P. I. add, in ſupport of the reading of the old copy,

Again, *ibidem*:

" ——— and as bountiful
" As *mines* of *India*."

Again, in *K. Henry VIII.*

" —— To-day the French
" All clinquant, all *in gold*, like heathen gods,
" Shone down the Engliſh; and to-morrow they
" Made Britain *India*; every man that ſtood,
" Shew'd like *a mine*."

So Lily in his *Euphues and his England*, 1580: " I ſaw that *India* bringeth *gold*, but England bringeth goodneſs."

So, in *Wily Beguil'd*, 1606: " Come, my *heart of gold*, let's have a dance at the making up of this match."—The perſon there addreſſed, as in *Twelfth Night*, is a woman. MALONE.

P. 53. n. 7.] Add to my note.—The *yeoman of the wardrobe* is not an arbitrary term, but was the proper deſignation of the wardrobe-keeper, in Shakſpeare's time. See Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598. " *Veſtiario*, a wardrobe-keeper, or a *yeoman of a wardrobe*."

The ſtory which our poet had in view is perhaps alluded to by Lily in *Euphues and his England*, 1580: " —aſſuring myſelf there was a certain ſeaſon when women are to be won; in the which moments they have neither will to deny, nor wit to miſtruſt. Such a time I have read a young gentleman found to obtain the love of the Dutcheſs of Milaine: ſuch a time I have heard that a poor *yeoman* choſe to get the faireſt lady in Mantua." MALONE.

P. 55.

P. 55. —*By your leave, wax.*—Soft;] It was the cuſtom in our poet's time to ſeal letters with ſoft wax, which retained its ſoftneſs for a good while. The wax uſed at preſent would have been hardened long before Malvolio picked up this letter. See *Your Five Gallants*, a comedy, by Middleton: "Fetch a pennyworth of *ſoft wax* to ſeal letters." So Falſtaff in *King Henry IV.* P. II. "I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and ſhortly will I ſeal with him." MALONE.

P. 56. *Marry, hang thee*, brock!] i. e. Marry, hang thee, thou *vain, conceited coxcomb*, thou over-weaning rogue!

Brock, which properly ſignifies a badger, was uſed in this ſenſe in Shakſpeare's time. So, in *The merrie conceited Jeſts of George Peele*, 4to. 1657: "This *ſelf-conceited brock* had George invited," &c. MALONE.

P. 62. n. 7.] Add to my note.—Our poet has the ſame image in his *Venus and Adonis*:

"Foul cank'ring ruſt the hidden treaſure frets,
"*But gold, that's put to uſe, more gold begets.*"

MALONE.

P. 66. n. 4.] Add to Mr. Steevens's note.—So, in *Othello*:

"Which, as a *griſe* or ſtep, may help theſe lovers."

P. 73. —*he is ſad and* civil,] i. e. ſolemn and grave. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"——— Come, *civil* night,
"Thou *ſober-ſuited* matron, all in black, &c."

See alſo Vol. X. p. 369, n. *. MALONE.

P. 96. n. 9.] Add to my note, after the paſſage quoted from *Much ado about Nothing*.

The compound, *good-man*, is again uſed adjectively, and as a word of contempt, in *King Lear*: "Part (ſays Edmund to Kent and the Steward). "With you, (replies Kent,) *good-man boy*, if you pleaſe." MALONE.

P. 100. n. 2.] For *ſcatchful*, r. *ſcathful*.

P. 106. n. 2. l. 5.] After *dancing*, put a comma.

P. 115. l. 1.] For *his majeſty's cypher*, r. the cypher of King Charles II.

WINTER'S TALE.

P. 130. n 9.] I believe the meaning is,—as falſe as blacks dyed over with another colour, which they may aſſume for a time,

a time, but the *falſehood* will ſoon be diſcovered by the original black appearing.

Mr. Steevens at the end of his note ſuggeſted that this might be the meaning, and the following paſſage in a book which our author had certainly read inclines me to believe that it is the true interpretation. "Truly (quoth Camillo) my wool was *blacke*, and therefore *it could take no other colour*." Lily's *Euphues and his England*, 4to. 1580.

MALONE.

P. 132. n. 8.] For *Othel.* r. *Iago*, and in the text line for *Iago*, r. *Othel.* The words were accidentally ſhuffled out of their places at the preſs.

P. 133. n. 2.] The following paſſage in Campion's Hiſtory of Ireland, folio 1633, fully confirms my explanation of this paſſage; and ſhews that by the words—*Will you take eggs for money*, was meant, *Will you ſuffer yourſelf to be cajoled or impoſed upon?*—"What my couſin Deſmond hath compaſſed, as I know not, ſo I beſhrew his naked heart for holding out ſo long.—But go to, ſuppoſe hee never bee had; what is Kildare to blame for it, more than my good brother of Oſſory, who, notwithſtanding his high promiſes, having alſo the king's power, is glad *to take eggs for his money*, and to bring him in at leaſure."

Theſe words make part of the defence of the earl of Kildare, in anſwer to a charge brought againſt him by Cardinal Wolſey, that he had not been ſufficiently active in endeavouring to take the earl of Deſmond, then in rebellion. In this paſſage, *to take eggs for his money* undoubtedly means, to *be trifled with*, or *to be impoſed upon*.

"For money" means, *in the place of money*. "Will you give me money, and take eggs inſtead of it?" MALONE.

P. 135. n. 4.] Add to my note.—Again, in *Hamlet*:

"I ſaw him enter ſuch a houſe of ſale,
"(*Videlicet*, a brothel) *or ſo forth*."

Again, more appoſitely, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II.

"—with a diſh of carraways, AND *ſo forth*."

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*: "Is not birth, beauty, good ſhape, diſcourſe, manhood, learning, AND *ſo forth*, the ſpice and ſalt that ſeaſon a man?" MALONE.

P. 139. n. 1.] Add at the end—except, perhaps, *King Henry VIII.* MALONE.

P. 144. n. 7.] Add to my note.—So, in *Titus Andronicus*:

"Plead my *ſucceſſive* title with your ſwords." MALONE.

P. 145. n. 8.] So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. I.

" *Him* that thou magnify'ſt with all theſe titles,
" Stinking and fly-blown lies there at our feet."

MALONE.

P. 151. *A* federary *with her*—] We ſhould certainly read—a *feodary* with her. There is no ſuch word as *federary*. See Vol. VIII. p. 380. n. 2. MALONE.

P. 154. n. 4.] Add at the end of my note. Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Volpone*:

" Speak to the knave?
" I'll ha' my *mouth* firſt *ſtopp'd with earth*." MALONE.

P. 171. n. 5.] Add after the paſſage quoted from *Meaſure for Meaſure*.—Again, in *Cymbeline*:

" ——found no oppoſition
" But what he look'd for ſhould oppoſe, and ſhe
" Should from *encounter* guard." MALONE.

P. 174. n. 5.] Add at the end.—See alſo Vol. VII. p. 564, n. 6. and Vol. VIII. p. 565. n. 9. MALONE.

P. 175. n. 8.] Add in confirmation of the old copy.—So alſo in The Continuation of *Hardyng's Chronicle*, 1543. " Whereupon he ſent unto the quene, then beeyng in the ſainctuary, diverſe and ſondry meſſengers, that ſhould excuſe and pourge him of *his fact* afore dooen towardes her." Signat. M m. 6. b. MALONE.

P. 185.—*now the ſhip boring the moon with her main maſt*,] So, in *Pericles*; " But ſea-room, and the brine and cloudy *billow kiſs the moon*, I care not." MALONE.

P. 188. n. 1.] Add after Mr. Steevens's note.—In *The Pleaſant Comedie of Patient Griſſel*, 1603, written by Thomas Dekker, Henry Chettle, and William Haughton, Griſſel is in the firſt act married, and ſoon afterwards brought to bed of twins, a ſon and a daughter; and the daughter in the fifth act is produced on the ſcene as a woman old enough to be married. MALONE.

P. 191. n. 9.] Dele my note, and ſubſtitute the following. *Angle* anciently ſignified a fiſhing-rod. So, in Lily's *Sapho and Phao*, 1591:

" Thine *angle* is ready, when thine oar is idle, and as ſweet is the fiſh which thou getteſt in the river, as the fowl which other buy in the market." MALONE.

P. 191. *Why then comes in the ſweet of the year*,] Autolicus, I think, calls the *ſpring* the *ſweet of the year*, becauſe in that ſeaſon maidens put out their ſheets to bleach on the hedges; and " his traffick (as he afterwards tells us) is in

in ſheets." The ſong at the end of *Love's Labour's Loſt* may throw ſome little light on the paſſage before us; for there, it is obſervable, SPRING mentions as deſcriptive of that ſeaſon, that then "—maidens *bleach* their ſummer *ſmocks*." MALONE.

P. 194. n. 5.] Dele the whole note, and ſubſtitute the following.

I was led into an errour concerning this paſſage by the word *tods*, which I conceived to be a ſubſtantive, but which is uſed ungrammatically as the third perſon ſingular of the verb to *tod*, in concord with the preceding words—*every leven wether*. The ſame diſregard of grammar is found in almoſt every page of the old copies, and has been properly corrected, but here is in character, and ſhould be preſerved.

Dr. Farmer obſerves to me, that to *tod* is uſed as a verb by dealers in wool; thus, they ſay, "Twenty ſheep ought to *tod* fifty pounds of wool," &c. The meaning therefore of the clown's words is, "Every eleven wether *tods*; i. e. *will produce a tod*, or twenty-eight pounds of wool; every tod yields a pound and ſome odd ſhillings; what then will the wool of fifteen hundred yield?"

The occupation of his father furniſhed our poet with accurate knowledge on this ſubject; for two pounds and a half of wool is, I am told, a very good produce from a ſheep at the time of ſhearing. About thirty ſhillings a tod is a high price at this day. It is ſingular, as Sir Henry Engleſield remarks to me, that there ſhould be ſo little variation between the price of wool in Shakſpeare's time and the preſent.—In 1425, as I learn from Kennet's *Parochial Antiquities*, a tod of wool ſold for nine ſhillings and ſix pence. MALONE.

P. 195. *I cannot do't without* counters.] This was the uſual mode by which the illiterate formerly reckoned. See Vol. IX. p. 445, n. 1. MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 6.] Florio renders *Berlengozzo*, by "a *drunken* ſong, a three-mens ſong." Italian Dict. 1598. MALONE.

P. 196. n. *.] To *abide* is again uſed in *Macbeth*, in the ſenſe of *tarrying for a while*:

"I'll call upon you ſtraight; *abide* within." MALONE.

P. 198. *Jog on, jog on*, &c.] Theſe lines are part of a catch printed in *An Antidote againſt Melancholy, made up in pills compounded of witty ballads, jovial ſongs, and merry catches*, 1661, 4to. p. 69. REED.

P. 199. n. 2.] Add to my note, after the words—"here, good my glaſs."

Again,

Again, in *Julius Cæsar*:

" ——— I, your *glass*,
" Will modestly discover to yourself,
" That of yourself," &c.

Again, more appositely, in *Hamlet*:

" ——— he was indeed the *glass*,
" Wherein the noble youth did *dress* themselves."

Add, at the end.

Sir Thomas Hanmer probably thought the similitude of the words *sworn* and *swoon* favourable to his emendation; but he forgot that *swoon* in the old copies of these plays is always written *sound* or *swound*. MALONE.

P. 200. *Nor in a way so chaste:*] It must be remembered that the transformations of Gods were generally for illicit amours; and consequently were not " in a way so chaste" as that of Florizel, whose object was to marry Perdita. A. C.

P. 203. n. 2.] The following line in *The Paradise of Daintie Devises*, 1578, may add some support to the first part of Mr. Steevens's note:

" Some jolly youth the *gilly-flower* esteemeth for his joy."
MALONE.

P. 205. — *pale* primroses,
That die unmarried, *ere they can behold*
Bright Phœbus in his strength,] So Milton, in his *Lycidas*, 4to. 1638:

" And the rathe *primrose, that unwedded dies.*"

The reason why the primrose is said to die unmarried, is, according to Mr. Warton, because it grows in the shade, uncherished or unseen by the sun, who was supposed to be in love with some sort of flowers." Warton's MILT. p. 25.
MALONE.

P. 208. n. 1.] See also *Choice Drollery*, 1656, p. 31:

" A story strange I will you tell,
" But not so strange as true,
" Of a woman that danc'd upon the rope,
" And so did her husband too;
" With a *dildo, dildo, dildo,*
" With a *dildo, dildo,* dee." MALONE.

Ibidem, n. 2.] Again, in *The Knight of the burning Pestle*, 1613: " I will have him dance *fading*. *Fading* is a fine jig, I'll assure you, gentlemen."

It is likewise the burthen of a clown's song in *Sportive Wit*, 1656, p. 58; of which the following is the first stanza:

" The

" The courtier ſcorns us country clowns,
" We country clowns do ſcorn the court,
" We can be as merry upon the downs,
" As you at midnight, with all your ſport;"
With a *fading*, with a *fading*." MALONE.

P. 209. n. 6. l. 1.] For *tape*, r. *galloon*. MALONE.

P. 211. n. 2.] To *clamour* is uſed by Bacon as a verb active, but in a ſenſe that will not ſuit this paſſage:—" let them not come in multitudes or in a tribunitious manner, for that is, to *clamour* councils, not to inform them." *Eſſays*, 4to. 1625. MALONE.

P. 213. n. 7.] In Sir Henry Herbert's office-book, which contains a regiſter of all the ſhews of London from 1623 to 1642, I find " a licence to Francis Sherret, to ſhew a *ſtrange fiſh* for a yeare, from the 10th of Marche, 1635." In that age as at preſent not only beaſts and fiſhes, but human creatures, were exhibited, and the defects of nature turned to profit; for in a ſubſequent year the following extraordinary entry occurs, which aſcertains a fact that has been doubted:

" A licenſe for ſix months granted to Lazaras, an Italian, to ſhew his brother Baptiſta, that grows out of his navell, and carryes him at his ſyde. In confirmation of his Majeſty's warrant, granted unto him to make publique ſhewe. Dated the 4. Novemb. 1637." MALONE.

P. 220. n. 5.] Add after the paſſage quoted from *Noſce Teipſum*—Again, in *The Legend of Orpheus and Eurydice*, 1597:

" The ſunne on rich and poor alike doth ſhine."

I am now convinced that my ſuſpicion was ill founded, and that there is no omiſſion in the text. It is ſupported by a paſſage in *K. Henry VIII.*

" —— No, my lord,
" You know no more than others, but you blame
" Things that are known *alike*."

i. e. that are known alike *by all*.

To *look upon*, without any ſubſtantive annexed, is a mode of expreſſion, which, though now unuſual, appears to have been legitimate in Shakſpeare's time. So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

" He is my prize; I will not *look upon*."

Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III.

" Why ſtand we here—
" And *look upon*, as if the tragedy
" Were play'd in jeſt by counterfeited actors."

MALONE.

P. 228.

P. 228. —*he is half*-flead *already.*] I ſuppoſe Camillo means to ſay no more, than that Florizel is half ſtripped already.

He may however at the ſame time intend to inſinuate that his friend is either half covered with vermin already, or half excoriated by their bite. In *Coriolanus* the verb is uſed in its original ſenſe, and was anciently written to *flea*, though *flay* ſeems more proper:

" ——— Who's yonder,
" That does appear as he were *flead?*" MALONE.

P. 231. —*hath not my gait in it the* meaſure *of the court?*] i. e. the ſtately tread of courtiers. See *Much ado about nothing*, Vol. II. p. 225.—" the wedding mannerly modeſt, as a *meaſure*, full of *ſtate* and ancientry.'" MALONE.

P. 232. —*a great man—by the* picking *on's* teeth.] " If you find not a *courtier* here, (ſays Sir Thomas Overbury) you ſhall in Paules, with a *pick-tooth* in his hat, a cape cloak, and a long ſtocking." *Characters*, 1616. MALONE.

P. 233. —*the hotteſt day* prognoſtication *proclaims*,] Almanacks were in Shakſpeare's time publiſhed under this title. " An Almanack and *Prognoſtication* made for the year of our Lord God, 1595." See Herbert's Typograph. Antiq. II. 1029. MALONE.

P. 240. n. 8. l. 3.] After *writings*, add—See p. 156, n. 8.

P. 245. —*the* affection *of nobleneſs*—] Perhaps both here and in *K. Henry IV. affection* is uſed for *propenſity*:

" ——— in ſpeech, in gait,
" In diet, in *affections* of delight,
" In military exerciſes, humours of blood,
" He was the mark and glaſs, &c. MALONE.

P. 247. n. 2.] After *unfeeling*, add—

So, in *K. Henry VIII.*

" —Hearts of moſt hard temper
" Melt, and lament for him." MALONE.

P. 257. n. 1.] Add, in ſupport of the reading of the old copy, after the inſtance from *The Tempeſt*.

Again, in *Venus and Adonis*:

" Or as the ſnail (*whoſe* tender horns *being* hurt)
" Shrinks backwards to his ſhelly cave with pain."

Here we ſhould now write—" *his* tender horns," &c.
MALONE.

MACBETH.

P. 261. n. 1. l. 7.] For *germain*, r. *german*.

P. 262. —*hurly-burly*—] However mean this word may ſeem to modern ears, it came recommended to Shakſpeare by the authority of Henry Pecham, who, in the year 1577, publiſhed a book profeſſing to treat of the *ornaments* of language. It is called *The Garden of Eloquence*, and has this paſſage. "Onomatopeia, when we invent, deviſe, fayne and make a name imitating the ſownd of that it ſignifyeth, as *hurliburly*, for an *uprore* and *tumultuous ſtirre*."

HENDERSON.

Ibidem. When the battle's loſt and won.] So, in *King Richard III.*

"——— while we reaſon here,
"A royal battle might be *won and loſt*."

So alſo Speed, ſpeaking of the battle of Towton: "—by which only ſtratagem, as it was conſtantly averred, the battle and day was *loſt and won*." Chronicle, 1611. MALONE.

P. 268. *Like valour's* minion, *carved out his paſſage*,] So, in *King John*:

"Then, in a moment, *fortune* ſhall cull forth
"Out of one ſide her happy *minion*." MALONE.

P. 271. *Where the Norweyan banners flout the ſky*,] This paſſage has perhaps been miſunderſtood. The meaning ſeems to be, not that the Norweyan banners proudly inſulted the ſky; but that, the ſtandards being taken by Duncan's forces, and fixed in the ground, the colours idly flapped about, ſerving only to cool the conquerors, inſtead of being proudly diſplayed by their former poſſeſſors. The line in *K. John*, therefore, is the moſt perfect comment on this.

MALONE.

P. 274. n. 6. l. 3.] Add after the word *rhyme*—See various inſtances of ſimilar ellipſes in Vol. VIII. p. 472. n. 3.

MALONE.

P. 275. *Sleep ſhall, neither night nor day,*
Hang upon his pent-houſe lid;] So, in *The Miracles of Moſes*, by Michael Drayton:

"His brows, like two ſteep *pent-houſes*, hung down
"Over his eye-lids."

There was an edition of this poem in 1604, but I know not whether theſe lines are found in it. Drayton made additions

additions and alterations in his pieces at every re-impreſſion. MALONE.

P. 278. All hail, *Macbeth!*] *All hail* is a corruption of *al-hael*, Sax. i. e. *ave, ſalve*. MALONE.

P. 282. ——— *As thick as tale,*

Came poſt with poſt;] The emendation of the word *can* is ſupported by a paſſage in *K. Henry IV.* P. II.

" And there are twenty weak and wearied *poſts*

" *Come* from the north—." MALONE.

P. 286. n. 7.] Add to my note.—Again, in his 57th Sonnet:

" Being your ſlave, what ſhould I do but tend

" Upon the *hours* and times of your deſire?"

Again, in *The Mirrour for Magiſtrates*, 1587 (Legend of the Duke of Buckingham):

" The unhappy *hour*, the *time*, and eke the day."

MALONE.

P. 289. n. 7.] Add to my note.—Again, in *Twelfth Night*:

" What ſhall you aſk of me, that I'll deny,

" That *honour ſav'd* may upon aſking give?"

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

" I ſomething fear my father's wrath, but nothing

" (Always *reſerv'd my holy duty*) what

" His rage can do on me."

Our poet has uſed the verb to *ſafe* in *Anthony and Cleopatra*:

" —beſt you *ſaf'd* the bringer

" Out of the hoſt." MALONE.

P. 296. n. 4.] On a reviſion of this paſſage, I cannot but wonder how I could have ſubſcribed to Mr. Maſon's interpretation of it; which, as it now appears to me, is directly contrary to the whole tenour of Lady Macbeth's ſpeech. She is not *yet* full of direſt cruelty, (which ſhe muſt be ſuppoſed to be, if her milk is already of ſuch a nature as to ſerve inſtead of gall, the nutriment of fiends,) but calls on the " ſpirits that tend on mortal thoughts, to unſex her, and to make thick her blood." If her milk was now of the nature of gall, her woman's breaſts were already properly furniſhed, and ſh would not need the aid of the murdering miniſters whom ſhe invokes. But not yet being become quite a fiend, ſhe very properly calls upon them, (that no compunctious viſitings may ſhake her purpoſe,) to fill her breaſt with gall, *inſtead of milk*. MALONE.

P. 298. n. 8.] Add, after Mr. Steevens's note,—

Polyolbion was not publiſhed till 1612, after this play had certainly been exhibited; but in an earlier piece Drayton has the ſame expreſſion:

" The ſullen *night* in miſtie *rugge* is wrapp'd;
" The glimm'ring ſtars, like ſentinels in warre,
" Behind the clowdes, as thieves, do ſtand for prey."

Mortimeriados, 4to. 1596.

P. 301. —*no* jutty *frieze*,] In this regulation I have followed former editors, but a comma ſhould have been placed after *jutty*. A jutty, or *jetty*, (for ſo it ought rather to be written) is not here, as has been ſuppoſed, an epithet to *frieze*, but a ſubſtantive; ſignifying that part of a building which ſhoots forward beyond the reſt. See Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: " *Barbacane*. An out-nooke or corner ſtanding out of a houſe; a *jettie*."—" *Sporto*. A porch, a portal, a bay window, or out-butting, or *jettie*, of a houſe, that jetties out farther than anie other part of the houſe."—See alſo *Surpendue* in Cotgrave's French Dict. 1611: " A *jettie*; an out-jetting room." MALONE.

P. 305. n. 2.] My interpretation of this paſſage is undoubtedly erroneous. " We'd *jump* the life to come," certainly means, We'd *hazard* or run the riſk of what might happen in a future ſtate of being. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" —— Our fortune lies
" Upon this *jump*."

Again, in *Coriolanus*:

" ——— and wiſh
" To *jump* a body with a dangerous phyſick,
" That's ſure of death without it."

See the note there, Vol. VII. p. 226. n. 7. MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 4.] *Commends*, here as in many other places, means, *commits*. MALONE.

P. 306. *Upon the* ſightleſs couriers *of the* air,] Add, at the beginning of my note—

So, in *K. Henry V.*

" *Borne* with the *inviſible* and creeping wind." MALONE.

P. 313. *who dares receive it other*,] So, in Holinſhed: " —he burthen'd the chamberleins, whom he had ſlaine, with all the fault, they having the keyes of the gates committed to their keeping all the night, and therefore *it could not be otherwiſe* (ſaid he) but that they were of counſel in the committing of that moſt deteſtable murther." MALONE.

P. 323.

P. 323. n. 1.] Add, after the words "moves like a ghoſt," l. 3. from bottom,—So, in *The Spaniſh Tragedy*:

"At midnight—

"When man, and bird, and beaſt, are all at reſt,

"Save thoſe that watch for *rape* and bloodie *murder*."

After the paſſage quoted from Martial, add—

Our poet may himſelf alſo furniſh us with a confirmation of the old reading; for in *Troilus and Creſſida*, we find—

"You, like a lecher, out of *whoriſh loins*

"Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors." MALONE.

P. 326. n. 5.] Add, at the beginning of my note,—

So alſo, in the ſecond Æneid:

"——— veſtigia retro

"Obſervata ſequor, per noctem et lumine luſtro.

"*Horror* ubique animos, ſimul ipſa *ſilentia* terrent."

MALONE.

P. 329. n. 5. l. 3. of my note.] For *Cadaree*, r. *Cadarce*.

P. 338. —*we were carouſing till the ſecond cock*:] It appears from a paſſage in *Romeo and Juliet*, that Shakſpeare means, that they were carouſing till *three o' clock*:

"——— The *ſecond cock* has crow'd;

"The curfew-bell has toll'd: 'tis *three* o' clock."

MALONE.

P. 345. n. 8.] Add to my note, after the lines quoted from *K. Henry VI.* P. III.

So alſo, in *The Mirrour for Magiſtrates*, 1587:

"——— a naked ſword he had,

"That to the hilts with blood was all embrued."

The word *unmannerly* is again uſed adverbially in *K. Henry VIII.*

"If I have us'd myſelf *unmannerly*,—."

So alſo Taylor the Water-poet, *Works*, 1630, p. 173: "Theſe and more the like ſuch pretty aſperſions, the outcaſt rubbiſh of my company hath very liberally and *unmannerly* and ingratefully beſtowed upon me." MALONE.

P. 352. n. 5.] The ſame miſtake has happened in *King Richard III.* Act I. ſc. iii. where we find in the folio,

"O Buckingham, *I'll* kiſs thy princely hand,—"

inſtead of—*I* kiſs—the reading of the quarto.

In *Timon of Athens* the ſame errour is found more than once. MALONE.

P. 253. n. 8.] Add, after the paſſage quoted from *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*—

On the other hand, in the firſt ſcene of *Hamlet*, we find in the folio, 1623:

" ——— then no planet ſtrikes,
" No fairy *talkes*,—"

inſtead of—" No fairy *takes*." MALONE.

P. 354. *And ſo I do* commend *you to their backs.*] In old language one of the ſenſes of to *commend* was to *commit*, and ſuch is the meaning here. So, in *K. Richard II.*

" And now he doth *commend* his arms to ruſt."

MALONE.

P. 357. n. 6. l. 9.] Dele the comma after *laſt*.

P. 370. ——— *our monuments*
Shall be the maws of kites.] " In ſplendidiſſimum quemque captivum, non ſine verborum contumelia, ſæviit: ut quidem uni ſuppliciter *ſepulturam* precanti reſpondiſſe dicatur, jam iſtam *in volucrum fore poteſtatem.*" Sueton. in Auguſt. 13. MALONE.

P. 372. n. 2. l. 8.] Add, after the word *inhibited*—

The ſame errour is found in Stowe's *Survey of London*, 4to. 1618. p. 772: " Alſo Robert Fabian writeth, that in the year 1506, the one and twentieth of Henry the ſeventh, the ſaid ſtewhouſes in Southwarke were for a ſeaſon *inhabited*, and the doores cloſed up, but it was not long, ſaith he, ere the houſes there were ſet open again, ſo many as were permitted."—The paſſage is not in the printed copy of Fabian, but that writer left in Manuſcript a continuation of his Chronicle from the acceſſion of K. Henry VII. to near the time of his own death, (1512,) which was in Stowe's poſſeſſion in the year 1600, but I believe is now loſt. MALONE.

P. 376. *Why, how now* Hecat'?] Marlowe, though a ſcholar, has likewiſe uſed the word *Hecate*, as a diſſyllable:

" Plutoe's blew fire, and *Hecat's* tree,
" With magick ſpells ſo compaſs thee."

Dr. Fauſtus. MALONE.

P. 379. n. 8.] Add, at the end of my note—

See Vol. VII. p. 564, n. 6, and the paſſages there referred to. MALONE.

P. 392. *For the* blood-bolter'd *Banquo ſmiles upon me*;] The epithet *blood-bolter'd* has been entirely miſunderſtood. It is a provincial term, well known in Warwickſhire, and probably in ſome other counties. When a horſe, ſheep, or other animal, perſpires much, and any of the hair or wool, in conſequence of ſuch perſpiration, or any redundant humour, becomes

comes matted in tufts with grime and ſweat, he is ſaid to be *boltered*; and whenever the blood iſſues out, and coagulates, forming the locks into hard clotted bunches, the beaſt is ſaid to be *blood-bolter'd*. This preciſely agrees with the account already given of the murder of Banquo, who was killed by a wound in the head, and thrown into a ditch; with the filth of which, and the blood iſſuing from his wounds, his hair would neceſſarily be hardened and coagulated. He ought, therefore, to be repreſented both here and at the banquet, with his hair clotted with blood. The murderer, when he informs Macbeth of his having executed his commiſſion, ſays,

" ——— ſafe in a *ditch* he bides,
" With twenty trenched gaſhes on his *head*,
" The leaſt a death to nature."

and Macbeth himſelf exclaims,

" Thou can'ſt not ſay, I did it; never ſhake
" Thy *gory locks* at me." MALONE.

P. 398. n. 2.] In Lodge's *Incarnate Devils of the Age*, 4to. 1596, we find in p. 37, " *ſhag-heard* ſlave," which ſtill more ſtrongly ſupports Mr. Steevens's emendation. MALONE.

P. 405. n. 8.] The following paſſage in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, which exhibits the reverſe of this image, may be urged in favour of my firſt interpretation:

" If he, compact of jars, grow muſical,
" We ſhall have ſhortly *diſcord in the ſpheres*." MALONE.

P. 411. *Give ſorrow words; the grief, that does not ſpeak, Whiſpers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.*]

So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

" ——— the heart hath treble wrong,
" When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue."

MALONE.

Ibidem. *He has no children.*] I am ſtill more ſtrongly confirmed in thinking theſe words relate to Malcolm, and not to Macbeth, becauſe Macbeth *had* a ſon then alive, named Lulah, who after his father's death was proclaimed king by ſome of his friends, and ſlain at Strathbolgie, about four months after the battle of Dunſinane. See Fordun. *Scoti-Chron.* l. 5. c. 8.

Whether Shakſpeare was apprized of this circumſtance, cannot be now aſcertained; but we cannot prove that he was unacquainted with it. MALONE.

P. 416. n. 8.] Add to my note.—

The original word was to *amate*, which Bullokar in his *Expoſitor*, 8vo. 1616, explains by the words, " to diſmay,

to make afraid:" ſo that *mate*, as commonly uſed by our old writers, has no reference to cheſs-playing. MALONE.

P. 417. n. 2.] See *The Tempeſt*:

" ——till new-born chins
" Be *rough* and razorable."

Again, in *King John*:

" This *unhair'd* ſaucineſs, and boyiſh troops,
" The king doth ſmile at." MALONE.

P. 423. *Can'ſt thou not miniſter to a mind diſeas'd*;] In *The Spaniſh Tragedy* Iſabella thus complains:

" So that you ſay, this herb will purge the eye,
" And this the head; but *none of them will purge the heart*:
" No, there's no medicine left for my *diſeaſe*,
" Nor any phyſick to recure the dead." MALONE.

Ibidem. *And with ſome ſweet oblivious antidote*,] Perhaps, as Dr. Farmer has obſerved, our poet here remembered Spenſer's deſcription of Nepenthe:

" Nepenthe is a drinck of ſovereign grace,
" Devized by the gods for to aſſwage
" Harts grief, and bitter gall away to chace,—
" Inſtead thereof ſweet peace and quietage
" It doth eſtabliſh in the troubled mynd."
Facry Queene, B IV. c. 3. ſt. 43. MALONE.

P. 431. n. 3.] My conjecture is, I believe, unfounded. In *Cymbeline*, we have a ſimilar phraſeology:

" ——Let's ſee't; I will purſue her
" Even to Auguſtus' throne: *Or this*, or periſh."
MALONE.

P. 432. *As eaſy may'ſt thou the* intrenchant air—] So, in *Hamlet*:

" For it is as the *air invulnerable*."

KING JOHN.

P. 445. n. 1. l. ult.] A play called *The Funeral of Richard Cordelion*, was written by Robert Wilſon, Henry Chettle, Anthony Mundy, and Michael Drayton, and firſt exhibited in the year 1598. See *The Hiſtorical Account of the Engliſh Stage*, Vol. I. Part II. p. 310. MALONE.

P. 446. n. 2.] Add to my note.—So, in the fifth act of this play, the Baſtard ſays to the French king,

" ——Now hear our Engliſh king,
" For thus his royalty doth ſpeak *in me*." MALONE.

P. 448.

P. 448. l. 8. *Enter the Sheriff*, &c.] It ſhould have been obſerved that this ſtage-direction has been taken from the old play which preceded this of Shakſpeare. It was firſt introduced by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

P. 456. n. 1.] Add at the end of my note.—Your *worſhip* was the regular addreſs to a knight or eſquire, in our author's time, as your *honour* was to a lord. MALONE.

P. 457. n. 2.] Add at the end—See alſo Minſheu's Dict. 1617: "To *picke* or *trimme*. Vid. *Trimme*." MALONE.

P. 471. n. 2.] Add at the beginning of my note.—*Plagued* in theſe plays generally means *puniſhed*. So, in *King Richard III.*

"And God, not we, hath *plagu'd* thy bloody deed."

So Holinſhed: "—they for very remorſe and dread of the divine *plague*, will either ſhamefully flie," &c. MALONE.

P. 480. n. 4.] Since this note was written, I have met with an edition of the book which Shakſpeare had here in his thoughts, printed in 1575. MALONE.

P. 487. n. *] Again, in the old play entitled *The True Tragedie of Richard duke of Yorke*, 1600:

"Tell me, good madam,
"Why is your grace ſo *paſſionate* of late?" MALONE.

P. 501. n. 9.] After the paſſage in *K. Henry IV.* P. I. add—

Again, more appoſitely, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"Go, waken Juliet; go, *and trim* her up;
"Make haſte; the *bridegroom* he is come already." MALONE.

P. 504. n. 4.] After the paſſage quoted from *Love's Labour's Loſt*, add—

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

"——— ſhe is fool'd
"With a moſt falſe effect, and *I the truer*,
"*So to be falſe with her*." MALONE.

P. 505. n. 5.] In my note, after the words—"elliptical expreſſions," add—

So, in *K. Henry VIII.*

"—Whoever the king favours,
"The cardinal will quickly find employment [*for*],
"And far enough from court too."

Again, *ibidem*:

"This is about that which the biſhop ſpake" [*of*].

Again, in *K. Richard III.*

"True ornaments to know a holy man" [*by*].

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:

" A bed-ſwerver, even as bad as thoſe
" That vulgars give bold'ſt titles" [*to*].

Again, *ibidem*:

" ——— the queen is ſpotleſs—
" In this that you accuſe her" [*of*]. MALONE.

P. 511. n. 7.] I ſuſpect that we have too haſtily in this line ſubſtituted *unto* for *into*; for *into* ſeems to have been frequently uſed for *unto* in Shakſpeare's time. So, in Harſnet's *Declaration*, &c 1603: " —when the nimble Vice would ſkip up nimbly—*into* the devil's neck."

Again, in Daniel's *Civil Wars*, B. IV. folio, 1602:

" She doth conſpire to have him made away,
" Thruſt *thereinto* not only with her pride,
" But by her father's counſel and conſent." MALONE.

Again, in our poet's *K. Henry V.*

" Which to reduce *into* our former favour—"

Again, in his Will:—" I commend my ſoul *into* the hands of God, my creator."

Again, in *K. Henry VIII.*

" —— Yes, that goodneſs
" Of gleaning all the land's wealth *into* one."

i. e. *into* one *man*. Here we ſhould now certainly write " — *unto* one."

Independently indeed of what has been now ſtated, *into* ought to be reſtored. So Marlowe in his *K. Edward II.* 1598:

" I'll thunder ſuch a peal *into* his *eares*," &c. MALONE.

P. 514. n. 4.] After the quotation from Minſheu, add, in ſupport of the old copy,—

See alſo Florio's Italian Dict. 1598. " *Convitto*. Vanquiſhed, *convicted*, convinced." MALONE.

P. 515. n. 6.] Add to my note.—We have the ſame image in *K. Henry VI.* P. III.

" Now my *ſoul's* palace is become her *priſon*."

Again, more appoſitely, in his *Rape of Lucrece*:

" Even here ſhe ſheathed in her harmleſs breaſt
" A harmful knife, that thence her ſoul unſheath'd;
" That blow did bail it from the deep unreſt
" Of that polluted *priſon* where it *breath'd*." MALONE.

P. 526. l. 14.] For *moth*, r. *mote*.

In my note on this paſſage I mentioned that I thought we ought to read *mote*, and I have ſince found my conjecture confirmed. *Moth* was merely the old ſpelling of *mote*. In the paſſage quoted from *Hamlet*,

" A *mote* it is to trouble the mind's eye,"

the

the word is ſpelt *moth* in the original copy, as it is here. So alſo, in the preface to Lodge's *Incarnate Devils of the age*, 4to. 1596: "—they are in the aire, like *atomi in ſole*, MOTHES in the ſonne." See alſo Florio's Italian Dict. 1598. "Feſtucco.—a *moth*, a little beam." MALONE.

P. 527. n. 2.] On further conſideration of theſe words, I believe the author meant, "Well, live, and live with the means of ſeeing; that is, with your eyes uninjured."

MALONE.

P. 531. n. 5.] Add after l. 5.

Again, in *Coriolanus*:

"It is a *purpos'd* thing, and grows by plot." MALONE.

P. 538. n. 8.] As we have here *As* printed inſtead of *And*, ſo *vice verſâ* in *K. Henry V.* 4to. 1600, we find *And* miſprinted for *As*:

"*And* in this glorious and well foughten field
"We kept together in our chivalry." MALONE.

P. 541. n. 4.] Add, after the paſſage quoted from *K. Henry V.*

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"For now againſt himſelf he ſounds his doom,
"That through the length of *times* he ſtands diſgrac'd."

MALONE.

P. 542. n. 6.] Add to my note.—The following paſſage in *Troilus and Creſſida* is deciſive in ſupport of the old reading:

"——— Jove, let Æneas live,
"If *to my ſword* his fate be not the *glory*,
"A thouſand cómplete courſes of the ſun." MALONE.

P. 543. *Your ſword is bright, ſir; put it up again.*] i. e. leſt it loſe its brightneſs. So, in *Othello*:

"Put up your bright ſwords; the dew will ruſt them."

MALONE.

P. 553. *You taught me how to know the face of right,*
Acquainted me with intereſt to *this land,*] This was the phraſeology of Shakſpeare's time. So again in *K. Henry IV.* P. II.

"He hath more worthy intereſt *to* the ſtate,
"Than thou the ſhadow of ſucceſſion."

Again, in Dugdale's *Antiquities of Warwickſhire*, Vol. II. p. 927: "—in 4. R. 2. he had a releaſe from Roſe the daughter and heir of Sir John de Arden before ſpecified, of all her *intereſt to* the manor of Pedimore." MALONE.

P. 565. n. 6.] Our poet in his *Venus and Adonis* calls Death, "*inviſible* commander."

VOL. V.

KING RICHARD II.

P. 6. l. 2. *of Bolingbroke's ſpeech.*] For *a*, r. *the*. This is the reading of the original quarto 1597, and now appears to me preferable. MALONE.

P. 13. *And what* hear *there*, &c.] I have here followed the reading of the folio, but now rather incline to that of the firſt quarto.—And what *chear* there, &c. In the quarto of 1608, *chear* was changed to *hear*, and the editor of the folio followed the latter copy. MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 2.] Mowbray duke of Norfolk was Earl Marſhal of England; but being himſelf one of the combatants, the duke of Surrey, as I have mentioned in my note, officiated as Earl Marſhal for the day. MALONE.

Ibidem. Enter—Aumerle.] Edward duke of Aumerle, ſo created by his couſin german, King Richard II. in 1397. He was eldeſt ſon of Edward of Langley duke of York, fifth ſon of King Edward the Third, and was killed in 1415, at the battle of Agincourt. He officiated at the liſts at Coventry as High Conſtable of England. MALONE.

P. 17. n. 9.] Add to Dr. Farmer's note.—Thus in *Hieronimo*:

" He promis'd us, in honour of our gueſt,
" To grace our banquet with ſome pompous *jeſt*."

P. 20. —*this frail ſepulcher of our fleſh*,] So, afterwards:

" — thou, King Richard's *tomb*,
" And not King Richard."

And Milton in *Sampſon Agoniſtes*:

" *My ſelf* my *ſepulcher*, a moving grave." HENLEY.

P. 23. *All places that the eye of heaven viſits,*
Are to a wiſe man ports and happy havens:—
Think not, the king did baniſh thee,
But thou the king.] So, in *Coriolanus*:

" I baniſh you."

Shakſpeare, when he wrote the paſſage before us, probably remembered that part of Lily's *Euphues*, 1580, in which *Euphues exhorts Botanio to take his exile patiently*. Among other arguments he obſerves, that " Nature hath given to man a country no more than ſhe hath houſe, or lands, or livings. Socrates would neither call himſelf an Athenian, neither a Grecian, but a citizen of the world. Plato would never account him baniſhed, that had the ſunne, ayre, water, and earth, that he had before; where he felt the winter's blaſt and

and the ſummer's blaze; where the ſame ſunne and the ſame moone ſhined: whereby he noted, that *every place was a country to a wiſe man, and all parts a palace to a quiet mind.*— When it was caſt in Diogenes teeth, that the Sinoponetes had baniſhed him Pontus, yea, ſaid he, I them of Diogenes."

MALONE.

P. 23. n. 8.] After Mr. Steevens's note.—

Shakſpeare, however, I believe, was thinking on the words of Lily in the page from which an extract has been already made: "I ſpeake this to this end, that though thy exile ſeem grievous to thee, yet guiding thy ſelfe with the rules of philoſophy, it ſhould be more tolerable: he that is cold, doth not cover himſelfe with *care* but with clothes; he that is waſhed in the raine, drieth himſelfe by the *fire*, not by his *fancy*; and thou which art baniſhed," &c. MALONE.

P. 24. n. 1.] With the other modern editors I have here adopted an emendation made by the editor of the ſecond folio; but without neceſſity. *For me*, may mean, *on my part*. Thus we ſay, "*For me*, I am content," &c. where theſe words have the ſame ſignification as here. MALONE.

P. 27. l. 2.] For *Then*, r. *Than*.

Ibidem. n. 1.] After Dr. Johnſon's note.—So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I.

"Like aconitum, or *raſh* gunpowder." MALONE.

P. 28. *This land* ——

Is now leas'd *out, (I die pronouncing it)*

Like to a tenement or pelting farm:] "In this 22d yeare of King Richard," ſays Fabian, "the common fame ranne, that the kinge had *letten to farm* the realme unto Sir William Scrope, earle of Wiltſhire, and then treaſurer of England, to Syr John Buſhey, Sir John Bagot, and Sir Henry Grene, knightes." MALONE.

P. 30. l. 5.] For—*I* ſee, r. *and* ſee.

Ibidem. l. 8.] For *the*, r. *thy*.

Ibidem. Gaunt. And——

K. Rich.—*Thou, a lunatick lean-witted fool,*] In the diſpoſition of theſe lines I have followed the folio, in giving the word *thou* to the king; but the regulation of the firſt quarto, 1597, is perhaps preferable, being more in our poet's manner:

Gaunt. And thou—

K. Rich. —a lunatick lean-witted fool,—

And thou *a mere cypher in thy own kingdom*, Gaunt was going to ſay. Richard interrupts him, and takes the word *thou* in a different ſenſe, applying it to Gaunt, inſtead of himſelf. Of this kind of retort there are various inſtances in theſe plays.

The

The folio repeats the word *And:*

Gaunt. And—

K. Rich. And thou, &c. MALONE.

Ibidem. —*lean-witted*—] Dr. Farmer obſerves to me that the ſame expreſſion occurs in the 106th Pſalm:

" —— and ſent *leanneſs* withal into their *ſoul.*"

STEEVENS.

P. 31. n. 3.] Add, after Mr. Steevens's note,—

Again, in *A Flouriſh upon Fancie*, by N. B. [Nicholas Breton,] 1577:

" Who, when that he awhile hath bin in fancies ſchoole,
" Doth learne in his old *crooked age* to play the doting foole." MALONE.

P. 37. n. 5. l. 9.] Add, after the word *quarto*,—

So alſo, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II. the firſt of the following lines was omitted, as is proved by the old play on which that piece is founded, and (as in the preſent inſtance) by the line which followed the omitted line:

" [*Suf.* Jove ſometimes went diſguis'd, and why not I?]
" *Cap. But* Jove was never ſlain, as thou ſhalt be."

MALONE.

P. 41. ——— *thou art the* midwife *to my* woe,—
And I, a gaſping new-deliver'd *mother,*
Have woe to woe, ſorrow to ſorrow join'd.] So, in *Pericles*:

" I am great with woe, and ſhall deliver weeping."

MALONE.

P. 44. —*wanting your company*;
Which, I proteſt, hath very much beguil'd
The tedioufneſs and proceſs of my travel.] So, in *K. Leir*, 1605:

" Thy pleaſant company will make the way ſeem ſhort."

MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 1. l. 4.] For *on*, r. *an.*

P. 46. *Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle:*] In *Romeo and Juliet* we have the ſame kind of phraſeology:

" Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds."

Again, in *Microcynicon, Six ſnarling Satires*, &c. 16mo. 1599:

" *Hower me no howers*; howers break no ſquare."

MALONE.

P. 47. *But then more* why;—] Add to my note.—

A ſimilar expreſſion occurs in *Twelfth Night:*

" *More* than I love theſe eyes, *more* than my life,
" More, by *all mores*, than I ſhall e'er love wife."

MALONE.

P. 51. *You have, in manner, with your sinful hours*
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him;
Broke the possession of a royal bed,] There is, I believe, no authority for this. Isabel, the queen of the present play, was but nine years old. Richard's first queen, Anne, died in 1392, and the king was extremely fond of her. MALONE.

P. 53. *last line of* Richard's *speech.*] Read—*rebellion's arms.* This, which is the reading of the first quarto, appears to me preferable to that of the folio, *rebellious* arms, which has been adopted in the text. MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 2. l. 4.] For δαξα, r. δοξα. MALONE.

P. 54. ——— *else,* if *heaven would,*
And we will *not, heaven's offer we refuse;*] Thus the quarto 1597, except that the word *if* is wanting. The quarto 1608, and the late editions, read—And we *would* not. The word *if* was supplied by Mr. Pope. Both the metre and the sense shew that it was accidentally omitted in the first copy.

The last four lines of this speech are not in the folio.
MALONE.

P. 55. *Have I not reason to* look *pale and* dead?] So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II.

"Even such a man——
"So dull, so *dead in look,* so woe-begone,
"Drew Priam's curtains in the dead of night."

Again, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream:*

"So should a murderer *look,* so *dead,* so grim."
MALONE.

P. 61. *I know it, uncle, and oppose not*
Myself against their will. But who comes here?]
These lines should be regulated thus:

I know it, uncle; and oppose not myself
Against their will. But who comes here?

Such is the regulation of the old copies. MALONE.

P. 62. *My noble lord,*
Go to the rude ribs, &c.] It is observable that our author in his addresses to persons, often begins with an hemistich. So, in *Troilus and Cressida,* Act II. sc. iii.

"*Agam. Princes,*
"What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?"

This observation may be of use in other places, where in the old copies, by the mistake of the transcriber, the metre is destroyed by this regulation not being observed. MALONE.

P. 64.

P. 64. n. 5.] Mr. Steevens is certainly right in his interpretation of this paſſage. See *Julius Cæſar:*

" Now, while your *purpled* hands do reek and ſmoke,
" Fulfil your pleaſure." MALONE.

P. 67. n. 4. l. 3.] Dele *to*.

P. 68. *Then I muſt not ſay, no.*] " The duke with a high ſharpe voyce bade bring forth the kings horſes, and then two little nagges, not worth fortie franks, were brought forth; the king was ſet on the one, and the earle of Saliſburie on the other: and thus the duke brought the king from Flint to Cheſter, where he was delivered to the duke of Glocеſters ſonne and to the earle of Arundels ſonne, (that loved him but little, for he had put their fathers to death,) who led him ſtraight to the caſtle." Stowe, (p. 521, edit. 1605,) from a Manuſcript account written by a perſon who was preſent. MALONE.

P. 71. —*to* dreſs *this garden,*] This was the technical language of Shakſpeare's time. So, in Holy Writ: " —and put him unto the *garden* of Eden, *to dreſs* it, and to keep it." Gen. ii. 15. MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 4.] A line in *King John* may add ſupport to the reſtoration here made from the old copy:

" To whom he ſung in *rude* harſh-ſounding rhymes."
MALONE.

P. 72. *I would, the plants thou graft'ſt, may never grow.*] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece:*

" This baſtard graft ſhall never come to growth."
MALONE.

P. 73. —*Surrey,*] Thomas Holland earl of Kent. He was brother to John Holland duke of Exeter, and was created duke of Surrey in the 21ſt year of King Richard the Second, 1397. The dukes of Surrey and Exeter were half brothers to the king, being ſons of his mother Joan, (daughter of Edmond earle of Kent) who after the death of her ſecond huſband, Lord Thomas Holland, married Edward the Black Prince. MALONE.

P. 75. From *ſun* to *ſun:*] Add to my note, after the word *ſun-ſet.*

So, in *Cymbeline:*

" *Imo.* How many ſcore of miles may we ride
" Twixt hour and hour?
" *Piſa.* One ſcore 'twixt *ſun and ſun,*
" Madam, 's enough for you, and too much too."

"The time appointed for the *duello*," says Saviolo, "hath alwaies bene *'twixt the rising and the setting sun*; and whoever in that time doth not prove his intent, can never after be admitted the combat upon that quarrel." *On Honour and honourable quarrels*, 4to. 1595. This passage fully supports the emendation here made, and my interpretation of the words. MALONE.

P. 87. *Tell thou the lamentable* fall *of me*—] Thus the folio. So, in *K. Henry VIII.*

"And when you would say something that is sad,
"Speak how I *fell*."

The reading, however, of the first quarto, 1597, is also much in our author's manner:

Tell thou the lamentable *tale* of me—. MALONE.

P. 88. n. 2.] Insert, at the beginning of my note—So, in *The legend of Shore's wife*, by Thomas Churchyard, *Mirrour for Magistrates*, 1578:

"Compel the hauke to sit, that is unmann'd,
"Or make the hound untaught to draw the deere,
"Or bring the free against his will in band,
"Or move the sad a pleasant tale to hear,
"Your time is lost, and *you are never the near*."

MALONE.

P. 90. *His face still combating* with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience.] There is, I believe, no image, which our poet more delighted in than this. So, in a former scene of this play:

"As a long-parted mother with her child,
"Plays fondly with her *tears*, and *smiles* in meeting."

Again, in *K. Lear*:

"Patience and sorrow strove
"Who should express her goodliest:
"——————her *smiles and tears*
"Were like a better May."

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

"——nobly he yokes
"A *smiling with a sigh*."

Again, in *Macbeth*:

"My plenteous *joys*,
"Wanton in fullness, seek to hide themselves
"In drops of *sorrow*."

Again, in *Coriolanus*:

"Where senators shall mingle *tears* with *smiles*."

Again,

Again, in *The Tempeſt*:

" ——— I am a fool
" To weep at what I am glad of."

So alſo Drayton in his *Mortimeriados*, 4to. 1596:

" With thy ſweete kiſſes ſo them both beguile,
" Untill they *ſmiling weep*, and *weeping ſmile*."

MALONE.

P. 91. *What ſeal is that*, that *hangs without thy boſom?*] The ſeals of deeds were formerly impreſſed on ſlips or labels of parchment, appendant to them. See Vol. IX. p. 131, n. 6. MALONE.

P. 94. n. 5. l. 3.] For *ſparkles*, r. *ſparkes*.

P. 99. n. 8. l. 6.] For *this*, r. *his*, and for *out-run*, r. *out-ſcorn*. In the next line, for *too*, r. *to*.

P. 104. l. 6.] For *thy*, r. *Exon*, *thy*—

Ibidem. —*here to die.*] Shakſpeare in this ſcene has followed Holinſhed, who took his account of Richard's death from Hall, as Hall did from Fabian, in whoſe Chronicle, I believe, this ſtory of Sir Piers of Exton firſt appeared. Froiſart, who had been in England in 1396, and who appears to have finiſhed his Chronicle ſoon after the death of the king, ſays, " how he died, and by what meanes, I could not tell whanne I wrote this cronicle." Had he had been murdered by eight armed men, (for ſuch is Fabian's ſtory,) " four of whom he ſlew with his own hand," and from whom he muſt have received many wounds, ſurely ſuch an event muſt have reached the ears of Froiſart, who had a great regard for the king, having received from him at his departure from England " a goblet of ſilver and gilt, waying two marke of ſilver, and within it a C. nobles; by the whych (he adds) I am as yet the better, and ſhalbe as longe as I live; wherefore I am bounde to praye to God for his ſoule, and wyth muche ſorowe I wryte of his deathe."

Nor is this ſtory of his murder conſiſtent with the account (which is not controverted) of his body being brought to London and expoſed in Cheapſide for two hours, (" his heade on a blacke quiſhen, and his *vyſage open*,") where it was viewed, ſays Froiſart, by twenty thouſand perſons. The account given by Stowe, who ſeems to have had before him a Manuſcript Hiſtory of the latter part of Richard's life, written by a perſon who was with him in Wales, appears much more probable. He ſays, " he was impriſoned in Pomfrait Caſtle, where xv dayes and nightes they vexed him with

with continuall hunger, thirſt, and cold, and finally bereft him of his life, with ſuch a kind of death as never before that time was knowen in England, ſaith Sir John Fortiſcute," probably in his *Declaration touching the title of the Houſe of Yorke*, a work yet, I believe, ſomewhere exiſting in MſS. Sir John Forteſcue was called to the bar a few years after the death of Richard: living therefore ſo near the time, his teſtimony is of the higheſt weight. And with him Harding, who is ſuppoſed to have been at the battle of Shrewſbury in 1403, concurs: "Men ſayd *for-hungered* he was." Chron. 1543, fol. 199. So alſo Walſingham, who wrote in the time of Henry V. and Polydore Virgil.

The Percies in the Manifeſto which they publiſhed againſt King Henry IV. in the third yeare of his reign, the day before the battle of Shrewſbury, expreſsly charge him with having "carried his ſovereign lord traiterouſly within the caſtell of Pomfret, without the conſent or the judgement of the lordes of the realm, by the ſpace of fiftene daies' and ſo many nightes, (which is horrible among chriſtian people to be heard,) *with hunger, thirſt, and cold, to periſhe.*" Had the ſtory of Sir Pierce of Exton been true, it undoubtedly muſt have reached them. Their not mentioning it is deciſive.

If, however, we are to give credit to Sir John Hayward, this controverted point will not admit of diſpute; for in *The Firſt Part of the Life and Reign of King Henry IV.* 4to. 1599, after relating the ſtory of King Richard's aſſaſſination, he very gravely tells us, that "after being felled to the ground, he with a faint and feeble voice *groaned forth* theſe words: "My great grandfather King Edward II.," &c. Mr. Hume in his entertaining, but often ſuperficial, Hiſtory of England, has not been weak enough to inſert this fictitious dying ſpeech. He might, however, have inſerted it with as much propriety as an abridgment of the oration of the Biſhop of Carliſle, on the depoſition of the king being propounded in parliament, which Hayward feigned in imitation of Livy, grounding himſelf on a few ſentences preſerved in our old Chronicles, which he has expanded into *thirteen quarto pages*. The writers of the *Parliamentary Hiſtory* have in this matter been as careleſs as Mr. Hume. MALONE.

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

P. 110. In this note *dele* all that relates to the conjectural reading which I had propoſed ſome years ago;—*entrants*. The text being clearly explained, the page ſhould not have been burdened with any diſquiſition concerning an emendation which certainly is unneceſſary.

At the end, after the paſſage quoted from *K. Henry VI.* P. III. add—

In which paſſage, as well as in that before us, the poet had perhaps the ſacred writings in his thoughts: "And now art thou curſed from the *earth*, which hath opened *her mouth* to *receive thy brother's blood* from thy hand." Gen. iv. 2. This laſt obſervation has been made by an anonymous writer.

Again, in *K. Richard II.*

"Reſt thy unreſt on England's lawful *earth*,
"Unlawfully made *drunk with* innocent *blood*."

The earth may with equal propriety be ſaid to *daub her lips with blood*, as to be *made drunk* with blood.

A paſſage in the old play of *K. John*, 1591, may throw ſome light on that before us:

"Is all the *blood* y-ſpilt on either part,
"Cloſing *the crannies of the thirſty earth*,
"Grown to a love-game, and a bridal feaſt?" MALONE.

P. 118. n. 5.] There is alſo, I have no doubt, a pun on the word *beauty*, which in the weſtern counties is pronounced nearly in the ſame manner as *booty*. See *K. Henry VI.* P. III.

"So triumph *thieves* upon their conquer'd *booty*."
MALONE.

P. 126. n. 5.] Since this note was written, I have found reaſon to believe that Falſtaff's *Sack* was the dry Spaniſh wine which we now call *Mountain Malaga*. A paſſage in *Via Recta ad vitam longam*, by Thomas Venner, Dr. of Phyſicke in Bathe, 4to. 1622, ſeems to aſcertain this:

"*Sacke* is compietely hot in the third degree, and *of thin parts*, and therefore it doth vehemently and quickly heat the body.—Some affect to drink ſack with ſugar, and ſome without, and upon no other grounds, as I thinke, but as it is beſt pleaſing to their palates. I will ſpeake what I deeme thereof.—Sack, taken by itſelf is very hot and very penetrative; being taken with ſugar, the heat is both ſomewhat allayed, and the penetrative quality thereof alſo retarded."

The

The author afterwards thus ſpeaks of the wine which we now denominate ſack, and which was then called *Canary*: "Canarie-wine, which beareth the name of the iſlands from whence it is brought, is of ſome termed *a ſacke*, with this adjunct, *ſweete*; but yet very improperly, for it differeth not only from *ſacke*, in *ſweetneſs and pleaſantneſs of taſte*, but alſo in colour and conſiſtence, for it is not ſo white in colour as ſack, nor ſo thin in ſubſtance; wherefore it is more nutritive than ſack, and leſs penetrative.—"White wine, Rheniſh wine, &c.—do in ſix or ſeaven moneths, or within, according to the ſmallneſs of them, attaine unto the height of their goodneſs, eſpecially the ſmaller ſort of them. But the *ſtronger* ſort of wines, as *ſack*, muſkadel, malmſey, are beſt when they are two or three years old."

From hence therefore it is clear, that the wine uſually called ſack in that age was thinner than canary, and was a ſtrong light-coloured dry wine; *vin ſec*; and that it was a Spaniſh wine is aſcertained by the order quoted by Mr. Tyrwhitt, and by ſeveral ancient books. Cole in his Dict. 1679, renders *ſack* by *Vinum Hiſpanicum*; and Sherwood in his Engliſh and French Dict. 1650, by *Vin d'Eſpagne*. MALONE.

P. 131. *And majeſty might never yet endure*

The moody frontier of a ſervant brow.] So, in *K. Henry VIII.*

"The hearts of princes kiſs obedience,

"So much they love it; but, to ſtubborn ſpirits,

"They ſwell and grow as terrible as ſtorms." MALONE.

P. 133. n. 4.] After Mr. Tollet's note.—So, in *Mortimeriados*, by Michael Drayton, 4to. 1596:

"As when the blood is cold, we feel the wound—."

MALONE.

P. 134. n. 4.] Add to my note.—In fact, however, the ſiſter of Roger earl of March, whom young Percy married, was called *Elizabeth*. MALONE.

P. 136. n. 4. l. 6.] For *Timon of Athens*, r. *Venus and Adonis*.

P. 138. —*Was he not proclaim'd*

By Richard that dead is, the next of blood?] Roger Mortimer earl of March, who was born in 1371, was declared heir apparent to the crown in the 9th year of King Richard II. (1385). See Grafton, p. 347. But he was killed in Ireland in 1398. The perſon who was proclaimed by Richard heir apparent to the crown, previous to his laſt voyage to Ireland, was Edmund Mortimer, (the ſon of Roger,) who was then but ſeven years old; but he was not Percy's wife's brother, but her nephew. MALONE.

P. 139. n. 6.] Add to my note.—But this is a miſtake. There is no proof that he was confined as a ſtate-priſoner by king Henry the Fourth, and he was employed in many military ſervices by his ſon Henry the Fifth. He died in his own caſtle at Trim in Ireland, at the time mentioned by Sandford, but not in a ſtate of impriſonment. See Vol. VI. p. 152, n. 1.

Since the original note was written, I have learned that Owen Glendower's daughter was married to his antagoniſt Lord Gray of Ruthven. Hollinſhed led Shakſpeare into the errour of ſuppoſing her the wife of Edmund Mortimer earl of March. This nobleman, who is the Mortimer of the preſent play, was born in November 1392, and conſequently at the time when this play commences, was little more than ten years old. The Prince of Wales was not fifteen. MALONE.

P. 141. n. 3.] Again, in *Hiſtriomaſtix*, 1610:

" Whilſt I behold yon *half-fac'd* minion,—." MALONE.

P. 142. *He ſaid, he would not ranſom Mortimer;—*
But I will find him, when he lies aſleep,
And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer:] So Marlowe in his *King Edward II.*

" —and if he will not *ranſom* him,
" *I'll thunder ſuch a peale into his eares,*
" As never ſubject did unto his king." MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 6.] " What weapons bear they?—Some ſword and dagger, ſome ſword and buckler.—What weapon is that buckler?—A clowniſh daſtardly weapon, and not fit for a gentleman." Florio's *Firſt Fruites*, 1578. MALONE.

P. 143. n. 8. l. 11.] Thus, in this play, " —ſmooth-*tongue*," not " ſmooth-*tongued*." Again: " —ſtolen from my hoſt at St. Albans, or the red-*noſe* innkeeper of Daintry." [not *red-noſed*.] Again, in *K. Richard III.*

" Some *light-foot* friend poſt with the duke of Norfolk." not *light-footed*.

So alſo, in *The Black Book*, 4to. 1604: " —The *ſpindle-ſhanke* ſpyder, which ſhewed like great leachers with little legs, went ſtealing over his head," &c. In the laſt act of *the Second Part of K. Henry IV.* " blew-*bottle* rogue" (the reading of the quarto,) is changed by the editor of the folio to " blew-*bottled* rogue," as he here ſubſtituted *waſp-tongued* for *waſp-tongue*. MALONE.

Ibidem. l. 9.] For *his widow-dolour*, r. *your widow-dolour*.

P. 144.

P. 144. n. 9.] See alſo *K. Richard III.*

" Groſsly grew captive to his *honey* words."

not *honey'd* words. MALONE.

147. n. 5.] A paſſage in *Coriolanus* likewiſe may be produced in ſupport of the interpretation here given: " —and he no more remembers his mother than an eight-year-old horſe;" i. e. than an eight-year-old horſe *remembers his dam.* MALONE.

P. 150. l. 1.] For *mark*, r. *marks.*

P. 152. —*juſtice hath* liquor'd *her.*] Alluding to the boots mentioned in the preceding ſpeech. " They would melt me (ſays Falſtaff in *The Merry Wives of Windſor,*) out of my fat drop by drop, and *liquor* fiſhermen's *boots* with me." See alſo Peacham's *Complete Gentleman*, 1627, p. 199:

" *Item*, a halfpenny for *liquor* for his boots." MALONE.

P. 160. n. 5.] Add to my note.—But both theſe hiſtorians were miſtaken, for her chriſtian name undoubtedly was *Elizabeth.* MALONE.

P. 162. n. 4.] See *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" The ſtroke of death is as *a lover's pinch*,

" *Which hurts, and is deſired.*" MALONE.

P. 163. n. 8.] So, in Naſhe's *Anatomie of Abſurditie*, 1589: " In the ſame place he [Valerius] ſaith, *quis muliebri garrulitati aliquid committit, quæ illud ſolum poteſt tacere quod neſcit?* who will commit any thing to a woman's tatling truſt, who conceales nothing but that ſhe knows not?"

MALONE.

P. 167. n. 2.] In a manuſcript Account-book kept by Mr. Philip Henſlowe, ſtep-father to the wife of Alleyn the player, of which an account is given in Vol. I. Part II. p. 288, is the following article: " Lent unto Thomas Hewode, [the dramatick writer,] the 1 of ſeptember 1602, to bye him a payre of *ſilver* garters, ijs. vid."

Caddis was a worſted galloon. MALONE.

P. 169. n. 7.] I am now perſuaded that the original reading *—ſon's*, however ungrammatical, is right; for ſuch was the phraſeology of our poet's age. So again in this play:

" This abſence of your *father's* draws a curtain."

not—of your *father.*

So, in *The Winter's Tale:* " —the letters of Hermione's—." Again, in *K. John:*

" With them a baſtard of the *king's* deceas'd,"

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" Nay, but this dotage of our *general's*—".

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

" ——— or could this carl,

" A very drudge of *nature's*,—"

How little attention the reading of the folio, (" —of the *sun's*,") is entitled to, may appear from hence. In the quarto copy of 1613 we find—" Why then 'tis like, if there comes a hot *sun*,"—inſtead of a hot *June*. There, as in the inſtance before us, the errour is implicitly copied in the folio. —In that copy alſo, in *Timon of Athens*, Act IV. ſc. ult. we find " —'twixt natural *sunne* and fire," inſtead of " —'twixt natural *son* and fire." MALONE.

P. 171. n. 9.] After Dr. Warburton's note, add—

So, in *The Winter's Tale*:—but one *puritan* among them, and he *ſings pſalms* to hornpipes." MALONE.

P. 180. n. 3.] In my note, after *partizan*, add—

See alſo Florio's Italian Dict. 1598:

" Falcione. A bending *forreſt bill*, or *Welſh hook*.—

" Pennati. Hedge-bills, foreſt bills, Welſh hooks, or weeding hooks." MALONE.

P. 190. n. 9.] Since this note was written, I have learnt from a paſſage in Florio's *Firſt Fruites*, 1578, with which I was furniſhed by the late Rev. Mr. Bowle, that *ſack* was at that time but ſix pence a quart. " Claret wine, red and white, is ſold for five pence the quart, and *ſacke* for ſixpence: muſcadel and malmſey for eight." Twenty years afterwards ſack had probably riſen to eight pence or eight pence half-penny a quart, ſo that our author's computation is very exact. MALONE.

P. 191. n. 1.] After Mr. Maſon's note.—Dr. Johnſon ſuppoſed that " twelve ſcore" meant twelve ſcore *yards*, becauſe that was the common phraſeology of the time. When archers talked of ſending a ſhaft *fourteen ſcore*, they meant fourteen ſcore *yards*. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*: " This boy will carry a letter twenty miles as eaſily as a cannon will ſhoot point-blank *twelve ſcore*." See alſo *K. Henry IV.* P. II. p. 357, n. 3. I have therefore great doubts whether the equivoque pointed out by Mr. Maſon was intended. If not, Mr. Pope's interpretation is wrong, and Dr. Johnſon's right. MALONE.

P. 193. n. 6.] Add to my note.—The ſame thought is found in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. III. c. ix.

" ——like

" —— like as a *boyſt'rous wind*,
" Which in th' *earth's* hollow caves hath long been hid,
" And, ſhut up faſt within her *priſons* blind,
" Makes the huge element againſt her kind
" To *move*, and *tremble*, as it were aghaſt,
" Untill that it an iſſue forth may find;
" Then forth it breakes; and with his furious blaſt
" Confounds both land and ſeas, and ſkyes doth over-caſt."

So alſo in Drayton's *Legend of Pierce Gaveſton*, 1594:

" As when within the ſoft and ſpongie ſoyle
" The wind doth pierce the entrails of the earth,
" Where hurlyburly with a reſtleſs coyle
" Shakes all the centre, wanting iſſue forth," &c.

MALONE.

P. 195. n. 2.] Add to my note.

Cranking, however, is right. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

" He *cranks* and croſſes with a thouſand doubles."

MALONE.

P. 196. n. 4.] Owen Glendower, whoſe real name was Owen ap-Gryffyth Vaughan, took the name of *Glyndour* or *Glendowr* from the lordſhipp of Glyndourdwy, of which he was owner. He was particularly adverſe to the Mortimers, becauſe Lady Percy's nephew, Edmund earl of Mortimer, was rightfully entitled to the principality of Wales, (as well as the crown of England,) being lineally deſcended from Gladys the daughter of Lhewelyn and ſiſter of David Prince of Wales, the latter of whom died in the year 1246. Owen Glendower himſelf claimed the principality of Wales.

MALONE.

P. 197. *I'll haſte the writer, and withal*—] We ſhould undoubtedly read,

I'll *in*, *and* haſte the writer, and withal—

The two ſupplemental words which were ſuggeſted by Mr. Steevens, complete both the ſenſe and metre, and were certainly omitted in the firſt copy by the negligence of the tranſcriber or printer. Such omiſſions more frequently happen than almoſt any other errour of the preſs. The preſent reſtoration is ſupported by various other paſſages. So, in *Timon of Athens*, Act I. ſc. i.

" 1. *Lord*. Shall we *in?*
" 2. *Lord*. I'll keep you company."

Again, *ibidem*, Act V. ſc. iii.

" *In, and* prepare."

Again, more appoſitely, in *K. Richard III.*

" *I'll in*, to urge his hatred more to Clarence."

MALONE.

P. 200. *She bids you*

Upon *the wanton ruſhes lay you down,*] It ſhould have been obſerved in a note, that the old copies read *on*, not *upon*. This ſlight emendation was made by Mr. Steevens.

I am now, however, inclined to adhere to the original reading, and would print the line as it ſtands in the old copy:

She bids you on the wanton ruſhes lay you down.

We have ſome other lines in theſe plays as irregular as this.

MALONE.

Ibidem. And on your eye-lids crown the god of ſleep,] Add to my note.—Again, in our poet's 114th Sonnet:

" Or whether doth my mind, being *crown'd* with you,

" Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery?"

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" Upon his brow ſhame is aſham'd to ſit,

" For 'tis a throne, where honour may be *crown'd*

" Sole monarch of the univerſal earth."

Again, in *K. Henry V.*

" As if allegiance in their boſoms ſat,

" *Crowned* with faith and conſtant loyalty."

So Spenſer deſcribes graces *ſitting* on a lady's *eye-lid*, *Faery Queene*, B. II. c. iii.

" Upon her *eye-lids* many graces ſate,

" Under the ſhadow of her even brows."

So, in *A Warning for fair Women*, 1599:

" O ſable night, ſit on the eye of heaven!"

See Vol. IX. p. 153, n. 4. MALONE.

P. 202. n. 5.] " Such proteſt of pepper ginger-bread," means, ſuch proteſtations as are uttered by *the makers* of ginger-bread. Hotſpur (as Mr. Henley has obſerved) had juſt before reproached Lady Percy with ſwearing like a comfit-maker's wife: " Not you, in *good ſooth*," &c.

MALONE.

P. 205. n. 5. l. 7.] For 1603, r. 1403.

P. 208. n. 3.] Add to my note.—

It is obſervable that in the original copy the word *capring* is exhibited without an apoſtrophe, according to the uſual practice

practice of that time. So, in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, 1598:

" Whereat the ſaphir-viſag'd god grew proud,
" And made his *capring* Triton ſound aloud."

The original reading is alſo ſtrongly confirmed by Henry's deſcription of the *capering fools*, who, he ſuppoſes, will immediately after his death flock round his ſon:

" Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your ſcum;
" Have you a ruffian that will ſwear, drink, *dance*,
" Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit
" The oldeſt ſins the neweſt kind of way," &c.

A *carper* did not mean (as has been ſuppoſed) *a prating jeſter*, but a *cynical* fellow. So, in *Timon of Athens*:

" ——— Shame not theſe woods
" By putting on the cunning of a *carper*."

It cannot be ſuppoſed that the king meant to reproach the luxurious Richard with keeping company with four moroſe cynicks. MALONE.

P. 210. *He hath more worthy intereſt to the ſtate,*
Than thou, the ſhadow of ſucceſſion:] I believe the meaning is only, he hath more popularity in the realm, more weight with the people, than thou the heir apparent to the throne.—

" From thy *ſucceſſion* bar me, father; I
" Am heir to my affection—"

ſays Florizel in *The Winter's Tale*.

We ſhould now write—*in* the ſtate, but there is no corruption in the text. So, in *The Winter's Tale*: " —he is leſs frequent *to* his princely exerciſes than formerly." MALONE.

P. 213. n. *. l. 2.] For *good-liking*, r. *well-liking*. See Vol. II. p. 408, n. 9.

P. 215. —*Thou haſt ſaved me a thouſand marks in links and torches.*] This appears to have been a very old joke. So, in *A Dialogue both pleaſaunt and pietifull*, &c. by Wm. Bulleyne, 1564: " Marie, this friar, though he did riſe to the quere by darcke night, he needed no candell, his noſe was ſo redd and brighte; and although he had but little money in ſtore in his purſe, yet his noſe and cheeks were well ſet with curral and rubies." MALONE.

P. 228. n. 8.] In addition to the references on the ſubject of omiſſions, See alſo Vol. VI. p. 507, n. 3.

I have ſaid that nothing is predicated of theſe *plumed troops*, and this is a very ſtrong circumſtance to ſhew that a line

line was omitted, in which they probably were at once described as in motion, and compared (for the sake of their plumage) to ostridges. The omitted line might have been of this import:

" All furnish'd, all in arms,
" All plum'd like estridges, that *with* the wind
" *Run on, in gallant trim they now advance:*
" Bated like eagles having lately bath'd;
" Glittering in golden coats like images,
" As full of spirits as the month of May,
" And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;
" Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls."

MALONE.

P. 230. n. 2.] Add to my note.—

Nor is our poet singular in his use of this word. This was the common signification of the word, for Bullokar in his *English Expositor*, 1616, defines *Beaver* thus: " In armour it signifies that part of the helmet which may be *lifted up*, to take breath the more freely." MALONE.

P. 231. *To turn and wind a firy* Pegasus,] This idea occurs in *Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's hunt is up*, &c. 1596: " —her hottest fury may be resembled to the passing of a brave cariere by a Pegasus."

STEEVENS.

P. 232. —*I am a fouced gurnet.*] It should seem from one of Taylor's pieces, entitled *A bawd*, 12mo. 1635, that a *fowced gurnet* was sometimes used in the same metaphorical sense in which we now frequently use the word *gudgeon*: " Though she [a bawd] live after the flesh, all is fish that comes to the net with her;—She hath baytes for all kinde of frye: a great lord is her Greenland whale; a countrey gentleman is her cods-head; a rich citizen's son is her *fows'd gurnet*, or her *gudgeon*." MALONE.

P. 237. *My father, and my uncle, and myself,*
Did give him that same royalty he wears:] The Percies were in the highest favour with King Henry the Fourth for some time after his accession. Thomas earl of Worcester was appointed Governour to the prince of Wales, and was honoured with the custody of Isabel the widow of King Richard the Second, when she was sent back to France after that king's deposition. Hotspur, who accompanied him on that occasion, in the presence of the Ambassadors of both nations, who met between Calais and Boulogne, protested

" upon

"upon his ſoul" that ſhe was a virgin, "ſound and entire even as ſhe was the ſame day ſhe was delivered to King Richard, and if any would ſay to the contrary, he was ready to prove it againſt him by combat." Speed, p. 753. MALONE.

P. 242. n. 7.] See alſo Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: "Frilingotti. A kinde of daintie *chewet* or minced pie." MALONE.

P. 244. l. ult. of text.] For *more-valiant-young*, r. *more valiant-young*.

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

P. 274. n. *.] For *one place*, r. *two places*.

P. 285. *Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,*] *Grief* in the latter part of this line is uſed in its preſent ſenſe, for ſorrow; in the former part for *bodily pain*. So Falſtaff ſpeaks of the *grief* of a wound. Again, (as Mr. Steevens has obſerved) in a bl. let. *Treatiſe of ſundrie diſeaſes*, &c. by T. T. 1591: "—he being at that time griped ſore, and having *grief* in his lower belly." MALONE.

P. 286. n. 4.] Add, in confirmation of the reading of the old copies—

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"Thy ſecret pleaſure turns to open ſhame,—
"Thy ſmoothing titles to a *ragged* name."

Again, in our poet's eighth Sonnet:

"Then let not Winter's *ragged* hand deface
"In thee thy ſummer."

Again, in the play before us:

"A *ragged* and fore-ſtall'd remiſſion." MALONE.

P. 288. *We all, that are engaged to this loſs,*] We have a ſimilar phraſeology in the preceding play:

"Hath a more worthy intereſt *to* the ſtate,
"Than thou the ſhadow of ſucceſſion." MALONE.

P. 298. n. 9.] *Single*, however, (as an anonymous writer has obſerved,) may mean, feeble or weak. So, in Fletcher's *Queen of Corinth*, Act III. ſc. i.

"All men believe it, when they hear him ſpeak,
"He utters ſuch *ſingle* matter, in ſo infantly a voice."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*: "O ſingle-ſoal'd jeſt, ſolely ſingular for the ſingleneſs," i. e. the tenuity.

In

In our author's time, as the ſame writer obſerves, ſmall beer was called *ſingle* beer, and that of a ſtronger quality, *double* beer. MALONE.

P. 304. *The duke of Lancaſter, and Weſtmoreland:*] This is an anachroniſm. Prince John of Lancaſter was not created a duke till the ſecond year of the reign of his brother King Henry V. MALONE.

P. 314. n. 9.] This and many other ſimilar paſſages were undoubtedly ſtruck out of the playhouſe copies by the Maſter of the Revels. MALONE.

P. 320. *Threw many a northward look, to ſee his father*
Bring up his powers;] Statius in the tenth book of his *Thebaid*, has the ſame thought:

" ——— fruſtra de colle Lycæi
" Anxia proſpectas, ſi quis per nubila longe
" Aut ſonus, aut noſtro ſublatus agmine pulvis."

STEEVENS.

P. 333. n. 9. l. 6.] For *out*, r. *on*, and for *The Spaniſh Tragedy*. r. *A parody on the Spaniſh Tragedy*.

P. 337. *I'll* canvaſs *thee between a pair of ſheets.*] Doll's meaning here is ſufficiently clear. There is however an alluſion which might eaſily eſcape notice, to the material of which coarſe ſheets were formerly made. So, in the Mſ. Account-book of Mr. Philip Henſlowe, which has been already quoted: " 7 Maye, 1594. Lent goody Nalle upon a payre of *canvas ſheates*, for v s." MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 3.] Since this note was written, I have obſerved that *a* is frequently printed in the quarto copies for *ah:* the reading of the folio is therefore certainly right. MALONE.

P. 341. n. 5.] After Mr. Steevens's note.

So, in *A Dialogue both pleaſaunt and pietifull*, &c. by Wm. Bulleyne, 1564: " Aries, Leo, and Sagittarius, are hotte, drie, bitter, and cholerike, governing hot and drie thinges, and this is called *the firy triplicitie*." MALONE.

P. 342. n. 7.] Add to my note.

So alſo, in *The Firſt Part of the Contention of the two houſes of Yorke and Lancaſter*, &c. 1600:

" Marry, he that will luſtily ſtand to it, ſhall go with me, and take up theſe commodities following: *item*, a gown, a *kirtle*, a petticoat, and a ſmock."

My interpretation of *kirtle* is confirmed by Barret's *Alvearie*, 1580, who renders kirtle, by *ſubminia*, *cyclas*, *palla*, *pallula*, *χλαῖνα*, *ſurcot*.—*Subminia* Cole interprets in his

his Latin Dictionary, 1679, "A kirtle, a light red coat." *Cyclas*, "a kirtle, a cimarr."—*Palla*, "a woman's long gown; a veil that covers the head."—Pallula, "a short kirtle." Læna, "an Iriſh rugge, a freeze caſſock, a rough hairy gaberdine."

From hence it appears, that a *woman's* kirtle, or rather upper-kirtle, (as diſtinguiſhed from a petticoat, which was ſometimes called a kirtle,) was a long mantle which reached to the ground, with a head to it that entirely covered the face; and it was perhaps uſually red. A half-kirtle was a ſimilar garment, reaching only ſomewhat lower than the waiſt. See Florio's Italian Dict. 1598. "Semicinto. A garment coming lower than the belly; alſo half-girt, as we may ſay a *half-kirtle*." MALONE.

P. 343. n. *.] Add to my note.—So, in *Coriolanus*:

"*Com.* He'll never hear him.

"*Sic. Not?*"

There alſo *Not* has been rejected by the modern editors, and *no* inſerted in its place. MALONE.

P. 348. *Why, then, good morrow to you* all. *My lords,*
Have you read o'er, &c.] In this regulation I have followed the late editors; but I am now perſuaded the firſt line ſhould be pointed thus:

Why then good morrow to you all, my lords.

This mode of phraſeology, where only two perſons are addreſſed, is not very correct, but there is no ground for reading—

Why, then, good-morrow to you. *Well*, my lords, &c. as Theobald and all the ſubſequent editors do; for Shakſpeare in *King Henry VI.* P. II. Act II. ſc. ii. has put the ſame expreſſion into the mouth of York, when he addreſſes only his two friends, Saliſbury and Warwick; though the author of the original play printed in 1600, on which the ſecond part of *King Henry VI.* was founded, had in the correſponding place employed the word *both*:

"——Where, as *all* you know,

"Harmleſs Richard was murder'd traiterouſly."

This is one of the numerous circumſtances that contribute to prove that Shakſpeare's *Henries* were formed on the work of a preceding writer. See the *Diſſertation* on that ſubject in Vol. VI. MALONE.

P. 351. n. 9.] Shakſpeare was led into this errour by Holinſhed, who places Owen Glendower's death in the tenth year of Henry's reign. MALONE.

P. 352.

P. 352. n. 3.] Bullokar, however, is a better authority than any of theſe, being contemporary with Shakſpeare. In his *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 8vo. 1616, he defines *Roode* thus: "In land it ſignifies a quarter of an acre. It is ſometimes taken for the picture of our Saviour upon the croſs."

MALONE.

P. 354. n. 7.] See Florio's Italian Dict. 1598: "*Buona roba*, as we ſay *good ſtuff*; a good wholeſome plump-cheeked wench." MALONE.

P. 356. n. 9.] Since this note was written, I have obſerved that Mr. Tyrwhitt agrees with me in thinking that there was no poet of the name of Scogan in the time of King Edward IV. nor any ancient poet of that name but *Henry Scogan*, Maſter of Arts, who lived in the time of King Henry IV.; and he urges the ſame argument that I have done, namely, that the compoſitions which Bale aſcribes to the ſuppoſed *John* Scogan, were written by Henry. Bale and Tanner, were, I believe, Mr. Warton's only authority.

"As to the two circumſtances (ſays Mr. Tyrwhitt) of his being a *maſter of arts* of Oxford, and *jeſter* to the king, I can find no older authority for it than Dr. Borde's book. That he was contemporary with Chaucer, but ſo as to ſurvive him ſeveral years, perhaps till the reign of Henry V. is ſufficiently clear from this poem [the poem mentioned in the former part of my note].

"Shakſpeare ſeems to have followed the jeſt-book, in conſidering Scogan as a mere buffoon, when he mentions as one of Falſtaff's boyiſh exploits that he broke Scogan's head at the court-gate." Tyrwhitt's Chaucer, Vol. V. Pref.

"Among a number of people of all ſorts who had letters of protection to attend Richard II. upon his expedition into Ireland in 1399, is *Henricus Scogan, Armiger*." *Ibidem*, p. xv. MALONE.

P. 367. n. 1. l. 3.] For *Knight's*, r. *Knights*.

Ibidem. n. 2. l. 2.] For *hygh*, r. *hyght*.

P. 368. n. 5. l. ult.] For 291. r. 290.

P. 375. n. 8.] Add to my note.—This ſuppoſition renders the whole paſſage ſo clear, that I am now decidedly of opinion that a line has been loſt. "*My* general *brother, the commonwealth*, is the general ground of our taking up arms; *a wrong of a domeſtick nature, namely the cruelty ſhewn to my* natural *brother, is my particular ground for engaging in this war*." MALONE.

P. 377. n. 6.] Shakſpeare, I find, is not anſwerable for any confuſion on this ſubject. He uſed the word *beaver* in the ſame ſenſe in which it was uſed by all his contemporaries. See Vol. IX. p. 209. n. 5. MALONE.

P. 380. l. 17.] For *loyal* faiths, r. *royal* faiths.

I have here too haſtily followed Mr. Steevens and Dr. Johnſon, in adopting an emendation made by Sir Thomas Hanmer. *Royal* faith, the original reading, is undoubtedly right. *Royal faith* means, *the faith* due to *a king*. So, in *K. Henry VIII.*

" The citizens have ſhewn at full their *royal* minds;" i. e. their minds well affected to the king.—Wolſey in the ſame play, when he diſcovers the king in maſquerade, ſays, " here I'll make my *royal* choice," i. e. not ſuch a choice as a king would make, but ſuch a choice as has a king for its object. So *royal faith*, the faith which is due to a king; which has the ſovereign for its object. MALONE.

P. 389. n. 1.] Add to my note.

Again, more appoſitely, in *Coriolanus*:

" —— his gracious nature
" Would think upon you for your voices,—
" *Standing your friendly lord.*"

Again, in *The Spaniſh Tragedy*:

" —— What would he with us?——
" He writes us here——
" To *ſtand good lord*, and help him in diſtreſs."

MALONE.

P. 390. n. 4.] The epithet *ſherry* or *ſherris*, when added to ſack, merely denoted the particular part of Spain from whence it came. See Minſheu's Spaniſh Dict. 1617: "Xéres, or Xerès, oppidum Bœticæ, i. e. Andaluſiæ, prope Cadiz, unde nomen vini de Xeres. A. [*Anglice*] *Xeres ſacke*." Sherris-Sack was therefore what we now denominate Sherry. The ſack to which this epithet was not annexed, came chiefly from Malaga. Cole, who in 1679 renders ſack, *vinum Hiſpanicum*, renders *Sherry-Sack*, by *Vinum Eſeritanum*; and Ainſworth by *Vinum Andaluſianum*. See a former note, p. 626. MALONE.

P. 392. n. 1.] In our poet's *Venus and Adonis*, there is an alluſion to the ſame cuſtom:

" What wax ſo frozen but diſſolves with *tempering*,
" And yields at laſt to every light impreſſion?"

MALONE.

P. 399. n. 1. l. 12.] For *fire*, r. *five*.

P. 412.

P. 412. *A friend i' the court*, &c.] "A friend in court is worth a penny in purſe," is one of Camden's proverbial ſentences. See his *Remaines*, 4to. 1605. MALONE.

P. 415. n. 2.] In ſupport of the interpretation of *foreſtall'd remiſſion*, i. e. a remiſſion obtain'd by a *previous* ſupplication, the following paſſage in *Cymbeline* may be urged:

"——————May
"This night *foreſtall* him of the coming day!"

That *ragged* is rightly explained, has been already ſhewn. See p. 635. MALONE.

P. 422. l. ult. of text.] After *much*, add *ſack*.

Ibidem. n. 7.] Add to my note.

Again, in *The Boke of Carvyng*, bl. let. no date: "Serve after meat, peres, nuts, ſtrawberies, hurtleberies, and hard cheeſe; alſo blaūdrels or *pipins*, *with caraway in cōfects*. MALONE.

P. 424. n. 4.] "It is merry in hall, when beards wag all," is one of Camden's Proverbial Sentences, See his *Remaines*, 4to. 1605. MALONE.

P. 427. n. 3.] Since this note was written, I have found that I ſuſpected Piſtol of inaccuracy without reaſon. He quotes the proverb as it was uſed by our old Engliſh writers, though the words are now differently arranged. So, in *A Dialogue both pleaſaunt and pietifull*, by William Bulleyne, 1564, Signat. F 5: "No winde but it doth turn ſome man *to good*." MALONE.

P. 429. n. 9.] It appears from *Wits Miſerie or the World's Madneſſe*, &c. by Thomas Lodge, 4to. 1596, that this inſult was ſometimes given, at leaſt in England, by putting the thumb in the mouth: "Behold, next I ſee Contempt marching forth, giving me the *fico* with his thombe in his mouth." Signat. D 4. MALONE.

P. 432. n. 7.] After Mr. Steevens's note.

The preceding expreſſion ſeems to confirm Mr. Steevens's explanation. But whether the *otamies* of Surgeon's-Hall were known at this time, may perhaps be queſtioned. *Atomy* is perhaps here the motes or atoms in the ſun-beams, as the poet himſelf calls them, ſpeaking of queen Mab's chariot:

"Drawn with a team of little atomies—"

and "otamie of honour" may very eaſily be ſo underſtood. WHALLEY.

The word *anatomy* is defined by Bullokar, who was a phyſician, "An inciſion or cutting. The art of knowing the ſituation,

ſituation, office, and nature of all the parts of man's body;' and no mention is made of the word being ever uſed in the modern ſenſe affixed to *an anatomy*. See his *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 8vo. 1616. So alſo, in Cawdrey's *Alphabetical Table of hard Engliſh words*, 1604: "Anatomie" is only interpreted, "Cutting up of the body."

Shakſpeare, however, himſelf furniſhes us with a proof that the word in his time bore the ſenſe which we now frequently affix to it, having employed it in *The Comedy of Errors* preciſely with the ſignification in which the hoſteſs here uſes *atomy*:

"They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,
"A mere *anatomy*, a mountebank,—
"A needy, hollow-ey'd, ſharp-looking wretch,
"*A living dead man.*"

Again, in *K. John*:

"And rouſe from ſleep that fell *anatomy*." MALONE.

P. 430. —*whipping-cheer*—] So, in Thomas Newton's *Herbal to the Bible*, 8vo. 1587: "—in wedlocke all penſive, ſullene and *lowring cheer* ought to be utterly excluded," &c. Again, in the ancient bl. let. ballad entitled, *O yes*, &c.

"And if he chance to ſcape the rope,
"He ſhall have *whipping-cheer*." STEEVENS.

P. 434. —*to ſtand* ſtained with travel—] So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.

"*Stain'd with the variation of each ſoil*,
"Betwixt that Holmedon and this ſeat of ours."

MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 2.] The alluſion, if any alluſion there be, is to the deſcription of the ſoul. So, in *Noſce Teipſum*, by Sir John Davies, 4to. 1599:

"Some ſay, ſhe's all in all, and all in part."

Again, in Drayton's *Mortimeriados*, 4to. 1596:

"And as his ſoul poſſeſſeth head and heart,
"She's all in all, and all in every part." MALONE.

P. 442. n. 6. l. 15.] For 1589, r. 1588.

P. 443. n. 2.] For *reſemble*, r. *reſembled*.

KING HENRY V.

P. 451. —*Ely*,] John Frodſham, conſecrated 1388; died 1426. REED.

P. 456. *Send for him, good uncle.*] The perſon here addreſſed was not John Holland duke of Exeter, (as Mr. Steevens ſuppoſed) but Thomas Beaufort, Earl of Dorſet, who was half-brother to King Henry IV. being one of the ſons of John of Gaunt, by Catharine Swynford. Shakſpeare is a little too early in giving him the title of *duke of Exeter*; for when Harfleur was taken, and he was appointed governour of the town, he was only earl of Dorſet. He was not made duke of Exeter till the year after the battle of Agincourt, Nov. 14, 1416. John Holland duke of Exeter was executed at Plaſhy, in 1400. MALONE.

P. 459. n. 9.] Add at the beginning of my note—

So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.

" Facing the garment of rebellion,
" With ſome *fine* colour." MALONE.

P. 467. *The ſinging maſons*—] Our author probably had here two images in his thoughts. The hum of a bee is obvious. I believe he was alſo thinking of a common practice among maſons, who, like many other artificers, frequently ſing while at work: a practice that could not have eſcaped his obſervation. MALONE.

P. 468. n. 7.] Our poet's 55th Sonnet furniſhes a ſtrong confirmation of my interpretation of this paſſage:

" Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
" Of princes, ſhall out-live this powerful rhyme;
" But you ſhall ſhine more bright in theſe contents
" Than unſwept ſtone, beſmear'd with ſluttiſh time.
" When waſteful war ſhall ſtatues overturn,
" And broils root out the work of maſonry,
" Nor Mars his ſword, nor war's quick fire, ſhall burn
" The living record of your memory;" &c. MALONE.

P. 470. n. 3. l. 2.] Add, after *throne*—

So, in *K. Richard II.*

" Yea, diſtaff-women manage ruſty bills
" Againſt thy *ſeat*."

Again, in *K. Richard III.*

" The ſupreme *ſeat*, the throne majeſtical,—."

Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II.

" The rightful heir to *England's royal ſeat*." MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 4. l. 13.] After *juſt*, add—

Hence refers to the *ſeat* or throne of England mentioned in the preceding line, on which Henry is now ſitting.

MALONE.

P. 473.

P. 473. n. *.] Add, after the paſſage quoted from *K. John*—Again, in a ſubſequent ſcene of the play before us:

" Though *France himſelf*, and ſuch another neighbour,
" Stood in our way." MALONE.

P. 477. l. penult. of text.] For *nant*, r. *tenant*.

P. 478. n. 9.] Add to my note—

Iſland [that is, *Iceland*] *cur* is again uſed as a term of contempt in *Epigrams ſerved out in fifty two ſeveral diſhes*, no date, but apparently written in the time of James the Firſt:

" He wears a gown lac'd round, laid down with furre,
" Or, miſer-like, a pouch, where never man
" Could thruſt his finger, but this *iſland curre*."

See alſo *Britannia Triumphans*, a Maſque, 1636:

" —— ſhe who hath been bred to ſtand
" Near chair of queen, with *Iſland ſhock* in hand."
MALONE.

P. 482. n. 4.] Add to my note—

Henry lord Scroop was the third huſband of Joan Ducheſs of York, ſtepmother of Richard earl of Cambridge. MALONE.

P. 492. n. 1.] On this difficult paſſage I had once a conjecture, which, I know not how, eſcaped me when this note was printed. It was, that the word *table* is right, and that the corrupted word is *and*, which may have been miſprinted for *in*; a miſtake that has happened elſewhere in theſe plays: and thus the paſſage will run—" and his noſe was as ſharp as a pen *in* a table of green fields." A *pen* may have been uſed for a pinfold, and a table for a picture. See Vol. III. p. 358, n. 7.

The pointed ſtakes of which pinfolds are ſometimes formed, were perhaps in the poet's thoughts. MALONE.

P. 495. n. 1.] An anonymous writer ſuppoſes that by the words—*keep cloſe*, Piſtol means, *keep within doors*. That this was not the meaning, is proved deciſively by the words of the quarto. MALONE.

P. 506. —*let the brow o'er-whelm it,*
As fearfully, as doth a galled rock
O'er-hang and jutty his confounded baſe,
Swill'd with the wild and waſteful ocean.] So, in Daniel's *Civil Warres*, 1595:

" A place there is, where proudly rais'd there ſtands
" A huge aſpiring rock, neighbouring the ſkies,
" Whoſe ſurly brow imperiouſly commands
" The ſea his bounds, that at his proud foot lies;

" And ſpurns the waves, that in rebellious bands
" Aſſault his empire, and againſt him riſe." MALONE.

P. 507. n. 1.] See alſo *The Life of Jack Wilton*, by Thomas Naſhe, 4to. 1594: " Memorandum, everie one of you after the peruſal of this pamphlet is to provide him a *caſe* of ponyards, that if you come in companie with any man which ſhall diſpraiſe it,—you may ſtraight give him the ſtockado." MALONE.

P. 513. n. 9.] I am now perſuaded that I here too haſtily, with the other modern editors, adopted an unneceſſary emendation made by the editor of the ſecond folio. The reader is therefore requeſted to reſtore the reading of the original copy—" Of *deadly* murder," &c. So, in *Macbeth*:

" With twenty *mortal murders* on their heads—."
MALONE.

P. 518. n. 1.] The reading of the folio is ſupported by a paſſage in *the Tempeſt*:

" ——like winter's-drops
" From eaves of *reeds*."

Again, in *Love's Labours Loſt*:

" When icicles hang *by the wall*," &c. MALONE.

P. 520. n. 9.] So, in *Henry VI.* P. III.

" *For* chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom ſay."
MALONE.

P. 521. l. 2.] For *at*, r. *there at*.

P. 522. n. 6] Add to my ſecond note—

The following, as Mr. Tyrwhitt has elſewhere obſerved, is one of the *Ordinances des Battailes*, 9 R. II.

" *Item*, que nul ſoit ſi hardi de toucher le corps de noſter Seigneur, ni *le veſſel en quel il eſt*, ſur peine d'eſtre trainez et *pendu*, et le teſte avoir coupe." MS. Cotton, Nero, D. 6.
MALONE.

P. 525. n. 4.] After Dr. Johnſon's note.—Piſtol's character ſeems to have been formed on that of *Baſiliſco*, a cowardly braggart in *Solyman and Perſeda*, which was performed before 1592. A *baſiliſk* is the name of a great gun.
MALONE.

P. 527. n. 8.] A paſſage in *K. Henry VI.* P. II. may ſerve to ſhew that there is no errour here: Cade, after he is wounded, and juſt as he is dying, ſays—" Wither, garden, &c. becauſe the unconquer'd ſoul of Cade *is* fled." MALONE.

Ibidem. Though we ſeemed dead, we did but ſleep;] So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

" The law hath not been dead, though it hath ſlept."
MALONE.

P. 532.

P. 532. n. 2.] See alſo Ware's *Antiquities and Hiſtory of Ireland*, ch. ii. edit. 1705: "Of the other garments of the the Iriſh, namely of their little coats, and *ſtrait* breeches, called *trouſes*, I have little worth notice to deliver." MALONE.

P. 535. n. 9.] So alſo, in the old *King Henry V.*

"Why, take an Engliſhman out of his warm bed,
"And his ſtale drink, but one moneth,
"And, alas, what will become of him?" MALONE.

P. 536. —*ſtilly ſounds,*] i. e. gently, lowly, So, in the Sacred Writings, "a *ſtill* ſmall voice." MALONE.

P. 537. n. 9.] A paſſage in *K. Henry VI.* P. III. in which the ſame falſe concord is found, may ſerve to ſupport and juſtify the emendation here made:

"The red roſe and the white are in his face,
"The fatal colours of our ſtriving houſes:
"The one his purple blood right well reſembleth;
"The other his pale *cheeks*, methinks, *preſenteth*."

Of the two laſt lines there is no trace in the old play on which the Third part of *K. Henry VI.* is founded. MALONE.

P. 555. *Saliſbury*—] Thomas Montacute, earl of Saliſbury. MALONE.

P. 560. n. 5.] That our author's word was *abundant* or *abounding*, not *a bounding*, may be proved by *King Richard III.* where we again meet with the ſame epithet applied to the ſame ſubject:

"To breathe the *abundant valour* of the heart."
MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 6.] In the following paſſage the word *relapſe* ſeems to ſignify nothing more than *lapſe*: "Nothing ſo much do I retract as that wherein ſoever I have ſcandalized the meaneſt. Into ſome ſplenetive vaine of wantonneſs have I fooliſhly *relapſed*, to ſupply my private wants; of them no leſs do I deſire to be abſolved than the reſt." *Chriſts Tears over Jeruſalem*, by Thomas Naſhe, 4to. 1594. MALONE.

P. 563. n. 1.] The words in the folio—*Qualitie calmie cuſture me*, appeared ſuch nonſenſe, that ſome emendation was here a matter of neceſſity, and accordingly that made by the joint efforts of Dr. Warburton and Mr. Edwards, has been adopted in this and the late editions. But ſince this note was printed, I have found reaſon to believe that the old copy is very nearly right, and that a much ſlighter emendation than that which has been made, will ſuffice. In a book entitled *A Handfull of Pleaſant Delites, containing ſundrie new*

new Sonets,—newly devised to the newest tunes, &c. by Clement Robinson and others, 16mo. 1584, is "A Sonet of a lover in the praise of his lady, to *Calen o custure me*, sung at every line's end:"

"When as I view your comely grace, *Calen*," &c.

Pistol, therefore, we see, is only repeating the burden of an old song, and the words should be undoubtedly printed—

Quality! *Calen o custure me*. Art thou a gentleman, &c.

He elsewhere has quoted the old ballad beginning, "Where is the life that late I led?" With what propriety the present words are introduced, it is not necessary to inquire. Pistol is not very scrupulous in his quotations.

It may also be observed, that *construe me* is not Shakspeare's phraseology, but *construe* to *me*. So, in *Twelfth Night*: "I will *construe to them* whence you come," &c. MALONE.

P. 564. n. 6.] After the passage quoted from *K. Richard II.* add—*See also Vol. II. p.* 408, n. 2.

P. 571. n. 9. l. 6.] For *soldiers*, r. *soldier*.

P. 573. —*Warwick*—] Richard Beauchamp earl of Warwick. He did not, however, obtain that title till 1417, two years after the era of this play. MALONE.

P. 580. n. 4.] Add to my note.—So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. sc. iii. the nurse says to Juliet,

"——were I not thine only nurse,

"I'd say, thou had'st suck'd wisdom from *thy* teat."

i. e. the nurse's teat. MALONE.

P. 582. —*Davy Gam, esquire*:] This gentleman being sent by Henry before the battle, to reconnoitre the enemy, and to find out their strength, made this report: "May it please you, my liege, there are enough to be killed, enough to be taken prisoners, and enough to run away." He saved the king's life in the field. Had our poet been apprized of this circumstance, this brave Welchman would probably have been more particularly noticed, and not have been merely registered in a muster-roll of names. MALONE.

VOL. VI.

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.

P. 19. n. 3.] The old copy has—*piel'd* prieſt. *Piel'd* and *pil'd* were only the old spelling of *peel'd*. So, in our poet's *Rape of Lucrece*, 4to. 1594:

"His

" His leaves will wither, and his ſap decay,
" So muſt my ſoul, her bark being *pil'd* away."

See alſo Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: " *Pelare.* To *pill* or pluck, as they do the feathers of fowle; to *pull off the hair* or *ſkin.*" MALONE.

P. 20. n. 5.] Add to my note—

Perhaps, however, in the paſſage before us Gloſter means, that he will toſs the cardinal in a ſheet, even while he was inveſted with the peculiar badge of his eccleſiaſtical dignity. —Coarſe ſheets were formerly termed *canvaſs ſheets.* See p. 636. MALONE.

P. 23. n. 4.] Add to my note—

So, in *The Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:

" —— the uſual time is nie,
" When *wont* the dames of fate and deſtinie
" In robes of chearfull colour to repair,"—. MALONE.

P. 29. n. 8. l. ult.] For *p.* 166, r. *p.* 120.

P. 30. n. 2.] The very words of the text are found in Puttenham's *Arte of Engliſh Poeſie*, 1589: " In what price the noble poems of Homer were holden with Alexander the Great, inſomuch as everie night they were layd under his pillow, and by day were carried in *the rich jewel cofer of Darius*, lately before vanquiſhed by him in battaile."

MALONE.

P. 41. n. 8.] We ſhould undoubtedly read (as I ſuggeſted in this note)—and thy *faction.* The old ſpelling of this word was *faccion*, and hence *faſhion* eaſily crept into the text.

So, in Hall's *Chronicle*, EDWARD IV. fol. xxii. " —whom we oughte to beleve to be ſent from God, and of hym onely to bee provided a kynge, for to extinguiſh both the *faccious* and *partes* [i. e. parties] of Kyng Henry the VI. and of Kyng Edward the fourth." MALONE.

P. 45. n. 8. l. 12.] For *uncle*, r. *kinſman*; and for *probably about forty-ſix*, r. *perhaps about thirty.*

Since this note was written, I have more preciſely aſcertained the age of Edmond Mortimer earl of March, uncle to the Richard Plantagenet of this play. He was born in December 1392, and conſequently was thirty two years old when he died. His anceſtor, Lionel duke of Clarence, was married to the daughter of the earl of Ulſter, not in 1360, as I have ſaid, but about the year 1353. He probably did not take his title of *Clarence* from his great Iriſh poſſeſſions, (as I have ſuggeſted) but rather from his wife's mother, Elizabeth de Clare, third

daughter of Gilbert de Clare earl of Gloſter, and ſiſter to Gilbert de Clare, the laſt (of that name) earl of Gloſter, who founded Clare Hall in Cambridge.

The errour concerning Edmund Mortimer, brother-in-law to Richard earl of Cambridge, having been "*kept in captivity untill he died*," ſeems to have ariſen from the legend of Richard Plantagenet, duke of Yorke, in *The Mirrour for Magiſtrates*, 1575, where the followig lines are found:

"His curſed ſon enſued his cruel path,
"And kept my guiltleſs *couſin* ſtrait in *durance*,
"For whom my father hard entreated hath,
"But, living hopeleſs of his life's aſſurance,
"He thought it beſt by politick procurance
"To ſlay the king, and ſo reſtore his friend;
"Which brought himſelf to an infamous end.
"For when king Henry, of that name the fift,
"Had tane my father in his conſpiracie,
"He, from Sir Edmund all the blame to ſhift,
"Was faine to ſay, the French king Charles, his ally,
"Had hired him this traiterous act to try;
"For which condemned ſhortly he was ſlain:
"In helping right this was my father's gain." MALONE.

P. 50. n. *.] I was miſtaken in ſaying that to *put up a bill* ſometimes ſignified to bring in a bill into parliament. It meant only to prefer a petition to parliament; and in that ſenſe is the phraſe uſed in the paſſage quoted from Naſhe's pamphlet. MALONE.

P. 96. n. 8.] In confirmation of the tranſpoſition here made, let it be remembered that two lines are in like manner miſplaced in *Troilus and Creſſida*, Act I. fol. 1623:

"Or like a ſtar diſ-orb'd; nay, if we talk of reaſon,
"And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove."

Again, in *K. Richard III.* Act IV. ſc. iv:

"That reins in galled eyes of weeping ſouls,
"That excellent grand tyrant of the earth." MALONE.

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

P. 118. —*and the* county *of Maine*—] So the Chronicles; yet when the Cardinal afterwards reads this article, he ſays,—"It is further agreed—that the *dutchies* of Anjoy and *Maine* ſhall be releaſed and delivered *over*," &c. But the words in

in the inſtrument could not thus vary, whilſt it was paſſing from the hands of the duke to thoſe of the Cardinal. For this inaccuracy Shakſpeare muſt anſwer, the author of the original play not having been guilty of it. This kind of inaccuracy is, I believe, peculiar to our poet; for I have never met with any thing ſimilar in any other writer. He has again fallen into the ſame impropriety in *All's Well that End's Well.* MALONE.

P. 126. —ill-nurtur'd *Elcanor*—] *Ill-nurtur'd* is *ill-educated.* So, in *Venus and Adonis:*

" Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old,
" *Ill-nurtur'd,* crooked, churliſh, harſh in voice."

MALONE.

P. 139. —*that I had ſaid and done!*] So the Apparition ſays in *Macbeth,*

" Diſmiſs me.—Enough!"

The words " That I had ſaid and done!" are not in the old play. MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 4.] After Mr. Steevens's note.

Ban-dog is ſurely a corruption of *band-dog*; or rather the firſt *d* is ſuppreſſed here, as in other compound words. Cole in his Dict. 1679, renders *ban-dog, canis catenatus.*

MALONE.

P. 143. *But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,*
And what a pitch ſhe flew above the reſt.] The variation between theſe lines and thoſe in the original play on which this is founded, is worth notice:

" Uncle Gloſter, how high your hawk did ſoar,
" *And on a ſudden ſowc'd the partridge down.*" MALONE.

P. 145. —*crying, A* Miracle.] This ſcene is founded on a ſtory which Sir Thomas More has related, and which he ſays was communicated to him by his father. The impoſtor's name is not mentioned, but he was detected by Humphry duke of Gloſter, and in the manner here repreſented. See his Works, p. 134, edit. 1557. MALONE.

P. 156. n. 3.] Dr. Johnſon's emendation undoubtedly ſhould be received into the text. So, in *Coriolanus.*

" —and you ſlander
" The *helms* of the *ſtate.*" MALONE.

P. 182. n. 9.] The ſame uncommon epithet is applied to the ſame ſubject by Marlowe in his *K. Edward II.*

" With *aukward* winds, and with ſore tempeſts driven,
" To fall on ſhore—". MALONE.

" With

P. 183. l. 1.] For *cowr'd*, r. *cow'r'd*.

Ibidem. n. 3.] Mr. Theobald's emendation is supported by a line in *K. Henry IV.* P. I. where the same verb is used—

" To *witch* the world with noble horsemanship."

MALONE.

P. 185. n. 7.] Our poet in *K. Richard III.* has a similar play of words, though the sentiment is reversed:

" ——even through the hollow eyes of death

" I spy life peering." MALONE.

P. 186. —*of* ashy *semblance*—] So Spenser, *Ruins of Rome*, 4to. 1591:

" Ye pallid spirits, and ye *ashy ghosts*,"—. MALONE.

P. 187. *His hands* abroad *display'd*,] i. e. the fingers being widely distended. So *adown*, for *down*; *aweary*, for *weary*, &c. See Peacham's *Complete Gentleman*, 1627: " Herein was the Emperor Domitian so cunning, that let a boy at a good distance off hold up his hand and stretch his fingers *abroad*, he would shoot through the spaces, without touching the boy's hand or any finger." MALONE.

P. 197. n. *.] Add at the end—MALONE.

In the text, *dele* the mark prefixed to line 10, " Can I make," &c.

P. 201. n. 1.] The emendation made in this passage, (which was written by Shakspeare, there being no trace of it in the old play,) is supported by another in *Coriolanus*, in which we have again the same expression, and nearly the same sentiments:

" The man I speak of *cannot* in the world

" *Be* singly *counterpois'd*." MALONE.

P. 202. n. 7.] *Jaded* groom, however, may mean a groom whom all men treat with contempt; as worthless as the most paltry kind of horse.

So, in *K. Henry VIII.*

" ——If we live thus tamely,

" To be thus *jaded* by a piece of scarlet,"—. MALONE.

P. 204. *And thou, that smil'dst at good duke Humphrey's death*, &c.] This enumeration of Suffolk's crimes seems to have been suggested by the *Mirrour of Magistrates*, 1575, *Legend of William de la Pole*:

" And led me back again to Dover road,

" Where *unto me recounting all my faults*,—

" As murthering of duke Humphrey in his bed,

" And how I had brought all the realm to nought,

" Causing

" Cauſing the king unlawfully to wed,
" There was no grace but I muſt loſe my head."

MALONE.

P. 206. n. *. l. 2.] For *given the*, r. *given to the*.

P. 209, n. 8.] After Dr. Johnſon's note.—A cade is leſs than a barrel. The quantity it ſhould contain is aſcertained by the accounts of the Celereſs of the Abbey of Berking. " Memorandum that a *barrel* of herryng ſhold contene a thouſand herryngs, and a *cade* of herryng ſix hundreth, ſix ſcore to the hundreth." Mon. Ang. I. 83.

MALONE.

P. 210. n. 9.] Add to my note.—*Of* is uſed again in *Coriolanus*, in the ſenſe which it bears in Cade's ſpeech:—" We have been call'd ſo *of* many." i. e. by many. MALONE.

P. 224. Yet *to recover them*, &c.] I ſuſpect that here as in a paſſage in *K. Henry V.* (See Vol. V. p. 557, n. 5.) *Yet* was miſprinted for *Yea*. MALONE.

P. 254. n. 5.] So, in the Proclamation for the apprehenſion of John Cade, Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 646, edit. 1605: " —the which John Cade alſo, after this, was ſworne to the French *parts*, and dwelled with them," &c.

Again, in Hall's Chronicle, *K. Henry VI.* fol. 101: " —in concluſion King Edward ſo corageouſly comforted his men, refreſhing the weary, and helping the wounded, that the other *part* [i. e. the adverſe army] was diſcomforted and overcome." See alſo a preceding extract from the ſame Chronicle in p. 647.

Again, in *Coriolanus*:

" ——if I cannot perſuade thee,
" Rather to ſhew a noble grace to both *parts*,
" Than ſeek the end of one,"—.

In Plutarch the correſponding paſſage runs thus: " For if I cannot perſuade thee rather to do good unto both *parties*," &c. MALONE.

THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

P. 262. Rich. *Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.*] Here, as Mr. Elderton of Saliſbury has obſerved to me, is a groſs anachroniſm. At the time of the firſt battle of Saint Albans, at which Richard is repreſented in the laſt ſcene of the preceding play to have fought, he was, according to that

that gentleman's calculation, not one year old, having (as he conceives) been born at Fotheringay caſtle, October 21, 1454. At the time to which the third ſcene of the firſt act of this play is referred, he was, according to the ſame gentleman's computation, but ſix years old; and in the fifth act, in which Henry is repreſented as having been killed by him in the Tower, not more than ſixteen and eight months.

For this anachroniſm the author or authors of the old plays on which our poet founded theſe two parts of King Henry the Sixth, are anſwerable. MALONE.

P. 280. n. 8.] After Mr. Steevens's note.

Shakſpeare is here anſwerable for the introduction of the lizard's ſting; but in a preceding paſſage, p. 192, the author of the old play has fallen into the ſame miſtake. MALONE.

P. 283. *Thy brother's blood the thirſty earth hath drunk,*] In this line, of which there is no trace in the original play, Shakſpeare had probably the ſacred writings in his thoughts: "And now art thou curſed from the *earth*, which hath *opened her mouth* to receive *thy brother's* blood." GENESIS, iv. 11. MALONE.

P. 311. n. 8.] In *K. Edward II.* Marlowe, who was probably the author of *The True Tragedie of Richarde duke of Yorke*, in like manner introduces Catiline:

"Spencer, the father of that wanton Spencer,
"That like the lawleſs *Catiline* of Rome,
"Revell'd in England's wealth and treaſury." MALONE.

P. 318. —*Did I forget, that by the houſe of York*
My father came untimely to his death?] Warwick's father came untimely to his death, being taken at the battle of Wakefield, and beheaded at Pomfret. But the author of the old play imagined he fell at the action at Ferry-bridge, and has in a former ſcene, to which this line refers, deſcribed his death as happening at that place. See p. 283, n. 8. Shakſpeare very properly rejected that deſcription of the death of the earl of Saliſbury, of whoſe death no mention is made in his play, as it now ſtands; yet he has inadvertently retained this line which alludes to a preceding deſcription that he had ſtruck out; and this is another proof of his falling into inconſiſtencies, by ſometimes following, and ſometimes deſerting, his original. MALONE.

P. 359. n. 5.] Add to my note—

Henry the Seventh, to ſhew his gratitude to Henry the Sixth for this early preſage in his favour, ſolicited Pope Julius

Julius to canonize him as a saint; but either Henry would not pay the money demanded, or as Bacon supposes, the Pope refused, lest "as Henry was reputed in the world abroad but for a simple man, the estimation of that kind of honour might be diminished, if there were not a distance kept between *innocents* and saints." MALONE.

P. 376. n. 3.] It is observable that the expression which Shakspeare had substituted for "*temples engirt with triumphant joys*," occurs again in *K. Richard III:*

"Now are our brows bound with *victorious wreaths*,—."

Again, in his *Rape of Lucrece:*

"Made glorious by his manly chivalry,
"With bruised arms, and *wreaths of victory*."

MALONE.

P. 388. n. 3.] Add to my note.—The ordinary signification of *peevish* in our poet's time was *foolish*. See Minsheu's Dict. 1617. in v. MALONE.

P. 395. l. 3. *Killed*, 10,300.] In a letter which was written at London four days after the battle of Barnet, the total number killed on both sides is said to have been "more than *a thousand*." *Paston Letters*, Vol. II. p. 65. Fabian, the nearest contemporary historian, says 1500.

The custom among our old writers of using Arabick numerals, has been the cause of innumerable errors, the carelessness of a transcriber or printer by the addition of a cipher converting hundreds into thousands. From the inaccuracy in the present instance we have ground to suspect that the numbers said to have fallen in the other battles between the houses of York and Lancaster, have been exaggerated. Sir John Paston, who was himself at the battle of Barnet, was probably correct. MALONE.

Ibidem. l. 15.] For 1486, r. 1485.

P. 404, n. 7. l. *penult.*] For *undoubted*, r. *undated.*

P. 421. l. 21.] For *p.* 40, r. *p.* 459.

KING RICHARD III.

P. 453. n. 1.] According to the received account, Henry the Sixth was murdered in the Tower by Richard duke of Gloster, May 21, 1471; as I have said at the end of this note. It has been since observed to me by Mr. Elderton, (who is of opinion that Richard was charged with this murder by the Lancastrian

Lancaſtrian hiſtorians without any foundation,) that "*it* appears on the face of the publick accounts allowed in the exchequer for the maintenance of King Henry and his numerous attendants in the Tower, that he lived to the 12th of June, which was twenty two days after the time aſſigned for his pretended aſſaſſination; was expoſed to the publick view in St. Paul's for ſome days, and interred at Chertſey with much ſolemnity, and at no inconſiderable expence." MALONE.

P. 454. *Now are our brows bound with* victorious wreaths;
Our bruited arms, &c.] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece:*

"Made glorious by his manly chivalry,
"*With bruiſed arms and wreaths of victory.*" MALONE.

P. 455. —*ſince I cannot prove a lover,*
To entertain theſe fair well ſpoken days,] I am ſtrongly inclined to think that the poet wrote—theſe fair well-ſpoken *dames*, and that the word *days* was caught by the compoſitor's eye glancing on a ſubſequent line. So, in the quarto copy of this play, printed in 1612, Signat. I:

I, my lord, but I had rather kill two *deep* enemies.
King. Why, there thou haſt it; two *deep* enemies.

In the original copy, printed in 1597, the firſt line is right: "—*kill two enemies.*" MALONE.

P. 457. *That* tempts *him to this harſh extremity.*] Since this play was printed off, I have been favoured by Penn Aſhton Curzon, Eſq. with the uſe of the original quarto, publiſhed in 1597, which I have collated *verbatim* with that of 1598. In the firſt copy this line ſtands thus:

That *tempers* him to *this extremity.*

and ſo undoubtedly we ſhould read. To *temper* is to mould, to faſhion. So, in *Titus Andronicus:*

"Now will I to that old Andronicus;
"And *temper* him, with all the art I have,
"To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths."

In the quarto, 1598, *tempts* was corruptly printed inſtead of *tempers*. The metre being then defective, the editor of the folio ſupplied the defect by reading—

That *tempts* him to this *harſh* extremity. MALONE.

P. 463. n. 8.] After Dr. Johnſon's note.

So, in The Legend of Lord Haſtings, *Mirrour for Magiſtrates*, 1587:

"By this my *pattern*, all ye peers, beware." MALONE.

P. 468. n. 9.] The doubt which I ſuggeſted concerning the propriety of the change here made by Mr. Pope, and

adopted by all the ſubſequent editors, derives ſtrength from a ſubſequent paſſage:

Dutch. I hope he is much grown ſince laſt I ſaw him.

Q. Eliz. But I hear, *no.*" MALONE.

P. 473. n. *. l. 4.] For *Humphrey duke of Buckingham*, r. *Sir Henry Stafford, uncle to Humphrey duke of Buckingham.*

P. 477. n. 1. l. 2.] For *folios*, r. *folio.*

P. 479. n. 7.] I have found ſince this note was written, that this line ſtands in the firſt quarto as it is exhibited in the text. MALONE.

P. 495. n. 6.] The original copy in 1597, I find, reads—for *meed.* MALONE.

P. 497. n. 8. l. 14.] For *then*, r. *thou.*

P. 504. n. 5. l. 2.] For *p.* 122, r. *Vol. VII. p.* 122.

P. 507. n. 3.] In this note, and throughout this play, where I have ſpoken of *the quarto*, without any ſpecification of the year when printed, I meant the quarto 1598, the earlieſt which I had then ſeen. The quarto of 1597, I find, correſponds with the text. MALONE.

P. 513. n. 8.] The reading of the text is that of the quarto, 1597. MALONE.

P. 515. *Pitchers have ears.*] Shakſpeare has not quoted this proverbial ſaying correctly. It appears from *A Dialogue both pleaſaunt and pietifull*, by William Bulleyn, 1564, that the old proverb is this: "*Small* pitchers have *great* ears." MALONE.

P. 520. l. 21.] Read—"Even to the general *all*-ending day," for ſo reads the original copy of 1597. MALONE.

P. 522. n. 8.] The original copy reads, as I ſuſpected,—*this* conqueror. There is alſo found the word *needs*, which I ſuppoſed to have been introduced in the next page by Mr. Theobald. See p. 522, n. *. MALONE.

P. 540. l. ult.] For *innocency*, r. *innocence*, for ſo reads the quarto 1597. MALONE.

P. 544. n. 3.] Add to my note.—The immediate cauſe of his being put to death was, that Ferdinand king of Spain was unwilling to conſent to the marriage of his daughter Catharine to Arthur prince of Wales, while the earl of Warwick lived, there being during his life-time (as Ferdinand conceived) no aſſurance of the prince's ſucceſſion to the crown.

The murder of the earl of Warwick (for it deſerves no other name) made ſuch an impreſſion on Catharine, that when ſhe was firſt informed of Henry the Eighth's intention

to

to repudiate her, ſhe exclaimed, "I have not offended, but it is a juſt judgement of GOD, for my former marriage was made in blood." MALONE.

P. 551. n. 7.] The firſt quarto, I find, reads:

"As my *ripe* revenew, and due by birth." MALONE.

P. 557. *O, would to God, that the inclusive verge*
Of golden metal, that muſt round my brow,
Were red-hot ſteel, to ſear me to the brain!
Anointed let me be with deadly venom, &c.] So, Marlowe, in his *K. Edward II.*

"—if proud Mortimer do wear this crown,
"Heaven turn it to a blaze of quenchleſs fire;
"Or, like the ſnaky wreath of Teſiphon,
"Engirt the temples of his hateful head!" MALONE.

P. 559. n. 4.] Add to my note—

"Short pleaſure, long lament," is one of Ray's proverbial ſentences. MALONE.

P. 560. n. 1.] *Unreſpective* is, devoid of cautious and prudential conſideration. See Vol. X. p. 102, n. 3. MALONE.

P. 565. *Well, let it ſtrike.*] This ſeems to have been a proverbial ſentence. So, in *Pierce's Supererogation*, &c. by Gabriel Harvey, 4to. 1593: "*Let the clock ſtrike:* I have loſt more howers, and loſe nothing if I find equity." MALONE.

P. 583. n. 9.] In the quarto, 1597, this paſſage appears as it is given in the text. MALONE.

P. 594. *That* ſpoil'd *your ſummer fields and fruitful vines,*
Swills *your warm blood*, &c.] This ſudden change from the paſt time to the preſent, and *vice verſâ*, is common in Shakſpeare. So, in the argument prefixed to his *Rape of Lucrece*: "The ſame night he treacherouſly *ſtealeth* into her chamber, violently *raviſhed* her," &c. MALONE.

P. 599. n. 1.] That *cockſhut time* meant *twilight*, is aſcertained by Minſheu's Dictionary, 1617. See the latter word. MALONE.

P. 605. *Is it not dead midnight!*] Read, *It is now dead midnight*, for ſo reads the quarto, 1597. The next quarto corruptly reads—"It is *not* dead midnight;" for which the editor of the folio, to obtain ſome ſenſe, ſubſtituted, "*Is it not* dead midnight?" MALONE.

P. 606. —*that is, I* am *I.*] Thus the quarto, 1598, and the folio. The quarto, 1597, reads—*I* and *I.* I am not ſure that it is not right. MALONE.

P. 610.

P. 610. n. 4.] The words *out all* are, I find, in the original copy of 1597. MALONE.

Ibidem, n. 5.] Mr. Hawkins is certainly right. So, in *K. Richard II.*

" Mine innocence, and Saint George *to thrive*."

The old Engliſh phraſe was, *Saint George to borrow*. So, in *A Dialogue*, &c. by Dr. William Bulleyne, 1564: " Maiſter and maiſtres, come into this vallie,—untill this ſtorme be paſt: *Saincte George to borowe*, mercifull God, who did ever ſee the like?" Signat. K 7. b. MALONE.

P. 612. n. 1. l. 2.] For *eruditions*, r. *conditions*.

P. 614. n. *.] *Bold* is, I find, the reading of the original quarto of 1597. MALONE.

P. 615. n. 5.] Add, after the inſtance quoted from Middleton's comedy,—

Again, more appoſitely, in Marſton's *Antonio and Mellida*, 1602:

" Myſelf, myſelf, will *dare* all *oppoſites*." MALONE.

P. 616. l. 16.] For *theſe long-uſurped royalties*, r. *this long-uſurped royalty*, for ſuch is the reading of the quarto, 1597. MALONE.

VOL. VII.

KING HENRY VIII.

P. 17. —*thus the cardinal*

Does buy and ſell *his honour, as he pleaſes*,] This was a proverbial expreſſion. See Vol. VI. p. 611, n. 7. MALONE.

P. 27. n. 5. l. 3.] For *probably*, r. *perhaps*.

P. 33. n. 2.] Spenſer had before Shakſpeare employed this word in the ſame manner:

" And whither runs this *bevy* of *ladies* bright?"

Shepheard's Calender. April.

Again, in his *Faery Queene*:

" And in the midſt thereof, upon the flowre,

" A lovely *bevy* of faire ladies ſate."

The word *bevy* was originally applied to larks. See the Gloſſary to the *Shepheard's Calender*. MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 4.] It ſhould ſeem from the following lines in the prologue to a comedy called *The Walks of Iſlington*, 1657, that ſome double meaning was couched under the phraſe, *a running banquet*:

" The gate unto his walks, through which you may
" Behold a pretty proſpect of the play;
" A play of walks, or you may pleaſe to rank it
" *With that which ladies love, a running banquet.*"
MALONE.

P. 36. n. 8. l. 3.] For *maſque*, r. *maſquerade*.

P. 42. *And lift my ſoul to heaven.*] So, Milton, *Par. Loſt*, B. IV.

" ——————— their ſongs
" Divide the night, and *lift our thoughts to heaven.*"
MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 2.] Add to my note.—Dr. Warburton's emendation derives ſome ſupport from the following paſſage in *The Comedy of Errors:*

" A vulgar comment will be made of it;
" And that ſuppoſed by the common rout
" Againſt your yet ungalled eſtimation,
" That may with foul intruſion enter in,
" And *dwell upon your grave*, when you are dead."
MALONE.

P. 46. n. 6.] For *liſts*, r. *liſt*, and *dele* the note. See note on Vol. III. p. 234, in a preceding page of this Appendix.

P. 52. —*'tis a ſufferance, panging*
As ſoul and body's ſevering.] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" The ſoul and body rive not more in parting,
" Than greatneſs going off." MALONE.

P. 58. n. 3.] In Marlowe's *King Edward II.* we find " Cornets ſound a *ſignate*."

Senet or *ſignate* was undoubtedly nothing more than a flouriſh or ſounding. The Italian *Sonata* formerly ſignified nothing more. See Florio's Italian Dict. 1611. in v.

That *Senet* was merely the corrupt pronunciation of *ſignate*, is aſcertained by the following entry in the folio Mſ. of Mr. Henſlowe, who appears to have ſpelt entirely by the ear:

" Laid out at ſundry times, of my own ready money, abowt the gainynge of ower comyſion, as followeth. 1597.

" Laid out for goinge to the corte to the Maſter of the Requeaſts, xiid.

" *Item*, Paid unto the clerk of the *Senette*, 40s." MALONE.

P. 59. n. 4.] One of Wolſey's croſſes certainly denoted his being Legate, as the other was borne before him either as cardinal or archbiſhop. " On the ——— day of the ſame moneth (ſays Hall) the cardinall removed out of his houſe called

called Yorke Place, with one croſſe, ſaying, that he would he had never borne more, meaning that by hys croſſe which he bore as *legate*, which degree-taking was his confuſion."

Chron. Henry VIII. 104. b. MALONE.

P. 74. n. 6.] See alſo Naſhe's *Anatomie of Abſurditie*, 1589: "For my part I meane to ſuſpend my ſentence, and to let an author of late memorie be my ſpeaker; who affirmeth that they carry *angels in their faces*, and *devils in their devices*." MALONE.

P. 75. *The hearts of* princes *kiſs obedience,*
So much they love it; but, to ſtubborn ſpirits,
They ſwell, and grow as terrible as ſtorms.] It was one of the charges brought againſt Lord Eſſex in the year before this play was probably written, by his ungrateful kinſman, Sir Francis Bacon, when that nobleman to the diſgrace of humanity was obliged by a junto of his enemies to kneel at the end of the council-table for *ſeveral hours*, that in a letter written during his retirement in 1598 to the Lord Keeper, he had ſaid, "*There is no tempeſt to the paſſionate indignation of a prince.*" MALONE.

P 85. *I have touch'd the higheſt point of all my greatneſs;*] So, in Marlowe's *K. Edward II.*

"Baſe fortune, now I ſee that in thy wheel
"There is a point, to which when men aſpire,
"They tumble headlong down. *That point I touch'd;*
"And ſeeing there was no place to mount up higher,
"Why ſhould I grieve at my declining fall?" MALONE.

P. 86. *Within theſe forty hours*—] Why *forty* hours? But a few minutes have paſſed ſince Wolſey's diſgrace.—I ſuſpect that Shakſpeare wrote—"within theſe *four* hours," and that the perſon who reviſed and tampered with this play, not knowing that hours was uſed by our poet as a diſſyllable, made this injudicious alteration. MALONE.

P. 87. *That in the way*, &c.] Mr. Theobald reads—That *I* in the way, &c. and this unneceſſary emendation has been adopted by all the ſubſequent editors. MALONE.

P. 92. —— *I am able now, methinks,*
(Out of a fortitude of ſoul I feel,)
To endure more miſeries and greater far
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.] So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II.

"More can I bear, than you dare execute."

Again, in *Othello*:

"Thou haſt not half the power to do me harm,
"As I have to be hurt." MALONE.

P. 93. n. 8.] In another Manuſcript copy of Cavendiſh's life of Wolſey, in the Publick Library at Cambridge, the number of the Cardinal's houſhold by the addition of a cypher is made 1800. MALONE.

P. 109. n. 3. l. 10.] After *approaching*, put a comma.

P. 118. n. 1.] After Dr. Johnſon's note.—The old copy is certainly right. So, in *Coriolanus*:

" Your *franchiſes*, *whereon* you *ſtand*, confin'd
" Into an augre's bore." MALONE.

P. 121. —*draw the curtain cloſe*;] i. e. the curtain of the balcony or upper-ſtage, where the king now is. See *The Hiſtorical Account of the Engliſh Stage*, Vol. I. Part II. p. 65. MALONE.

P. 128. n. 8.] Add to my note.—Again, in *Julius Cæſar*:

" Thy honourable metal may be wrought
" From what it is diſpos'd [*to*]."
See alſo Vol. VIII. p. 472, n. 3. MALONE.

CORIOLANUS.

P. 151. —*through the cranks*—] i. e. the windings. See Vol. X. p. 45, n. *. MALONE.

P. 152. l. 15.] After *vantage*, put a full point.

P. 179. n. 3.] Shakſpeare has introduced a ſimilar image in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
" And in my temper *ſoften'd valour's ſteel*."

Overture, I have obſerved ſince this note was written, was uſed by the writers of Shakſpeare's time in the ſenſe of *prelude* or *preparation*. It is ſo uſed by Sir John Davies and Philemon Holland. MALONE.

P. 184. n. 8.] Mr. Tyrwhitt's queſtion, " where could Shakſpeare have heard of theſe mills at Antium?" may be anſwered by another queſtion: Where could Lydgate hear of the mills near Troy?

" And as I ride upon this flode,
" On eche ſyde many a *mylle* ſtode,
" When nede was their graine and corne to grinde," &c.
Auncyent Hiſtorie, &c. 1555. MALONE.

P. 189. n. 4. l. 1.] For *bring*, r. *brings*.—After line 5, add—

In *Julius Cæſar* we find a dialogue exactly ſimilar:

" *Caſ.* No, it is Caſca; one incorporate

" To

" To our attempts.—Am I not ſtaid for, Cinna?
" *Cin.* I am glad on't.

i. e. I am glad that Caſca is incorporate, &c. MALONE.

P. 192. n. 3.] In *Troilus and Creſſida*, *raptures* ſignifies *ravings*:

" ——— her brainſick *raptures*
" Cannot diſtaſte the goodneſs of a quarrel." MALONE.

P. 195. n. 9.] The reading of the old copy is ſupported by a paſſage in *Cymbeline*, where we find exactly the ſame phraſeology:

" ——— ——— the gap
" That we ſhall make in time, *from our hence going*
" AND *our return*, to excuſe."

where the modern editors read—*Till* our return. MALONE.

P. 202. *When he might act the woman in the ſcene*,] Here is a great anachroniſm. There were no theatres atRome for the exhibition of plays for above two hundred and fifty years after the death of Coriolanus. MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 9.] I ſuſpect I have not rightly traced the origin of this phraſe. To *lurch* in Shakſpeare's time ſignified to win a maiden ſet at cards, &c. See Florio's Italian Dict. 1598: " *Gioco marzo.* A maiden ſet, or *lurch*, at any game." See alſo Cole's Latin Dict. 1679: " A lurch, *Duplex palma*, *facilis victoria*."

" To lurch all ſwords of the garland," therefore, was, to gain from all other warriors the wreath of victory, with eaſe, and inconteſtable ſuperiority. MALONE.

P. 203. n. 1.] Add to my note.—A kindred image is found in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

" ——— there the ſtrawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
" Fall down before him, like the mower's ſwath."
MALONE.

P. 210. n. 2. l. 4.] For *as*, r. *is*.

P. 226. n. 7.] Add to my note.—So, in *Macbeth*:

" We'd *jump* the life to come."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act III. ſc. viii.

" ——— our fortune lies
" Upon this *jump*." MALONE.

P. 235. n. 8.] When I wrote this note, the puniſhment which Tullus Hoſtilius inflicted on Mettius Suffetius for deſerting the Roman ſtandard, had eſcaped my memory:

" Haud procul inde citæ Mettium in diverſa quadrigæ
" Diſtulerant, (at tu dictis, Albane, maneres,)

" Raptabatque viri mendacis viſcera Tullus
" Per ſylvam ; et ſparſi rorabant ſanguine vepres."
Æn. VIII. 642.

However, as Shakſpeare has coupled this ſpecies of puniſhment with another that certainly was unknown to ancient Rome, it is highly probable that he was not apprized of the ſtory of Mettius Suffetius, and that in this, as in various other inſtances, the practice of his own time was in his thoughts : (for in 1594 John Chaſtel had been thus executed in France for attempting to aſſaſſinate Henry the Fourth :) more eſpecially as we know from the teſtimony of Livy that this cruel capital puniſhment was never inflicted from the beginning to the end of the Republick, except in this ſingle inſtance.

" Exinde, duabus admotis quadrigis, in currus earum diſtentum illigat Mettium. Deinde in diverſum iter equi concitati, lacerum in utroque curru corpus quâ inhæſerant vinculis membra, portantes. Avertêre omnes a tantâ fœditate ſpectaculi oculos. *Primum ultimumque* illud ſupplicium apud Romanos exempli parum memoris legum humanarum fuit : in aliis, gloriari licet nulli gentium mitiores placuiſſe pœnas." Liv. lib. I. xxviii. MALONE.

P. 239. n. 5.] In ſupport of the reading of the old copy, after the paſſage quoted from *The Lyves of the Emperors*, add—

Again, in The Continuation of Hardyng's *Chronicle*, 1543, Signat. M m. ij. " And now was the kyng within twoo daies journey of Saliſbury, when the duke attempted to mete him, *whiche* duke *beyng* accompaignied with great ſtrength of Welſhemen, whom he had enforced thereunto, and coherted more by lordly commaundment than by liberal wages and hire : whiche thyng was in deede the cauſe that thei fell from hym and forſoke him. Wherefore he," &c. See alſo a preceding note in this Appendix, p. 607. (*The Winter's Tale*, p. 257, n. 1.) MALONE.

P. 242. n. *.] Add to my note, in ſupport of the reading of the old copy.

Again, in Act V. ſc. iv.

" ——— the benefit
" Which thou ſhalt thereby reap, is *ſuch* a name,
" *Whoſe* repetition will be dogg'd with curſes."

i. e. the repetition of which—.

Again, in Act V. ſc. iii.

" —no, not with *ſuch* friends,
" *That* thought them ſure of you." MALONE.

P. 249.

P. 249. n. 3.] Our poet has again the ſame thought in *K. Richard II.*

" Think not, the king did baniſh thee,
" But thou the king." MALONE.

P. 250. n. 4. l. ult.] For *ſea*, r. *ſee*.

P. 256. n. 6.] In ſupport of the old copy it may be obſerved, that *becomed* was formerly uſed as a participle. So, in North's tranſlation of Plutarch, *Life of Sylla*, p. 622. edit. 1575: " —which perhaps would not have *becomed* Pericles or Ariſtides." We have, I think, the ſame participle in *Timon of Athens*.

So Chaucer uſes *diſpaired*:

" Alas, quod Pandarus, what may this be
" That thou *diſpaired* art," &c. MALONE.

P. 267. n. 5. l. 5.] After *alluſion*, a comma.

Ibidem. n. 6. l. penult.] For *drrgging*, r. *dragging*.

P. 268. n. 3.] For *war's*, r. *wars*, and for *wers*, r. *wars*.

P. 277. *As he hath ſpices of them all, not all*,] i. e. not all complete, not all *in their full extent*. MALONE.

P. 278. n. 2.] Add to my note—

A paſſage in *Troilus and Creſſida* may be urged in ſupport of Dr. Warburton's interpretation:

" The worthineſs of praiſe diſtains his worth,
" If that the prais'd himſelf bring the praiſe forth."

I ſtill, however, think that our poet did not mean to repreſent Coriolanus as his own eulogiſt. MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 3.] Inſtead of—*to what follows, rather than to what went before*, r. *to the rivalſhip ſubſiſting between Aufidius and Coriolanus, not to the preceding obſervation concerning the ill effect of extravagant encomiums*.

I ſuſpect that the words, " Come let's away," originally completed the preceding hemiſtich, " To extol what it hath done;" and that Shakſpeare in the courſe of compoſition, regardleſs of his original train of thought, afterwards moved the words—*Come let's away*, to their preſent ſituation, to complete the rhyming couplet with which the ſcene concludes. Were theſe words replaced in what perhaps was their original ſituation, the paſſage would at once exhibit the meaning already given. MALONE.

P. 290. n. 5.] Add to my note—

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

" That drug-damn'd Italy hath *out-craftied* him."
MALONE.

P. 300. At the end of note 3, add STEEVENS.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

P. 308. —*a mender of bad foals.*] Fletcher has the ſame quibble in his *Woman Pleas'd*:

" —— mark me, thou ſerious ſowter,
" If thou doſt this, there ſhall be no more ſhoe-mending;
" Every man ſhall have a ſpecial care of his own *ſoul*,
" And carry in his pocket his two confeſſors."

MALONE.

P. 314. n. 4. l. 10.] For *David's*, r. *Davies's*.

P. 325. n. 4. l. 2.] For 9, r. 5.

P. 328. l. *penult.* of text.] *Dele* the comma.

P. 333. n. 5.] The reading of the only authentick copy, to which I have adhered, is ſupported by a paſſage in *Hamlet*: " —What a piece of work is *a* man."

As *council* is here uſed as a monoſyllable, ſo is *noble* in *Titus Andronicus*:

" Loſe not ſo *noble* a friend on vain ſuppoſe." MALONE.

P. 336. n. 9.] I have ſaid that *faiths*, not *faith*, was probably Shakſpeare's word, and that ſuch was the phraſeology of his time. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" ——————the manner of their *deaths?*
" I do not ſee them bleed."

Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III.

" And with their *helps* only defend ourſelves."

Again, more appoſitely, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

" —You, fair lords, quoth ſhe,——
" Shall plight your honourable *faiths* to me."

MALONE.

P. 340. n. 2.] Since this note was written, I have obſerved that the words *main opinion* occur again in *Troilus and Creſſida*, where (as here) they ſignify *general eſtimation*:

" Why then we ſhould our *main opinion* cruſh
" In taint of our beſt man."

There is no ground therefore for ſuſpecting any corruption in the text. MALONE.

P. 352. *When Cæſar's wife ſhall meet with better dreams.*] So, in Lord Sterline's *Julius Cæſar*, 1607:

" How can we ſatisfy the world's conceit,
" Whoſe tongues ſtill in all ears your praiſe proclaims?
" Or ſhall we bid them leave to deal in ſtate,
" Till that Calphurnia firſt have better dreams?"

MALONE.

P. 354.

P. 354. *Enter Soothſayer.*] The introduction of the Soothſayer here is unneceſſary, and, I think, improper. All that he is made to ſay, ſhould be given to Artemidorus; who is ſeen and accoſted by Portia in his paſſage from his firſt ſtand, p. 353, to one more convenient, p. 355. TYRWHITT.

P. 356. n. *. l. 8] Add to my note, after the word *effect*.

Caſſius had originally come with a deſign to aſſaſſinate Cæſar, *or* die in the attempt, and therefore there could be no queſtion *now* concerning *one or the other* of them falling. The queſtion now ſtated is, if the plot was diſcovered, and their ſcheme could not be effected, how each conſpirator ſhould act; and Caſſius declares, that, if this ſhould prove the caſe, he will not endeavour to ſave himſelf by flight from the Dictator and his partizans, but inſtantly put an end to his own life. MALONE.

P. 357. n. 7.] After Mr. Tyrwhitt's note.—According to the rules of grammar Shakſpeare certainly ſhould have written *his* hand; but he is often thus inaccurate. So, in the laſt act of this play, Caſſius ſays of himſelf,

" —Caſſius is aweary of the world;—
" ——— all his faults obſerv'd,
" Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
" To caſt into *my* teeth."

There in ſtrict propriety our poet certainly ſhould have written " —into *his* teeth." MALONE.

P. 365. n. 2.] Add to my note—

The counterpart of the other phraſe is found in the ſame play:

" I'll wreſtle with you in my *ſtrength of love*."

MALONE.

P. 369. n. 9. l. 6.] For 382, r. 232.

Ibidem. l. 13.] For *part*, r. *port*, and l. ult. *dele* the comma after *obſervation*.

P. 383. n. 5.] *Objects* means, in Shakſpeare's language, whatever is preſented to the eye. So, in *Timon of Athens*, " Swear againſt *objects*," which Mr. Steevens has well illuſtrated by a line in our poet's 152d Sonnet:

" And made them ſwear againſt *the thing* they ſee."

MALONE.

P. 387. n. 2.] The reading of the old copy, which I have reſtored, is likewiſe ſupported by a paſſage in *King Richard III.*

" To be ſo *baited*, ſcorn'd, and ſtorm'd at." MALONE.

P. 392. n. 2. l. 3.] For *Love's Pilgrimage*, r. *Fair Maid of the Inn*.

P. 407.] At the end of n. 3, add STEEVENS.

P. 410. n. 8] See alſo the letter of Poſthumus to Imogen, in *Cymbeline*, Act III. ſc. ii. " —as you, O *the* deareſt of creatures, would not even renew me with thine eyes."

Again, in *K. Lear*:

" *The* jewels of our father, with waſh'd eyes
" Cordelia leaves you."

not, *ye* jewels,—as we ſhould now write. MALONE.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

P. 424. n. 6.] Again, in *Much ado about nothing*:

" I were but little happy, If I could ſay how much."

MALONE.

P. 425. n. 3. l. *penult.*] For *vaulty-built*, r. *vault y-built*.

P. 428. n. 5.] Since this note was written, I have met with an example of the phraſe—*to change with*, in Lily's *Maydes Metamorphoſis*, 1600:

" The ſweetneſs of that banquet muſt forego,
" Whoſe pleaſant taſte is *chang'd with* bitter woe."

I am ſtill, however, of opinion that *charge*, and not *change*, is the true reading, for the reaſons aſſigned in my original note. MALONE.

437. n. 2.] Add to my note—

The paſſage, however, may be underſtood without any inverſion. " We cannot call the clamorous heavings of her breaſt, and the copious ſtreams which flow from her eyes, by the ordinary name of ſighs and tears; they are greater ſtorms," &c. MALONE.

P. 439. n. 6.] The ſame errour has happened in *Titus Andronicus*, and therefore I have no doubt that *leave* was Shakſpeare's word. In that play we find—

" He *loves* his pledges dearer than his life,"

inſtead of—He *leaves*, &c. MALONE.

P. 443. n. 1,] Add to my note—

So, in a ſubſequent ſcene:

" ——— I would, thou didſt;
" *So* half my Egypt were ſubmerg'd." MALONE.

P. 451. n. 8.] Since this note was written, I have obſerved the ſame phraſeology uſed by our poet in grave dialogue. See *Troilus and Creſſida*, Act III. ſc. iii.

" — A ſtrange fellow here
" *Writes me*, that man, however dearly parted," &c.

MALONE.

P. 456.

P. 456. l. ult. of text.] For *wan*, r. *wan'd*; and ſo in the note.

P. 462. n. 6.] Inſert, before the paſſage quoted from *Hamlet*—

So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

" She is a *theme* of honour and renown,
" A ſpur to valiant and magnanimous deeds."

MALONE.

P. 479. n. 4.] Add to my note, in ſupport of the reading of the old copy—

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

" ——— ſay, and ſpeak thick,
" (Love's counſellor ſhould *fill the bores of hearing*,
" *To the ſmothering of the ſenſe*,) how far," &c.

Again, in *The Tempeſt*:

" You *cram* theſe words *into my ears*, againſt
" The ſtomach of my ſenſe." MALONE.

P. 491. n. 4.] Shakſpeare ſeems rather to have derived his knowledge of this fact from Leo's *Hiſtory of Africa*, tranſlated by John Pory, folio, 1600: " Upon another ſide of the iſland ſtandeth an houſe alone by itſelfe, in the midſt whereof there is a foure-ſquare ceſterne or channel of eighteen cubits deep, whereinto the water of Nilus is conveyed by a certaine ſluice under ground. And in the midſt of the ceſterne there is erected a certaine *piller*, which is *marked and divided into ſo many cubits as the ciſterne containeth in depth*. And upon the ſeventeenth of June, when Nilus beginning to overflow, the water thereof conveied by the ſaid ſluce into the channel, increaſeth daily. If the water reacheth only to the fifteenth cubit of the ſaid *piller*, they hope for a fruitful yeere following; but if ſtayeth between the twelfth cubit and the fifteenth, then the increaſe of the yeere will prove but *mean*; if it reſteth between the tenth and twelfth cubits, then it is a ſign that corne will be ſolde ten ducates the buſhel." MALONE.

P. 495. n. 5.] The meaning of *the holding* is aſcertained by a paſſage in an old pamphlet called *The Serving-man's Comfort*, 4to. 1598: " —where a ſong is to be ſung the *under-ſong* or *holding* whereof is, It is merrie in haul where beards wag all." MALONE.

P. 500. n. 4.] Again, in Daniel's 11th Sonnet, 1594:

" Yet I will weep, vow, pray to cruell ſhee;
" Flint, froſt, diſdaine, weares, melts, and yields, we ſee."

MALONE.

P. 504. n. 5.] Add to my note.—It has been juſtly obſerved that the poet had probably Queen Elizabeth here in his thoughts. The deſcription given of her by a contemporary about twelve years after her death, ſtrongly confirms this ſuppoſition. "She was (ſays the Continuator of Stowe's *Chronicle*,) *tall of ſtature*, ſtrong in every limb and joynt, her fingers ſmall and long, her *voyce loud and ſhrill*." MALONE.

P. 505. n. 8.] See alſo Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: "Tartaſſare. To rib-baſte, to bang, to tugge, to hale, *to harrie*." MALONE.

P. 508. n. 7. l. 3.] Dele the comma after *hadſt*.—Add after the paſſage quoted from *Troilus and Creſſida*—

In the firſt folio edition of *Hamlet*, Act II. is the following paſſage: "I will leave him, *and ſuddenly contrive the means of meeting between him* and my daughter." But in the original quarto copy the words in the Italick character are omitted. The printer's eye, after the words *I will leave him* were compoſed, glanced on the ſecond *him*, and thus all the intervening words were loſt. MALONE.

Ibidem. l. 4. from bottom.] For *former*, r. *ſubſequent*, and in the next line for *called*, r. *calls*, and for *three-corner'd*, r. *three-nook'd*.

P. 519. n. 5.] After the words *before us*, (l. *antepenult.*) add—

In our author's own edition of his *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594, I have lately obſerved the ſame errour:

"Afflict him in his bed with bed-*red* groans."

Again, in *Hamlet*, 1604, Signat. B. 3. [Act I. ſc. ii.]

"Who impotent, and bed-*red*, ſcarcely hears
"Of this his nephew's purpoſe." MALONE.

P. 522. ——*I have loſt command,*
Therefore I pray you.] Mr. Steevens is certainly right. So, in *K. Richard III.*

"Tell her, the king, that may *command, entreats*."
MALONE.

P. 524. n. 7. l. 3.] Dele *alſo*.

P. 533. n. 6.] After the paſſage quoted from *K. Henry IV.* P. I. add—

Again: Bacon in his *Hiſtory of Henry VII.* ſays, "—if he relied upon that title, he could be but a king *at* courteſie."—We ſhould now ſay, "*by* courteſy."—So, "in any hand," was the phraſe of Shakſpeare's time, for which, "*at* any hand," was afterwards uſed. MALONE.

P. 536. n. 1. l. 4.] For *ſeal*, r. *ſeel*.

P. 547.

P. 547. n. 6. l. 6.] After *ſpeeches*, add—*addreſſed to Antony.*

P. 555. n. 9.] In *Hamlet* there is an omiſſion ſimilar to that which has here been ſupplied:

" And let them know both what we mean to do,
" And what's untimely done. [So viperous ſlander]
" Whoſe whiſper o'er the world's diameter,
" As level as the cannon to his blank," &c.

The words—" *So viperous ſlander*," which are neceſſary both to the ſenſe and metre, are not in the old copies. MALONE.

P. 559. n. 1. l. *penult.*] The following paſſage in *Troilus and Creſſida* adds ſome ſupport to my conjecture: " How this poor world is peſter'd with ſuch water-flies; *diminutives* of nature!" MALONE.

P. 567. n. 4.] The ſame miſtake occurs twice in the original copy of *Hamlet*, 1604:

" *Queen.* Help, *how!*
" *Pol.* What *how*, help."

Again, in the laſt act:

" O villainy! *how*, let the door be lock'd."

The emendation which I have propoſed, ought therefore certainly to be admitted into the text. MALONE.

P. 575. n. 8.] After the paſſage quoted from *The Tempeſt*, add—

Again, in Holland's Tranſlation of *Suetonius*, 1606: " But the deſignment both of the one and the other were defeated and *fruſtrate* by reaſon of Piſo his death."

After the paſſage quoted from *Meaſure for Meaſure*, add—

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*, 1599, and 1623:

" And hide me with a dead man in his."

ſhroud or *tomb* being omitted.

Again, in *Hamlet*, 4to. 1604:

" Thus conſcience doth make cowards."

the words *of us all* being omitted.

Again, *ibidem:*

" Seeming to feel this blow," &c.

inſtead of

" —— *Then ſenſeleſs Ilium*
" Seeming to feel this blow."

See alſo Vol. IX. p. 341, n. 1. MALONE.

P. 576. n. 1.] That the words—" the round world ſhould have ſhook," contain a diſtinct propoſition, and have no immediate connexion with the next line, may be inferred from

from hence; that Shakſpeare, when he means to deſcribe a violent derangement of nature, almoſt always mentions the earth's *ſhaking*, or being otherwiſe convulſed; and in theſe paſſages conſtantly employs the word *ſhook*, or ſome ſynonymous word, as a neutral verb. Thus in *Macbeth*:

" —— The obſcure bird
" Clamour'd the live-long night: ſome ſay, *the earth*
" Was fev'rous, and did *ſhake*."

Again, in *Coriolanus*:

" —— as if the *world*
" Was fev'rous, and did *tremble*."

Again, in *Pericles*:

" Sir,
" Our lodgings ſtanding bleak upon the ſea,
" Shook, as the earth did *quake*."

Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.

" I ſay, the earth did *ſhake*, when I was born.—
" O, then the *earth ſhook*, to ſee the heavens on fire,
" And not in fear of your nativity."

Again, in *K. Lear*:

" —— thou all-*ſhaking* thunder,
" Strike flat the thick *rotundity* of the *world*,
" Crack nature's moulds."

This circumſtance in my apprehenſion ſtrongly confirms Dr. Johnſon's ſuggeſtion that ſome words have been omitted in the next line, and is equally adverſe to Mr. Tyrwhitt's emendation. The words omitted were probably in the middle of the line, which originally might have ſtood thus in the MS.

Lions *been hurtled* into civil ſtreets,
And citizens to their dens. MALONE.

P. 578. n. 4.] So alſo Daniel, in one of his Sonnets:

" —ſorrow's tooth ne'er rankles more,
" Than when it bites, but *launcheth* not the ſore."

MALONE.

P. 582. l. 5.] For *came*, r. *come*.

P. 584. n. 1.] Add to my note after line 6.

So, in *Othello*, quarto, 1622, Act III. ſc. i.

" And needs no other ſuitor but his likings,
" To *take the ſafeſt occaſion by the front*,
" To bring you in."

In the folio the ſecond line is omitted, by the compoſitor's eye, after the firſt word of it was compoſed, glancing on the ſame word immediately under it in the ſubſequent line, and then

then proceeding with that line instead of the other. This happens frequently at the press. The omitted line in the passage which has given rise to the present note, might have been of this import:

Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;
If idle talk will once be necessary,
I'LL *not so much as syllable a word*;
I'LL not sleep neither: this mortal house I'll ruin, &c.

MALONE.

P. 588.] At the end of n. 3. add STEEVENS.

P 590. n. 9.] Add to my note.—Our author has employed this word in *The Rape of Lucrece*, in the same sense as here:

"Feeble desire, all recreant, poor, and *meek*,
"Like to a bankrupt beggar, wails his case."

MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 1.] The meaning, I think, either is, "—that this fellow should add one more parcel or *item* to the sum of my disgraces, namely, his own malice;"—or, "that this fellow should *tot up* the sum of my disgraces, and add his own malice to the account."

Parcel is here used technically. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I. "That this fellow [Francis, the drawer,] should have fewer words than a parrot! his eloquence the *parcel* of a reckoning." There it means, either an *item*, or the accumulated total formed by various *items*. MALONE.

P. 600.] Add at the end of n. 8.—JOHNSON.

VOL. VIII.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

P. 3. n. 1. l. 10.] For *thereby*, r. *there*.

P. 6. n. 1.] Add to my note.—Again, in the Legend of Pierce Gaveston, by Michael Drayton, 1594:

"Like as the ocean, *chafing* with his *bounds*,
"With raging billowes *flies* against the rocks,
"And to the shore sends forth his hideous sounds," &c.

MALONE.

P. 12. n. 7.] The alteration was first made in the Second Folio, from ignorance of Shakspeare's diction. MALONE.

P. 27. n. 6.] Add to my note.—We have a similar imagery in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"—and,

" —and, almoſt like the gods,
" Does *thoughts* unveil *in their* dumb *cradles*." MALONE.

P. 47. n. 1. l. 6.] For *contexts*, r. *contents*.

P. 52. n. 1.] If my notion be well founded, we muſt underſtand that the Steward wiſhes that the life of Lucullus may be prolonged only for the purpoſe of his being miſerable; that ſickneſs may " play the torturer by ſmall and ſmall," and " have him nine whole years in killing."—" Live loath'd and *long!*" ſays Timon in a ſubſequent ſcene; and again,

" Decline to your confounding contraries,
" And yet confuſion *live!*"

This indeed is nearly the meaning, if, with Mr. Steevens, we underſtand *his hour* to mean *the hour of ſickneſs*: and it muſt be owned that a line in *Hamlet* add ſupport to his interpretation:

" This phyſick but *prolongs thy ſickly days*." MALONE.

P. 54. n. 6.] Add to my note—

So Holinſhed: " The biſhop commanded his ſervant to bring him the book bound in white vellum, lying in his ſtudy, *in ſuch* a place." We ſhould now write—in a *certain* place.

Again, in an Account-book, kept by Empſon in the time of Henry the Seventh, and quoted by Bacon in his Hiſtory of that king:

" *Item*, Received of *ſuch a one* five marks, for a pardon to be procured, and if the pardon do not paſs, the money to be repaid."

" He ſold *ſo much* of his eſtate, when he came of age," (meaning *a certain portion* of his eſtate) is yet the phraſeology of Scotland. MALONE.

P. 56. n. 1. l. 13.] For *ſpirt*, r. *ſprite*.

P. 69. n. 2.] Add to my note—

Behave, however, is uſed by Spenſer, in his *Faery Queene*, B. I. c. iii. in a ſenſe that will ſuit ſufficiently with the paſſage before us:

" But who his limbs with labours, and his *mind*
" *Behaves* with cares, cannot ſo eaſy miſs."

To *behave* certainly had formerly a very different ſignification from that in which it is now uſed. Cole in his Dictionary, 1679, renders it by *tracto*, which he interprets to *govern*, or *manage*. MALONE.

P. 73. laſt line of text.] After *little*, put a comma.

P. 74. n. 9.] *Tirouër*, that is, *tiring* for hawks, as Cotgrave

grave calls it, signified any thing by which the falconer brought the bird back, and fixed him to his hand. A capon's wing was often used for this purpose.

In *K. Henry VI.* P. II. we have a kindred expression:

" —— your *thoughts*
" *Beat on* a crown." MALONE.

P. 84. l. 10. from bottom.] For *Vol. V.* r. *Vol. IV.*

P. 88. n. 8. l. 21.] For *findging*, r. *finging*.—Insert at the beginning of my note—

To "cast the gorge *at*," was Shakspeare's phraseology. So, in *Hamlet*, Act V. sc. i. "How abhorr'd in my imagination it is! my *gorge* rises *at* it."

To the various examples which I have produced in support of the reading of the old copy, may be added these:

" Our *fortune* on the sea is *out of breath*,
" And sinks most lamentably." *Antony and Cleopatra.*

Again, *ibidem*:

" Mine *eyes* did *sicken* at the sight."

Again, in *Hamlet*:

" Even to the *teeth* and *forehead* of our *faults*."

Again, *ibidem*:

" —we will fetters put upon this fear,
" Which now goes too *free-footed*."

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

" His *evasions* have *ears* thus long." MALONE.

P. 104. n. 5.] *Dele* the notes on this passage, and insert the following.

" The icy precepts of *respect*" mean the cold admonitions of *cautious prudence*, that deliberately weighs the consequences of every action. So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

" —— Reason, and *respect*,
" Make livers pale, and lustihood deject."

Again, in our poet's *Rape of Lucrece*:

" Then, childish fear, avaunt! *debating* die!
" *Respect* and reason wait on wrinkled age!
" Sad pause and deep regard become the sage."

Hence in *King Richard III.* the king says,

" I will converse with iron-witted fools,
" And *unrespective boys*; none are for me,
" That look into me with *considerate* eyes." MALONE.

P. 117. n. 6.] He who is so much disturbed as to have no command over his actions, and to be *dangerous* to all around him, is already distracted, and therefore it would be idle to talk of *turning* such "a dangerous nature wild:" it is wild already. Besides; the baseness and ingratitude of the world

might very properly be mentioned as driving Timon into frenzy: (So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" The *ingratitude* of this Seleucus does
" Even make me *wild*.")

but surely the kindneſs and fidelity of his ſteward was more likely to ſoften and compoſe him; that is, to render his dangerous nature *mild*. I therefore ſtrongly incline to Dr. Warburton's emendation. MALONE.

P. 129. n. 5. l. 5.] For *tamour*, r. *tumour*.

P. 131. n. 9.] I am now convinced that the emendation made by Mr. Theobald is right, and that it ought to be admitted into the text:—Some beaſt *rear'd* this. Our poet certainly would not make the ſoldier call on a beaſt to read the inſcription, *before* he had informed the audience that he could not read it himſelf; which he does *afterwards*.

Beſides; from the time he aſks, " What is this?" [i. e. what is this cave, tomb, &c. not what is this *inſcription?*] to the words, " What's on this tomb,"—the obſervation evidently relates to Timon himſelf, and his grave; whereas, by the erroneous reading of the old copy, " Some beaſt *read* this,"—the ſoldier is firſt made to call on a beaſt to read the inſcription, without aſſigning any reaſon for ſo extraordinary a requiſition;—then to talk of Timon's death and of his grave; and at laſt, to inform the audience that he cannot read the inſcription. Let me add, that a beaſt being as unable to read as the ſoldier, it would be abſurd to call on one for aſſiſtance; whilſt on the other hand, if a den or cave, or any rude heap of earth reſembling a tomb, be found where *there does not live a man*, it is manifeſt that it muſt have been formed by a beaſt.

A paſſage in *K. Lear* alſo adds ſupport to the emendation:

" ——this hard *houſe*,
" More hard than are the ſtones whereof 'tis *rais'd*."

MALONE.

P. 134. n. 1.] Mr. Maſon is right. So, in Shakſpeare's 70th Sonnet:

" Thou haſt paſs'd by the ambuſh of young days,
" Either not aſſail'd, or victor, being *charg'd*." MALONE.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

P. 147. n. 9.] Add to my note.—We have the ſame play of words in *Titus Andronicus*:

" O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands,
" Leſt we remember ſtill, that we have none!"

We

We may be certain therefore that thoſe lines were part of the additions which our poet made to that play. MALONE.

P. 163. *But let the ruffian Boreas once engage*
The gentle Thetis—] So, in *Lord Cromwell*, 1602: "When I have ſeen *Boreas* begin to play the *ruffian* with us, then would I down on my knees." MALONE.

P. 166. l. 3. of note.] For *leave*, r. *lead*.—Add at the end of this note—

A paſſage in Puttenham's *Arte of Engliſh Poeſie*, 1589, may illuſtrate that before us: "Whether now perſuaſions may not be ſaid violent and forcible, eſpecially to ſimple myndes, in ſpecial I refer to all men's judgement that hear the ſtory. At leaſt waies I finde this opinion confirmed by a pretie deviſe or embleme that Lucianus alleageth he ſaw in the portrait of Hercules within the citie of Marſeilles in Provence; where they had figured a luſtie *old man with a long chayne tyed by one end at his tong, by the other end at the people's eares*, who ſtood afar of, and ſeemed to be *drawen to him by force of that chayne faſtened to his tong*; as who would ſay, by force of his perſuaſions." MALONE.

P. 185. n. 5.] *Dele* my preſent note, and ſubſtitute the following.

A *cob-loaf*, ſays Minſheu in his Dict. 1617, is "a bunne. It is a little loaf made with a round head, ſuch as cob-irons which ſupport the fire. G. *Bignet*, a *bigne*, a knob or lump riſen after a knock or blow." The word *Bignets* Cotgrave in his Dict. 1611, renders thus: "Little round loaves or lumps, made of fine meale, oyle, or butter, and reaſons: bunnes, lenten loaves."

Cob-loaf ought perhaps to be rather written *cop-loaf*. MALONE.

P. 201. n. 5. l. 2.] For *Dr. Warburton*, r. *Mr. Theobald*.

P. 214. l. 7.] *Hey ho* ſhould have been printed in Roman characters, and not as any part of this ſong. See Ophelia's ſong in Hamlet, Vol. IX. p. 359. MALONE.

P. 222. l. 4. of my note.] For 1606, r. 1605.

P. 228. n. 7.] Add, after the paſſage quoted from Laneham's *Account*, &c.

Chaſe indeed may mean here, the place in which the queen hunted; but I believe it is employed in the more ordinary ſenſe. MALONE.

P. 233. n. *.] The following paſſage in the ſubſequent ſcene ſupports the reading of the quarto:

" Hark, how *Troy roars*; how Hecuba cries out;
" How poor Andromache ſhrills her dolours forth;—
" And all cry—Hector, Hector's dead." MALONE.

P. 235. n. 6.] Add to my note—

Duſt a little gilt means, ordinary performances oſtentatiouſly diſplayed and magnified by the favour of friends and that admiration of novelty which prefers " new-born gawds" to " things paſt." *Gilt o'er-duſted* means, ſplendid actions of preceding ages, the remembrance of which is weakened by time.

The poet ſeems to have been thinking either of thoſe monuments which he has mentioned in *All's well that ends well*,

" Where *duſt* and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
" Of honour'd bones indeed;"—

or of the *gilded* armour, trophies, banners, &c. often hung up in churches in " monumental mockery." MALONE.

P. 236. *Does* thoughts *unveil in their dumb* cradles.] In *Timon of Athens*, we have the ſame alluſion:

" Joy had the like *conception* in my *brain*,
" And at that inſtant, *like a babe, ſprung up*."

MALONE.

P. 256. n. 4. l. 4.] For *unhanſell'd*, r. *unhouſell'd*.

P. 280. n. 3.] On ſecond conſideration, I believe the ſleeve of Troilus, which is here given to Diomed, was ſuch a one as was formerly worn at tournaments. See Spenſer's *View of Ireland*, p. 43, edit. 1633: " Alſo the deepe ſmocke *ſleive*, which the Iriſh women uſe, they ſay, was old Spaniſh, and is uſed yet in Barbary; and yet that ſhould ſeeme rather to be an old Engliſh faſhion, for in armory the faſhion of the *manche* which is given in armes by many, being indeed nothing elſe but a ſleive, is faſhioned much like to that ſleive." MALONE.

P. 287. *My dreams will, ſure, prove ominous to the day.*] My dreams of laſt night will prove ominous to the day; forbode ill to it, and ſhew that it will be a fatal day to Troy. So, in the ſeventh ſcene of this act:

" —the quarrel's moſt *ominous to us*."

Again, in *King Richard III.*

" ——————— O thou bloody priſon,
" Fatal and *ominous to* noble peers!"

Mr. Pope, and all the ſubſequent editors, read—will prove ominous *to-day*. MALONE.

P. 306. n. 3.] Add, after Mr. Steevens's note—

Cole in his Latin Dict. 1679, renders a *Winchefter Gooſe*, by *pudendagra*. MALONE.

CYMBELINE.

CYMBELINE.

P. 313. n. 6. l. 16.] For *Alvearic*, r. *Alvearie*.

P. 316. n. 1. l. *penult.*] For *was*, r. *waſt*.

P. 327. n. 6.] That the word *as* in this paſſage means—*as much as*, and not *as little as*, as I have endeavoured to ſhew in this note, is further confirmed by a paſſage in Act V. where Jachimo is the ſpeaker, and again uſes the ſame expreſſion:

" If that thy country, Britain, *go before*
" *This* lout, *as* he exceeds our lords, the odds
" Is, that we ſcarce are men, and you are gods."

MALONE.

P. 332. n. 1. l. 6.] For *germane*, r. *german*.

P. 344. n. 7.] Add to my note.—That *illuſtrious* was not uſed by our author in the ſenſe of *inluſtrous* or *unluſtrous*, is proved by a paſſage in the old comedy of *Patient Griſſel*, 1603: " —the buttons were *illuſtrious* and reſplendent diamonds."

MALONE.

P. 353. n. 3.] Drayton, who has often imitated Shakſpeare, ſeems to have viewed this paſſage in the ſame light with Dr. Warburton:

" And theſe ſweet *veins* by nature rightly plac'd,
" Wherewith ſhe ſeems the white *ſkin* to have *lac'd*,
" She ſoon doth alter." *The Mooncalf*, 1627.

MALONE.

P. 379. n. 1. l. 9.] For *Vol. III.* r. *Vol. IV.*

P. 382. n. *.] In ſupport of the reading of the old copy, which has been here reſtored, ſee Vol. VII. p. 195, n. 9.

P. 385. n. 1.] The following lines in Drayton's *Owle*, 4to. 1604, may add ſome ſupport to Rowe's emendation, *bable* or *bauble*:

" Which with much ſorrow brought into my mind
" Their wretched ſoules, ſo ignorantly blinde,
" When even the greateſt things, in the world unſtable,
" Clyme but to fall, and *damned for a bable*."

MALONE.

P. 387. *And we will fear no poiſon, which attends*
In place of greater ſtate.]

" ——— nulla aconita bibuntur
" Fictilibus; tunc illa time, cum pocula ſumes
" Gemmata, et lato Setinum ardebit in auro." JUV.

MALONE.

P. 390. *What ſhall I need to draw my ſword? the paper Hath cut her throat already.*] So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

" Struck dead at firſt, what needs a ſecond ſtriking?"

MALONE.

P. 391. *Thou then look'dſt like a villain; now, methinks,*

" *Thy favour's good enough.*] So, in *K. Lear*:

" Thoſe wicked yet do look well favour'd,

" When others are more wicked." MALONE.

P. 395. *Hath Britain* all the ſun that ſhines? *Day, night, Are they not but in Britain?*] Shakſpeare ſeems here to have had in his thoughts a paſſage in Lily's *Euphues*, 1580, which he has imitated in *K. Richard II.* " Nature hath given to man a country no more than ſhe hath houſe, or lands, or living. Plato would never account him baniſhed, that had the *ſunne*, ayre, water, and earth, that he had before; where he felt the winter's blaſt, and the ſummer's blaze; where the ſame ſunne and the ſame moone ſhined; whereby he noted, that every place was a country to a wiſe man, and all parts a palace to a quiet mind. But thou art driven out of Naples: that is nothing. All the Athenians dwell not in Colliton, nor every Corinthian in Greece, nor all the Lacedemonians in Pitania. How can any part of the world be diſtant far from the other, when as the mathematicians ſet downe that the earth is but a point compared to the heavens?" MALONE.

P. 397. *Here is a box; I had it from the queen;*] Inſtead of this box, the modern editors have in a former ſcene made the queen give Piſanio a *vial*, which is dropp'd on the ſtage, without being broken. See Act I. ſc. vi.

In *Pericles*, Cerimon, in order to recover Thaiſa, calls for all the *boxes* in his cloſet. MALONE.

P. 408. n. 8. l. 8.] For *referre*, r. *referre*.

P. 414. n. 6.] For *then*, r. *than*.

Mr. Maſon's interpretation is ſupported by a paſſage in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" Now, Tybald, take *the villain* back again."

MALONE.

P. 417. l. 10.] *Dele* the comma after *who*.

P. 418. —*Though his* honour

Was nothing but mutation; ay, and that

From one bad thing to worſe;] I am now convinced that the poet wrote—his *humour*, as Theobald ſuggeſted. The context ſtrongly ſupports the emendation; but what deciſively entitles

entitles it to a place in the text is, that the editor of the folio has in like manner printed *honour* inſtead of *humour* in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, Act I. ſc. iii.

" Falſtaff will learn the *honour* of the age,"—

The quarto reads rightly—the *humour* of the age.

On the other hand in the quarto, Signat. A 3, we find " —Sir, my *honour* is not for many words,"—inſtead of " Sir, my *humour*," &c. MALONE.

P. 422. n. 6.] Add to my note.—The epithet *ſluggiſh* is uſed with peculiar propriety, a *crayer* being a very ſlow-ſailing unwieldy veſſel. See Florio's Italian Dict. 1598. " *Vurchio.* A hulke, a *crayer*, a lyter, a wherrie, or ſuch veſſel of burthen." MALONE.

P. 434. n. 7.] I have ſaid that there are ſeveral inſtances in theſe plays of the perſonal pronoun being omitted, and that ſuch a phraſeology was not peculiar to Shakſpeare. So, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 793, edit. 1631: " —after that he tooke boat at Queen Hith, and ſo came to his houſe; where miſſing the afore named counſellors, *fortified* his houſe with full purpoſe to die in his own defence."

Again, in the Continuation of *Hardyng's Chronicle*, 1543: " Then when they heard that Henry was ſafe returned into Britagne, *rejoyced* not a little."

Again, in Anthony Wood's Diary, *ad ann.* 1652: " One of theſe, a moſt handſome virgin,—kneel'd down to Thomas Wood, with tears and prayers to ſave her life: and being ſtrucken with a deep remorſe, *tooke* her under his arme, went with her out of the church," &c.

See alſo *K. Lear*, p. 560, n. 8. MALONE.

P. 439. n. 6. l. 6.] For *parent*, r. *parents*.

P. 448. n. 7.] In a note on Vol. I. Part I. p. 406, may be found a ſtrong confirmation of what has been here ſuggeſted. MALONE.

KING LEAR.

P. 497. n. 8.] Add to my note—

In *Othello* we have again nearly the ſame language:

" My *ſpirit* and my *place* have in them *power*

" To make this bitter to thee." MALONE.

P. 499. n. 2.] In *Cymbeline* this phraſe is uſed, as here, for *finiſhed, completed*:

" —— Being ſcarce *made up*,
" I mean, to man,"— &c.

Again, in *Timon of Athens*:

" ——— remain aſſur'd,
" That he's a *made up* villain."

In all theſe places the alluſion is to a piece of work completed by a tradeſman.

The paſſages juſt cited ſhew that the text is right, and that our poet did not write, as ſome have propoſed to read,

Election makes not, *upon* ſuch conditions. MALONE.

P. 503. n. 6] Add to my note—

This, however, may be explained by underſtanding the ſecond *worth* in the ſenſe of *wealth*. MALONE.

P. 507. n. 1. l. 6.] For *now treads on the kybe of the courtier*, r. *comes ſo near the heel of the courtier, that he galls his kybe*.

P. 515. n. 1.] Add to my note.—The regulation which has been followed in the text, is likewiſe ſupported by *Hamlet*, where we have again the ſame adjuration:

" O day and night! but this is wondrous ſtrange."
MALONE.

P. 525. n. 1.] Add to my note—

So, in Lily's *Euphues and his England*. 4to. 1580: " The next day I coming to the gallery where ſhe was ſolitarily walking, with her *frowning cloth*, as ſicke lately of the ſullens," &c. MALONE.

P. 527. n. 6.] After Sir Joſhua Reynolds's note, add—

In a very old dramatick piece, entitled *A very mery and pythie comedy, called The longer thou liveſt the more foole thou art*, printed about the year 1580, we find the following ſtage-direction: " Entreth Moros, counterfaiting a vaine geſture and a fooliſh countenaunce, *ſyngyng the foote of many ſongs, as fooles were wont*." MALONE.

P. 528. n. *. l. 1.] For *a moſt*, r. *an*.

P. 545. — *a whoreſon*, glaſs-gazing—*rogue*;] This epithet none of the commentators have explained; nor am I ſure that I underſtand it. In *Timon of Athens* " the *glaſs-fac'd* flatterer" is mentioned, that is, ſays Dr. Johnſon, " he that ſhews in his own look, as by reflection, the looks of his patron."—*Glaſs gazing* may be licentiouſly uſed for one enamoured of himſelf; who gazes often at his own perſon in a glaſs. MALONE.

P. 553. n. 4.] Add to my note—

See

beſt," or at the faireſt, meant, *we have had enough of it.* Hence it is that Romeo ſays, " I am done."

Dun is the mouſe, I know not why, ſeems to have meant, *Peace; be ſtill!* and hence it is ſaid to be " the conſtable's own word;" who may be ſuppoſed to be employed in apprehending an offender, and afraid of alarming him by any noiſe. So, in the comedy of *Patient Griſſel*, 1603: " What, Babulo! ſay you. Heere, maſter, ſay I, and then this eye opens; yet *don is the mouſe*, LIE STILL. What, Babulo! ſays Griſſel. Anone, ſay I, and then this eye lookes up; yet downe I ſnug againe." MALONE.

P. 46. n. *. l. 3.] For *alerations*, r. *alterations*.

P. 50. n. 3.] The etymology of the word *princox* may be found in Florio's Italian Dict. 1598, in v. *Pinchino*. It is rather a cockered or ſpoil't child, than a *coxcomb*. MALONE.

P. 56. l. 7.] For *etcætera*, r. *etcætera*.

Ibidem. n. 9. l. 11.] For *adready*, r. *already*.

Of the pariſh of Poperin, or Poperling, (as we called it) which was in the Marches of Calais, John Leland the Antiquary was parſon, in the time of King Henry the Eighth. By him the Poperin pear may have been introduced into England. MALONE.

P. 73. n. 7.] We find the firſt of theſe expreſſions in Fletcher's *Women Pleas'd*:

" —a gentleman's gone then;
" *A gentleman of the firſt houſe*; there's the end of't."
MALONE.

P. 81. l. ult. of text.] Put a full point after *dealing*.

P. 101. n. 2. l. *ult.*] For 1600, r. 1606.

P. 123. n. 8.] Though, with the modern editors, I have here followed the undated quarto, and printed—the *air* doth drizzle dew, I ſuſpected when this note was written, that *earth* was the poet's word, and a line in *The Rape of Lucrece* ſtrongly ſupports that reading:

" But as the *earth* doth *weep*, the *ſun being ſet*,—."
MALONE.

P. 136. l. 12.] In the ſtage-direction, for *Servant*, r. *Servants*.

P. 144. n. 4.] After Mr. Steevens's note—

So, in a letter from Alleyn, the celebrated player, to his wife, written in 1593 (now in Dulwich College):

" EMANUEL,

" My good ſweet *mouſe*, I comend me hartely to you and to

to my father, my mother, and to my ſiſter Beſs, hoping in God, though the ſickneſs be round about you, yett by his mercy itt may eſcape your houſe," &c. MALONE.

P. 153. n. 3.] In this note I have ſaid, that I thought Shakſpeare *by the eye of ſleep* meant the viſual power which a man aſleep is enabled by the aid of imagination to exerciſe, rather than the eye of the *God of ſleep*: but a line in *King Richard III.* which at the ſame time ſtrongly ſupports the reading of the old copy which has been adopted in the text, now inclines me to believe that the eye of the god of ſleep was meant:

" My friend, I ſpy ſome pity in thy looks;
" O, if thy *eye* be not a *flatterer*,
" Come thou on my ſide, and entreat for me."

MALONE.

P. 157. —— *meagre were his looks*,
Sharp miſery had worn him to the bones:] See Sackville's deſcription of *Miſerie* in his *Induction*:

" His *face was leane*, and ſome deal pinde away;
" And eke *his hands conſumed to the bone*." MALONE.

HAMLET.

P. 190. n. 3. l. laſt but four.] For *King Richard III.* r. *King Richard II.*

P. 197. n. 3.] Add to my note—

So, in *Julius Cæſar*:

" The *poſture* of your *blows are* yet unknown."

Again, in *Cymbeline*: " —and the *approbation* of *thoſe are* wonderfully to extend him," &c. MALONE.

P. 214. n. 5.] After the ſecond paragraph, add—

Chief, however, may have been uſed as a ſubſtantive, for *note* or *eſtimation*, without any alluſion to heraldry, though the word was perhaps originally *heraldick*. So, in Bacon's *Colours of good and evil*, 16mo. 1597: " In the warmer climates the people are generally more wiſe, but in the northern climates the wits *of chief* are greater." MALONE.

P. 241. n. 5. l. 2.] After *incontinency*, a full point.

P. 266. n. 7. l. 19.] For *Ambris*, r. *D'Ambois*.

Ibidem.] Since this note was written, I have met with a paſſage in a letter from Mr. Samuel Calvert to Mr. Winwood, dated March 28, 1605, which might lead us to ſuppoſe that the words found only in the folio were added at that time:

" The

" The plays do not forbear to preſent upon the ſtage the whole courſe of this preſent time, not ſparing the king, ſtate, or religion, in ſo great abſurdity, and with ſuch liberty, that any would be afraid to hear them." *Memorials*, Vol. II. p. 54. MALONE.

P. 301. n. 6.] This notion of Nature keeping a ſhop, and employing journeymen to form mankind, was common in Shakſpeare's time. See Lily's *Woman in the Moon*, a comedy, 1597: " They draw the curtains from before *Nature's ſhop*, where ſtands an image clad, and ſome unclad." MALONE.

P. 305. —*I was killed i' the Capitol*;] This, it is well known, was not the caſe; for Cæſar, we are expreſsly told by Plutarch, was killed in *Pompey's portico*. But our poet followed the received opinion, and probably the repreſentation of his own time, in a play on the ſubject of Cæſar's death, previous to that which he wrote. The notion that Julius Cæſar was killed in the Capitol is as old as the time of Chaucer:

" This Julius to the *capitolie* wente
" Upon a day, as he was wont to gon,
" And in the *capitolie* anon him hente
" This falſe Brutus, and his other ſoon,
" And ſticked him with bodekins anon
" With many a wound," &c. *The Monkes Tale.*

Tyrwhitt's edit. Vol. II. p. 31. MALONE.

P. 307. n. 6.] Florio in his Italian Dictionary, 1598, thus explains *zibilini*: " The *rich* furre called ſables."—*Sables* is the ſkin of the ſable Martin. See Cotgrave's French Dict. 1611. " Sebilline. Martre Sebel. The ſable Martin; the beaſt whoſe ſkinne we call *ſables*." MALONE.

P. 340. n. 1.] It has been ſuggeſted that *as* is here uſed for *as if*. It is frequently ſo uſed in theſe plays, but this interpretation does not entirely remove the difficulty which has been ſtated. MALONE.

P. 353. n. 4.] Inſtead of my preſent note, I would ſubſtitute the following.

Our poet has here, I think, as in many other places, uſed an elliptical expreſſion: " thou may'ſt not coldly ſet *by* our ſovereign proceſs;" thou may'ſt not *ſet little by it*, or eſtimate it lightly. " To *ſet by*," Cole renders in his Dict. 1679, by *æſtimo*. " *To ſet little by*," he interprets *parvi-facio*. See many other inſtances of ſimilar ellipſes, in Vol. VIII. p. 472, n. 3. MALONE.

P. 368. n. 6. Add to Mr. Steevens's note, after the third paragraph.

Rota,

Rota, however, as I am informed, is the ancient muſical term in Latin for the burden of a ſong.

P. 409. n. 4.] Since this note was written, I have found the very ſame errour in Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*, 4to. 1605. B. II. p. 60: "—the art of grammar, whereof the uſe in *another* tongue is ſmall, in a foreine tongue more." The author in his table of Errata ſays, it ſhould have been printed—in *mother* tongue. MALONE.

P. 419. n. 7.] A paſſage in *K. John* ſhews that *wanton* here means *a man feeble and effeminate*, as Dr. Johnſon has explained it:

"——Shall a beardleſs *boy*,
"A cocker'd ſilken *wanton*, brave our fields,
"And fleſh his ſpirit in a warlike ſoil," &c. MALONE.

P. 422. n. 4.] I find the reading which Mr. Pope and the ſubſequent editors adopted, (*o'ergrows*,) was taken from a late quarto of no authority, printed in 1637. MALONE.

P. 425. *This quarry* cries on *havock!*] We have the ſame phraſeology in *Othello*, Act V. ſc. i.

"—Whoſe noiſe is this, that *cries on* murder?"

See the note there. MALONE.

OTHELLO.

P. 445. *By* debitor—] All the modern editors read—*By debtor*; but *debitor* (the reading of the old copies) was the word uſed in Shakſpeare's time. So, in Sir John Davies's *Epigrams*, 1598:

"There ſtands the conſtable, there ſtands the whore,—
"There by the ſerjeant ſtands the *debitor*."

See alſo the paſſage quoted from *Cymbeline* in n. 1. MALONE.

P. 455. n. 6.] It ſhould be recollected that *ſtrong* beer was in our poet's time called *double* beer; and therefore, though the circumſtances ſtated in this note had not been (as I believe they were) in his contemplation, he might with his uſual licence have uſed *double* for *powerful* or *operative*. MALONE.

P. 560. "——*If there be cords, or knives,*
"*Poiſon, or fire, or ſuffocating ſtreams,*
"*I'll not endure it.*] So, in *Pericles*:

"*If fires be hot, knives ſharp, or waters deep,*
"Untied I ſtill my virgin knot will keep." MALONE.

VOL. X.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

P. 16. ——*she with her* tears
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks;
Then with her windy sighs, *and golden hairs*,
To fan and blow them dry *again she seeks*:] So, in Marlowe's *King Edward II.*
" Wet with my tears, and dried again with sighs."
MALONE.

Ibidem. And where she ends, she doth anew begin.] So, Dryden:
" Never ending, still beginning,"—. MALONE.

P. 20. *Ill-nurtur'd*—] That is, ill educated, ill bred. So, in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, Vol. I. Nov. 61. " —they thought themselves most blessed, if they might attaine the delightful presence of this *well nourtured* dame." MALONE.

P. 34. *For from the stil'tory of thy face excelling*
Comes breath perfum'd,] So, in Constable's Song, &c.
" Breathe once more thy balmie wind,
" It smelleth of the mirrh tree,
" That to the world did bring thee;
" Never was perfume so sweet." MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 9.] Add to my note.—Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
" —— and *lips*, O you
" The *doors* of *breath*," &c.
Shakspeare probably remembered the expression of the Psalms: " Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth, and keep the *door of my lips*." MALONE.

P. 35. *The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day*;] So, in *K. Richard III.*
" And turn his infant morn to aged night."
MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 4.] In the passage quoted from *K. Henry IV.* P. II. for *fire*, r. *fire*.—Add—
Again, in *Cymbeline*:
" ——— She's a lady,
" So tender of rebukes, *words are strokes*,
" And strokes death to her." MALONE.

P. 38.

P. 38. *Say, for non-payment that the debt ſhould double,*] The poet was thinking of a conditional bond's becoming forfeited for non-payment: in which caſe, the entire penalty (uſually the double of the principal ſum lent by the obligee) was formerly recoverable at law. MALONE.

Ibidem. Incorporate then they ſeem; face grows to face.] So, in Conſtable's Song:

" When ſhe had thus ſpoken,
" She gave to him a token,
" And their naked boſoms met." MALONE.

P. 42. *On his bow-back he hath a battel ſet*
Of briſtly pikes, that ever threat his foes;
His eyes, like glow-worms, ſhine, when he doth fret;] In this deſcription Shakſpeare had perhaps in view that given by Ovid of the boar that ſlew Meleager. See Golding's tranſlation, Book VIII.

" His *eyes* did gliſter blood and fire; right dreadful was to ſee
" His brawned *back*; right dreadful was his haire, which grew as thicke
" With pricking points as one of them could well by other ſticke:
" And, like a front of armed *pikes* ſet cloſe in *battel* ray,
" The ſturdie *briſtles* on his back ſtood ſtaring up alway." MALONE.

P. 45. n. *. l. 1.] For *the*, r. *he*.

P. 57. *In hand with all things, nought at all affecting.*] So, in *Hamlet*:

" —like a man to double buſineſs bent,
" I ſtand in pauſe where I ſhall firſt begin,
" And both neglect." MALONE.

Ibidem. n. *. l. 2.] For *ſt.* 40. r. *p.* 102, *n.* 3.

P. 66. n. 6.] So alſo, in a latin poem *De Adoni ab apro interempto*, by Antonius Sebaſtianus Minturnus:

" ——— iterum atque juro iterum,
" Formoſum hunc juvenem tuum haud volui
" Meis diripere his cupidinibus;
" Verum dum ſpecimen nitens video,
" (Æſtus impatiens tenella dabat
" Nuda femina mollibus zephyris)
" *Ingens me miſerum libido capit*
" *Mille ſuavia dulcia hinc capere,*
" Atque me impulit ingens indomitus." MALONE.

P. 67.

P. 67. n. 8.] Add to my note—
Again, in *K. Richard III.*

" Till I have told this *ſlander* of his blood,
" How God and good men hate ſo foul a lie."

MALONE.

P. 71. l. 2. of my note.] After *repreſented,* add—
And in ſupport of my opinion I may quote the words of that elegant poet, Mr. Fenton, who in his notes on Waller, after citing ſome lines from Ovid on this ſubject, obſerves, " that the paſſion of Venus for Adonis is likewiſe deſcribed with great delicacy by Bion, and our admirable SHAKSPEARE, in language only inferior to the fineſt writers of antiquity." MALONE.

Ibidem. l. 10. from bottom.] For *no date,* r. by Richard Barnefielde, 1598.

P. 72. l. 18. from bottom.] For *little more than,* r. *only.*

RAPE OF LUCRECE.

P. 89. *O raſh-falſe heat, wrapt in repentant cold,*
Thy haſty ſpring ſtill blaſts, and ne'er grows old.]
We have a kindred ſentiment in *K. Richard II.*

" His *raſh* fierce *blaze* of riot ne'er can laſt,
" For violent fires ſoon burn out themſelves."

MALONE.

P. 95. n. 6.] To the paſſages quoted in ſupport of the reading of the old copy, may be added this very appoſite one in *K. Henry VI.* P. II.

" Well, lords, *we have not* yet *that which we have.*"

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

" — Thus man——
" Cannot make boaſt *to have that which he hath,*
" Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection."

MALONE.

P. 141. n. 4.] Mr. Henley obſerves to me, that " — the poet rather alluded to thoſe vaſt portcullíſes of iron, from which even the ſtrongeſt caſtles derived their ſtrength. Thus in his 65th Sonnet:

" O, how ſhall ſummer's honey breath hold out
" Againſt the wreckful ſiege of battering days,
" When rocks impregnable are not ſo ſtout,
" *Nor* GATES OF STEEL *ſo ſtrong, but* TIME DECAYS?"

Theſe lines fully ſupport the opinion above ſtated.—A *gate of ſteel* is again mentioned in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

" — or, like *a gate of steel*,
" Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
" His figure, and his heat." MALONE.

P. 147. *Revealing day through every cranny spies*;—
To whom she sobbing speaks: O, eye of eyes,
Why pry'st thou through my window? leave thy peeping;] So Chaucer, in his *Troilus and Creseide*, B. III.

" O cruel day, accuser of the joy
" That love and night have stole,—
" *Envious day, what list thou so to spy?*
" What hast thou lost? why seekest thou this place?
" There God thy light so quench for his grace!"
MALONE.

P. 164. *It seem'd they would* debate with *angry* swords.] So, in Marlowe's *K. Edward II.*

" Come, uncle, let us leave this brainsick king,
" And henceforth *parly with* our angry *swords*."
MALONE.

P. 179. n. 9. l. 1.] For *nunce*, r. *nunc*.

P. 184. *Why, Collatine, is woe the cure of woe?*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" Peace, ho, for shame! *confusion's cure lives not*
" *In these confusions*." MALONE.

SONNETS.

P. 191. n. 1.] Since this page was printed, I have learned that our poet's nephew, William Hart, was not born till 1600. See the extracts from the Register of Stratford upon Avon, in Vol. I. Part I. MALONE.

P. 217. *When to the* sessions *of sweet silent* thought
I summon up remembrance of things past, &c.] So, in *Othello*:

" —who has a breast so pure,
" But some uncleanly *apprehensions*
" Keep leets and law-days, and in *session* sit
" With *meditations* lawful?" MALONE.

P. 218. n. 4. l. 16.] For *P. II.* r. *P. I.*

P. 284. *Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,*
Drink up *the monarch's plague, this* flattery;] So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

" And how his silence *drinks up his applause*."
MALONE.

P. 285.

P. 285. n. 7. l. 1.] For *of*, r. *to*; and in l. 3, dele *it*.

P. 288. n. 1.] In *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*, we have the ſame image:

"Made me compare with Hermia's *ſphery eyne*."
MALONE.

P. 305. n. 5. l. 2.] For *ſevural*, r. *ſeveral*.

P. 312. n. 2.] Add to my note—

The ſame errour is found in the tragedy of *Nero*, by Nat. Lee, 1675:

"Thou ſavage mother, ſeed of rock, *more wild*
"*More wild* than the fierce tygreſs of her young beguil'd." MALONE.

P. 344. *To themſelves yet* either-neither,] So, in Drayton's *Mortimeriados*, 4to. 1596:

"—fire ſeem'd to be water, water flame,
"*Either or neither, and yet both the ſame.*" MALONE.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

P. 388. *Was there none elſe in Rome to make a ſtaie* of,] *Dele* the word *of*, which was inſerted by the editor of the ſecond folio, from ignorance of ancient phraſeology. See a note in this Appendix, p. 577, (*Midſummer-Night's Dream*, p. 445,) and Vol. VIII. p. 472. n. 9. MALONE.

P. 400. —*the* morn *is* bright and grey;] Add to my note,—

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"The *grey-ey'd morn ſmiles* on the frowning night"—.

Again, *ibidem*:

"I'll ſay yon *grey* is not the morning's eye."

Again, more appoſitely in *Venus and Adonis*, which deciſively ſupports the reading of the old copy:

"Mine eyes are *grey and bright*, and quick in turning."
MALONE.

P. 409. *A precious* ring, *that* lightens *all the hole*,] So, in *K. Henry VIII.*

"————a gem,
"To lighten all this iſle."

So alſo, Spenſer's *Faery Queene*, B. VI. c. xi.

"——like a diamond of rich regard,
"In doubtful ſhadow of the darkſome night."
MALONE.

P. 416. n. 7. l. 2. of my note.] For *he*, r. *Titus*.

P. 423. *Marcus, unknit that ſorrow-wreathen knot*;] So, in *The Tempeſt*:

" ——— ——— ſitting
" In that *ſad knot*." MALONE.

P. 424. *O*, handle *not the theme, to talk of* hands;] So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

" ——— thou ———
" *Handleſt* in thy diſcourſe, O, that her *hand*—."
MALONE.

Ibidem. —*ſhe drinks no other drink but tears*;] So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III.

" Ye ſee, *I drink the water of my eyes*."

Again, in *Venus and Adonis*:

" Doſt thou *drink tears*, that thou provok'ſt ſuch weeping?" MALONE.

P. 425. *Out on thee, murderer!* thou kill'ſt my heart.] So, in *K. Henry V.*

" The king hath *kill'd his heart*."

Again, in *Venus and Adonis*:

" That they have *murder'd this poor heart* of mine."
MALONE.

P. 434. *The cloſe enacts and counſels of the heart!*] So, in *Othello*:

" They are *cloſe* denotements working from the *heart*,"—.
MALONE.

P. 438. n. 9. l. ult.] For *Clum*, r. *Cœlum*.

P. 459. n. 9.] The errour here corrected has likewiſe happened in the quarto copies of *Hamlet*, Act I. ſc. ii. " —*let* my extent to the players - - - ſhould more appear like entertainment than yours:"—inſtead of—*Leſt* my extent, &c.
MALONE.

P. 466. l. 12.] For 1663, r. 1664.

ERRATUM in APPENDIX.

P. 590. l. 19.] For *Burton*, r. *Barton*.

GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

OPTANDUM EST, UT IN SINGULIS NATIONIBUS PRODEANT VIRI DOCTI, QUI LINGUÆ SUÆ IDIOMATA, VIM EORUM, NOTIONEM, ORIGINES, SED ET DESUETAS ET PRIDEM OBSOLETAS VOCES, AD AMUSSIM INVESTIGENT EXPLICENTQUE.

DUFRESNE. *Præfat. ad Gloss.*

AN

ALPHABETICAL INDEX,

TO SERVE THE PURPOSES OF

A GLOSSARY

TO THE WORKS OF

SHAKSPEARE,

AND THE CONTEMPORARY DRAMATICK WRITERS:

CONTAINING

References to all the Words and Phrases in his PLAYS and POEMS, which have been explained or illustrated in the preceding NOTES, and in the APPENDIX.

A

ABATED. V. 285, n. 8.
- - - - - - - VII. 250, n. 5.
Abide. IV. 196, n. *.
- - - X. App. 604.
Abjects. VI. 458, n. 9.
Able. VIII. 646, n. 3.
Abraham-Men. VIII. 555, n. 9.
Abridgement. II. 522, n. 3.
- - - - - - IX. 272, n. 9.
Abroad. X. App. 550.
Abſey-book. IV. 457, n. 3.
Abſolute. III. 596, n. 1.
Abuſe. II. 116, n. 5.
Aby. II. 503, n. 4.
Abyſm. X. 283, n. 4.
Accommodate. V. 357, n. 5.
Accoſt. IV. 10, n. 7.
Achilles' Spear. VI. 243, n. 3.
Acknown. IX. 553, n. 5.
Acture. X. 361, n. 5.
Addition. III. 402, n. *.
- - - - - VIII. 152, n. *.
- - - - - - - - 208, n. 8.
- - - - - - - - 220, n. 7.
Addition. VIII. 262, n. *.
- - - - - - - - 494, n. 8.
- - - - - - - - 545, n. 1.
Addreſs'd. II. 330, n. 8.
- - - - - - - 526, n. 2.
- - - - - III. 46, n. 6.
- - - - - - - 533, n. 1.
- - - - - V. 392, n. 2.
- - - - - - 514, n. 2.
- - - - VII. 357, n. 6.
Adjectives, uſed adverbially. III. 441, n. 2.
- - - - - IV. 79, n. 5.
- - - - - - - 180, n. 2.
- - - - - - - 565, n. 6.
- - - - - V. 233, n. 3.
- - - - - VII. 16, n. 9.
Adonis' Gardens. VI. 29, n. 9.
Advertiſement. II. 285, n. 3.
Advice. I. 137, n. 8.
- - - - II. 127, n. 6.
- - - - III. 90, n. 3.
- - - - - - 421, n. 6.
- - - - V. 21, n. 3.

Advice. V. 483, n. 1.
- - - - X. 137, n. 3.
Advised. II. 196, n. 5.
- - - - V. 288, n. 1.
- - - - VI. 251, n. 6.
- - - - - - 502, n. 1.
Adulterate. VI. 571, n. 6.
Affear. I. 64, n. 1.
Affection. II. 392, n. 1.
- - - - - - 41, n. 8.
- - - - - IV. 245, n. 7.
- - - - - X. App. 607.
Affection'd. IV. 41, n. 7.
Affects. IX. 482, n. 6.
Affin'd. IX. 445, n. 6.
- - - - - - 520, n. 7.
Affront. IV. 238, n. 5.
- - - - VIII. 445, n. 3.
- - - - IX. 285, n. 5.
Ages, Seven of Man. III. 162, n. 2.
Aglet-baby. III. 270, n. 2.
Ajax. II. 423, n. 8.
Aiery. VI. 483, n. 8.
- - - IX. 267, n. 8.
Aim. I. 144, n. 5.
- - - IX. 464, n. 9.
Alderliefest. VI. 117, n. 6.
A'-life. IV. 112, n. 5.
All-arm'd. II. 469, n. 5.
Alliteration. II. 369, n. 8.
- - - - - - - - 528, n. 1.
Allow. IV. 8, n. 7.
- - - - - 134, n. 5.
- - - - - 189, n. 5.
- - - V. 384, n. 9.
- - - VIII. 570, n. 8.
- - - X. 185, n. 7.
Allowance. VII. 238, n. 7.
- - - - VIII. 203, n. 3.
- - - - - - - - 506, n. 5.
- - - - - IX. 300, n. 5.
- - - - - - - 451, n. 5.
- - - - - - - 495. n. 4.
Allow'd. I. 239, n. 8.
- - - - II. 418, n. 2.
- - - - VII. 24, n. 5.
- - - - VIII. 127, n. 7.
Alms-drink. VII. 490, n. 9.
Amaimon. I. 241, n. 5.
Ames-Ace. III. 400, n. 4.
Amiss. IX. 358, n. 3.
- - - X. 223, n. 1.
Amort. III. 324, n. 4.
Anatomy. X. App. 640.
Angle. IV. 191, n. 9.
- - - - IX. 405, n. 5.
- - - - X. App. 603.
Anthropophagi. IX. 473, n. 7.
Appay'd. X. 137, n. 4.
Appeal. VII. 508, n. 6.
Apple-John. V. 323, n. 8.
Apply. III. 258, n. 8.
- - - VIII. 162, n. 3.
- - - X. App. 590.
Appointment. II. 64, n. 1.
- - - - - - - VIII. 256, n. 4.
Approbation. IV. 156, n. 9.
- - - - - - - V. 457, n. 4.
Approof. III. 369, n. 1.
Approve. IX. 185, n. 8.
Approved. IX. 519, n. 5.
Argument. II. 217, n. 5.
- - - - - - - - 251, n. 4.
- - - - - - - - 500, n. 4.
- - - - - IV. 189, n. 4.
- - - - - V. 157, n. 1.
- - - - - - - - 506, n. 7.
Arm-gaunt. VII. 453, n. 4.
Aroint. IV. 273, n. 1.
- - - - VIII. 595, n. 2.
Arrive. VI. 376, n. 5.
- - - - VII. 214, n. 7.
- - - - - - - 316, n. 9.
Arthur's Knights. - - - - Show. V. 365, n. 1.
Articulate. V. 244, n. 3.
- - - - - VII. 180, n. 8.
- - - - - - - 398, n. 8.
As. V. 398, n. 8.
- - VII. 318, n. 8.
- - VIII. 461, n. *.
Assay. VIII. 508, n. 5.
- - - - - 673, n. 5.
- - - IX. 248, n. 9.
Assinego. VIII. 186, n. 8.
Assurance. III. 322, n. 9.
- - - - - IX. 391, n. 4.
Assur'd. IV. 487, n. 1.

Aſtringer. III. 458, n. 9.
At any hand. III. 273, n. 2.
Ate. II. 427, n. 8.
- - IV. 464, n. 6.
Atomies. IX. 40, n. 5.
- - - - X. App. 588.
Atomy. V. 432, n. 7.
- - - - X. App. 640.
Atone. VII. 272, n. 8.
- - - IX. 592, n. 1.
Attaſk'd. VIII. 534, n. 1.
Attent. III. 542, n. 6.
- - - - IX. 207, n. 1.
Aunt. IV. 192, n. 7.
Awkward. VI. 182, n. 9.
- - - - - III. 616, n. 2.

B.

Baccare. III. 281, n. 4.
Baffle. IV. 112, n. 8.
Baffled. V. 9, n. *.
Bait. VII. 387, n. 2.
- - - X. App. 665.
Bale. VII. 153, n. 6.
Baleful. VI. 106, n. 9.
Ban. VIII. 556, n. 4.
Band. II. 178, n. 7.
- - - V. 4, n. 2.
- - - VII. 500. n. 7.
Bandog. X. App. 649.
Bandy. VIII. 520, n. 2.
Bankes's horſe. II. 321, n. 9.
Banquet. VII. 490, n. 7.
- - - - IX. 51, n. 1.
Barbaſon. I. 241, n. 5.
- - - - - V. 479, n. 4.
Barbe. VII. 241, n. 7.
Barbed. VI. 454, n. 4.
Barber's chair. III. 394, n. 2.
Barne. IV. 184, n. 2.
Bartholomew Boar-pig. V. 337, n. 4.
Baſe. I. 115, n. 5.
- - - VIII. 442, n. 2.
- - - X. 27, n. 5.
Baſes. III. 524, n. 5.
Baſiliſk. VI. 181, n. *.
Baſiliſk. VI. 192, n. 7.
- - - - - - 467, n. 6.
Baſta. III. 264, n. 4.
Baſtard. II. 73, n. 6.
- - - - V. 167, n. 3.
- - - - X. App. 565.
Bat. VIII. 650, n. 1.
- - - X. 355, n. 3.
Batch. VIII. 271, n. 3.
Bate. III. 317, n. *.
- - - V. 230, n. 9.
Bate-breeding. X. 44, n. 8.
Bating. IX. 100, n. 7.
Batlet. III. 151, n. 3.
Batten. IX. 336, n. 9.
Bauble. III. 455, n. 1.
- - - - IX. 78, n. 5.
Bavin. V. 207, n. 1.
Bawcock. IV. 129, n. 4.
Bay. II. 33, n. 8.
Bay-window. IV. 91, n. 6.
Baynard's Caſtle. VI. 545, n. *.
Bear in hand. II. 23, n. 3.
- - - - - - IV. 357, n. 6.
- - - - - - V. 291, n. 4.
- - - - - - IX. 247, n. 8.
Beards, Shape of. V. 524, n. 2.
Bearing. II. 228, n. 4.
- - - - III. 32, n. 8.
Beaver. V. 230, n. 2.
- - - - IX. 209, n. 5.
- - - - X. App. 634.
Beck. VIII. 33, n. 7.
Bedlam. VI. 245. n. 5.
Bedlam-beggars. VIII. 555, n. 9.
Beetle. IX. 226, n. 7.
Behave. VIII. 68, n. 2.
- - - X. App. 672.
Be-leed. IX. 444, n. 9.
Bell, book, and candle. IV. 510, n. 4.
Bemoil'd. III. 311, n. 8.
Bent. II. 274, n. 9.
Bergomaſk dance. II. 535, n. 9.
Beſhrew. II. 476, n. 9.
Beſtraught. III. 253, n. 7.
Beſtride. V. 245, n. 9.
- - - - - - 289, n. 3.

Beſtride. VI. 256, n. 9.
Beteem. II. 446, n. 6.
- - - - IX. 204, n. 8.
- - - - X. App. 577.
Bevy. VII. 35, n. 2.
- - - X. App. 657.
Bewray. VIII. 542, n. 8.
- - - - - - - 609, n. 9.
Bezonian. V. 429, n. 8.
- - - - - VI. 207, n. 9.
Bickering. VI. 121, n. 2.
Bid. III. 36, n. 3.
- - X. 350, n. 3.
Bid baſe. I. 115, n. 5.
- - - - X. 27, n. 5.
Bid battle. VI. 320, n. 1.
Biggin. V. 400, n. 4.
Bilbo. I. 269, n. 5.
Bill. VI. 50, n. *.
Bill, to put up a. X. App. 648.
Bills. II. 257, n. 2.
- - - III. 129, n. 5.
Bird-bolt. II. 209, n. 9.
Biſſon. VII. 186, n. 6.
- - - IX. 278, n. 1.
Blacks. IV. 130, n. 9.
Blear the eye. III. 340, n. 7.
Blench. II. 106, n. 6.
- - - - IV. 142, n. 3.
- - - - IX. 283, n. 9.
Blenches. X. 281, n. 6.
Blind-worm. IV. 384, n. 7.
Block. II. 210, n. 7.
- - - VIII. 647, n. 5.
Blood. II. 48, n. 7.
- - - - - 229, n. 6.
- - - - - 244, n. 7.
- - - III. 226, n. 5.
- - - VIII. 81, n. 4.
- - - - - - 199, n. 7.
- - - - - - 310, n. 2.
- - - IX. 356, n. 5.
- - - X. 360, n. *.
Blood-bolter'd. IV. 392, n. 7.
- - - - - - - X. App. 612.
Blot. IV. 466, n. 3.
Blow. IV. 53, n. 8.
- - - X. App. 549.
Blown. VII. 599, n. 6.
Blue-caps. V. 181, n. 4.
Blue-coats. III. 312, n. 2.
Board. IV. 11, n. 8.
Bobb'd. IX. 613, n. 9.
Bodkin. IX. 289, n. 2.
Bold. VIII. 660, n. 4.
Bolins. III. 550, n. 7.
Boll'n. X. 163, n. 6.
Bombaſt. V. 179, n. 1.
Bona Roba. V. 354, n. 7.
- - - - - - - 361, n. 1.
Bonneted. VII. 198, n. 5.
Book. V. 204, n. 8.
Books, in his. II. 210, n. 8.
Boot. VI. 571, n. 5.
Boots, to give the. I. 107, n. 4.
Boſom'd. VIII. 660, n. 3.
Botts. V. 147, n. 3.
Bought and ſold. II. 161, n. 6.
- - - - - - - - IV. 558, n. 6.
- - - - - - - - VI. 80, n. 1.
- - - - - - - - - 611, n. 7.
- - - - - - - - VIII. 186, n. 9.
- - - - - - - - X. App. 657.
Bourn. VII. 424, n. 7.
- - - VIII. 208, n. 9.
- - - - - - 602, n. 4.
Brace. III. 523, n. 8.
Brach. III. 245, n. 1.
Braid. III. 439, n. 7.
Brake. II. 483, n. 5.
Brand. X. App. 569.
Brave. II. 98, n. 4.
Brav'd. III. 328, n. 6.
Bravery. II. 400, n. 1.
Brawl. II. 347, n. 3.
Break up. II. 360, n. 6.
- - - - III. 34, n. 2.
- - - - VI. 18, n. 9.
Breaſt. IV. 33, n. 3.
Breech'd. I. 273, n. 5.
Breeching-ſcholar. III. 295, n. 4.
Brewer's horſe. V. 213, n. 8.
Bridal-cup. III. 305, n. 9.
Brief. II. 523, n. 9.
- - - III. 404, n. 8.
- - - IV. 465, n. 3.
- - - V. 239, n. 8.
- - - X. App. 595.

Briefly. VII. 545, n. 1.
Bring home. V. 490, n. 4.
- - - - - - VII. 323, n. 9.
Brize. VII. 520, n. 7.
- - - VIII. 163, n. 7.
Broach. X. 433, n. 8.
Brock. IV. 56, n. 7.
- - - X. App. 601.
Broker. I. 113, n. 9.
- - - - IV. 489, n. 5.
- - - - VIII. 304, n. 9.
Brokers. IX. 218, n. 1.
- - - - - X. 361, n. 2.
Brooch. V. 326, n. 8.
Brooch'd. VII. 571, n. 2.
Brown bills. VIII. 641, n. 1.
Browniſt. IV. 68, n. 9.
Bruit. VI. 363, n. 1.
Bucklers, to give the. II. 297, n. 7.
Buff jerkin. V. 122, n. 2.
Bug. III. 275, n. 8.
- - - VI. 373, n. 4.
- - - VIII. 443, n. 6.
Bulk. VI. 488, n. 3.
- - - IX. 243, n. 5.
Bumbard. I. 48, n. 4.
- - - - - VII. 136, n. 1.
Bung. V. 329, n. 8.
Bunting. III. 411, n. 4.
Burgonet. VII. 452, n. 1.
Burſt. III. 244, n. 6.
- - - - - 312, n. 1.
- - - V. 369, n. 9.
- - - IX. 448, n. 4.
Buſky. V. 241, n. 5.
But. VII. 426, n. 5.
- - - - - 555, n. 2.
But, for only. III. 471, n. 8.
Buxom. V. 521, n. 2.
Buz. IX. 270, n. 2.
By'rlakin. II. 481, n. 2.

C.

Caddis. IV. 209, n. 6.
- - - - V. 167, n. 2.
Caddis. X. App. 629.
Cade. X. App. 650.
Cage. VI. 210, n. *.
Caitiff. V. 12, n. 8.
Calen o cuſture me. X. App. 640.
Caliver. V. 364, n. 6.
Callet. VI. 281, n. 4.
- - - IX. 602, n. 3.
Camelot. VIII. 549, n. 5.
Canaries. I. 233, n. 3.
Canary. III. 388, n. 2.
Candlewaſters. II. 284, n. 2.
Canker. X. 237, n. 4.
Cantle. V. 195, n. 3.
Canvaſs. X. App. 636.
Capable. II. 370, n. 1.
- - - - III. 194, n. 5.
- - - - - - 365, n. 9.
- - - - IV. 490, n. 9.
- - - - VI. 525, n. 7.
- - - - VIII. 239, n. 2.
- - - - IX. 297, n. 8.
- - - - - - 339, n. 8.
- - - - - - 564, n. 3.
Capitulate. V. 210, n. 1.
Capochia. VIII. 244, n. 3.
Captious. III. 381, n. 2.
Captivate. VI. 37, n. 8.
Carack. IX. 459, n. 7.
Carbonado. III. 457, n. 8.
Card. IX. 391, n. 5.
Card of ten. III. 294, n. 2.
Carier. I. 201, n. 3.
- - - - X. App. 555.
Carkanet. II. 158, n. 8.
Carl. VIII. 440, n. 9.
Carper. X. App. 633.
Carpet-knights. IV. 81, n. 8.
Carry coals. V. 509, n. 1.
- - - - - - IX. 7, n. 3.
Carry out. VIII. 663, n. 6.
Carving. I. 209, n. 7.
- - - - II. 411, n. 1.
Caſe. IV. 104, n. 1.
Caſe of lives. X. App. 644.
Caſſock. III. 446, n. 3.
Caſt. III. 191, n. 6.
- - - IX. 511, n. 2.

Caſtilian. X. App. 557.
Caſtle. X. 418, n. 9.
Cat in a bottle. II. 217, n. 6.
Cat, ſhot at. III. 272, n. 7.
Cataian. I. 225, n. 1.
- - - - IV. 37, n. 3.
Catlings. VIII. 239, n. 9.
- - - - IX. 152, n. 8.
Cavalero. V. 425, n. 8.
Caviare. IX. 274, n. 5.
Cautel. IX. 211, n. 2.
- - - X. 369, n. 6.
Cautelous. VII. 337, n. 4.
Ceaſe. III. 465, n. 7.
- - - - - 470, n. 1.
- - - VI. 251, n. 4.
- - - VIII. 36, n. 5.
Cenſer. III. 327, n. 2.
- - - - V. 431, n. 4.
Cenſure. I. 113, n. 8.
- - - - III. 536, n. 9.
- - - - IV. 149, n. 8.
- - - - VI. 111, n. 1.
- - - - - 133, n. 2.
- - - - - 510, n. 9.
- - - - VII. 9, n. 9.
- - - - VIII. 665, n. 1.
- - - - IX. 214, n. 4.
- - - - - 646, n. 6.
- - - - X. 313, n. 7.
Certes. II. 185, n. 5.
- - - - IX. 442, n. 4.
Chace. V. 470, n. 2.
Chamberers. IX. 549, n. 3.
Chambers. V. 326, n. 9.
- - - - - VII. 35, n. 6.
Changeling. II. 458, n. 9.
- - - - - IV. 186, n. 5.
Channel. VI. 280 [Sig. U. 6.] n. 1.
Chapman. II. 327, n. 2.
Charact. II. 110, n. 5.
Character. IV. 183, n. 7.
- - - - - VIII. 540, n. 9.
Charactery. I. 301, n. 2.
- - - - - II. 110, n. 5.
- - - - - VII. 346, n. 4.
Chares. VII. 574, n. 6.
Charge. II. 212, n. 1.
Charge-houſe. II. 395, n. 7.
Charity, Saint. IX. 361, n. 3.
Charles' Wain. V. 146, n. 8.
Charm. VII. 343, n. 8.
Charm her tongue. III. 320, n. 3.
- - - - - - - - VI. 203, n. *.
- - - - - - - - - - 383, n. 2.
- - - - - - - - IX. 631, n. 2.
Charnico. VI. 157, n. 9.
Cheap. II. 327, n. 2.
Cheater. I. 210, n. 8.
- - - - V. 328, n. 5, and 6.
Check. IV. 56, n. 8.
Checking. IX. 376, n. 9.
Cheer. VI. 13, n. 7.
Cherry-pit. IV. 76, n. 9.
Cheveril. IV. 61, n. 6.
- - - - IX. 77, n. 4.
Chewet. V. 242, n. 7.
- - - - X. App. 635.
Chide. V. 502, n. 7.
Chiding. II. 514, n. 3.
- - - - III. 549, n. 1.
- - - - VII. 84, n. 3.
- - - - VIII. 164, n. 1.
Chief. IX. 214, n. 5.
- - - X. App. 684.
Childing. II. 467, n. 8.
Chopine. IX. 273, n. 2.
Chopping. V. 97, n. 4.
Chriſtendom. III. 363, n. 6.
- - - - - IV. 523, n. 3.
Chryſom. V. 491, n. 6.
Cinque-pace. IV. 14, n. 4.
Civil. IX. 100, n. 6.
- - - X. 369, n. *.
- - - - App. 601.
Clack-diſh. II. 79, n. 8.
Clamour. X. App. 606.
Clamour your tongue. IV. 211, n. 2.
Clap hands. IV. 128, n. 9.
- - - - - V. 596, n. 4.
Clean. II. 139, n. 1.
- - - V. 51, n. 5.
- - - VII. 325, n. 4.

Clean-kam. VII. 233, n. 3.
Clear. VIII. 61, n. 9.
- - - - - - 86, n. 4.
- - - X. 108, n. 1.
Cleave the pin. II. 364, n. 3.
- - - - - - - IX. 72, n. 9.
Clinquant. VII. 8, n. 7.
Clip. I. 75, n. 9.
- - - VII. 551, n. 7.
Clipping. IV. 246, n. 8.
Clofely. IV. 528, n. 3.
Cloth, painted. III. 179, n. 9.
- - - - - - - X. 100, n. 5.
- - - - - - - - App. 588.
Clout. II. 364, n. 2.
- - - V. 357, n. 2.
- - - VIII. 642, n. 2.
Cloy. VIII. 451, n. 3.
Clubs. III. 219, n. 6.
- - - VI. 22, n. 1.
- - - VII. 133, n. 3.
- - - IX. 10, n. 1.
- - - X. 396, n. 4.
Coaft. X. 55, n. *.
Cob-loaf. VIII. 185, n. 5.
- - - - X. App. 675.
Cock. VIII. 637, n. 8.
Cockle. VII. 221, n. 9.
Cock-fhut time. VI. 599, n. 1.
- - - - - - - X. App. 656.
Codding. X. 447, n. 5.
Coffin. X. 455, n. 4.
Cognizance. VI. 43, n. 5.
Collection. VIII. 471, n. 1.
- - - - - IX. 357, n. 8.
Collied. IX. 519, n. 4.
Colours. VI. 67, n. 5.
Colt. III. 13, n. 3.
- - - V. 155, n. 2.
Co-mart. IX. 189, n. 9.
Combinate. II. 71, n. 1.
Come off. I. 282, n. 4.
- - - - - II. 28, n. 3.
Comfort. IV. 162, n. 5.
- - - - VII. 344, n. 1.
Comforting. VIII. 600, n. 4.
Commence. V. 391, n. 9.
Commend. IV. 167, n. 8.
- - - - - - - 179, n. 9.
- - - - - V. 65, n. *.
- - - - - X. 112, n. 9.
Comment. III. 404, n. 9.
Commodity. IV. 489, n. 4.
- - - - - V. 301, n. 7.
Compact. II. 165, n. 8.
- - - - - - 521, n. 3.
- - - - III. 157, n. 6.
Companies. II. 450, n. 1.
- - - - - V. 454, n. 4.
Companion. VII 260, n. 3.
- - - - - - - 392, n. 3.
- - - - - - VIII. 350, n. 4.
- - - - - - IX. 603, n. 6.
Company. III. 441, n. 3.
Competitor. I. 140, n. 7.
- - - - - II. 330, n. 7.
- - - - - - IV. 90, n. 3.
- - - - - - VI. 589, n. 6.
- - - - - - VII. 445, n. 7.
Complain. V. 12, n. 7.
Complement. II. 314, n. 9.
- - - - - - - 348, n. 6.
- - - - - - V. 487, n. 3.
Compofition. IX. 464, n. 8.
Conceit. III. 548, n. 6.
- - - - IV. 512, n. 8.
- - - - V. 39. n. 2.
- - - - VI. 536, n. 8.
- - - - IX. 89, n. 3.
- - - - - - 339, n. 6.
- - - - X. 164, n. 9.
Concent. II. 416, n. 5.
- - - - IV. 317, n. 4.
- - - - V. 413, n. *.
- - - - - - 464, n. 5.
- - - - - - 483, n. 8.
- - - - VI. 5, n. 3.
- - - - VIII. 125, n. 1.
- - - - - - 192, n. 6.
- - - - - - 195, n. *.
Conclufions. VII. 600, n. 7.
- - - - - - VIII. 334, n. 3.
- - - - - - IX. 344, n. 7.
- - - - - - - 561, n. 9.

Conclusions. X. 151, n. 7.
Condition. III. 16, n. 2.
- - - - - - - - 136, n. 6.
- - - - - V. 131, n. 7.
- - - - - - - - 600, n. 3.
- - - - - VII. 343, n. 7.
- - - - - VIII. 504, n. 9.
- - - - - IX. 506, n. 4.
- - - - - - - - 590, n. 7.
Conditions. I. 152, n. 5.
- - - - II. 254, n. 7.
- - - - III. 348, n. 3.
- - - - - - - 446, n. 4.
- - - - - - - 449, n. *.
- - - - - - - 549, n. 9.
- - - - V. 589, n. *.
- - - - VIII. 95, n. 8.
- - - - - - - 630, n. *.
Condolement. IX. 201, n. 5.
Conduct. I. 98, n. 7.
- - - - V. 79, n. *.
- - - - VI. 163, n. *.
- - - - IX. 95, n. 1.
- - - - - - - 168, n. 6.
- - - - X. 104, n. 4.
Conduits. III. 204. n. 6.
- - - - IV. 246, n. 9.
Coney-catch'd. III. 340, n. 6.
Confound. V. 506, n. 4.
- - - - - VII. 171, n. 8.
- - - - - - - - 426, n. 7.
- - - - - - - 448, n. 5.
- - - - - - - 502, n. 2.
- - - - - VIII. 213, n. 9.
- - - - - - - 327, n. 3.
- - - - - X. 96, n. *.
- - - - - - - 163, n. *.
Conjurer. III. 475, n. 7.
Considered. IV. 233, n. 6.
Consign'd. V. 379, n. 4.
- - - - - VIII. 250, n. 5.
- - - - - - - 428, n. 1.
Consist. III. 510, n. 5.
Constant. VIII. 489, n. 4.
Consuls. IX. 444, n. 8.
- - - - - - - 458, n. 5.
Contain. III. 100, n. 4.
Contain. X. App. 582.
Con thanks. VIII. 112, n. 8.
Continent. VII. 563, n. 3.
- - - - - VIII. 583, n. 8.
- - - - - IX. 356, n. 6.
Continuate. VIII. 5, n. 4.
- - - - - IX. 578, n. 7.
Contrary. IX. 49, n. 2.
Contrive. III. 278, n. 4.
Convented. VII. 113, n. 5.
Converse. VIII. 518, n. 6.
Convertite. IV. 547, n. 8.
- - - - - X. 128, n. 3.
Convey. VIII. 511, n. 5.
Conveyance. II. 231, n. 3.
- - - - - - VI. 317, [Sig. Z.] n. 2.
Convicted. IV. 514, n. 4.
- - - - - X. App. 616.
Convince. II. 429, n. 8.
- - - - - III. 503, n. 9.
- - - - - IV. 310, n. 2.
- - - - - - - 407, n. 5.
- - - - - VIII. 330, n. 7.
Convinc'd. IX. 582, n. 5.
Convive. VIII. 269, n. 1.
Cooling-card. VI. 98, n. 3.
Copatain hat. III. 339, n. 5.
Cope. VII. 24, n. 3.
Copes-mate. X. 138, n. 5.
Copy. II. 190, n. 1.
Corporal. X. App. 574.
Corporal of the field. II. 356, n. 8.
Corruptibly. IV. 564, n. 4.
Corsive. VI. 195, n. 6.
Costard. II. 350, n. 4.
- - - - VI. 493, n. 8.
- - - - VIII. 650, n. 9.
Coster-monger. V. 298, n. 7.
Cote. IX. 262, n. 2.
Cotswold Games. I. 195, n. 3.
- - - - - - - - V. 353, n. 5.
Couch. IX. 610, n. 8.
Counsel. I. 197, n. 6.
Counter-caster. IX. 445, n. 1.
Counterfeit. III. 59, n. 5.

Counterfeit. III. 441, n. 5.
- - - - - IV. 495, n. 8.
- - - - - VIII. 199, n. 6.
- - - - - IX. 75, n. 6.
- - - - - X. 204, n. 8.
Counterpoint. III. 292, n. 4.
County. II. 278, n. 8.
- - - - III. 13, n. 4.
- - - - - - 431, n. *.
- - - - IV. 27, n. 2.
- - - - IX. 42, n. 6.
- - - - - - 122, n. 7.
Couplement. II. 420, n. 9.
- - - - - X. 208, n. 5.
Court cup-board. IX. 45, n. 8.
Court of guard. VII. 553, n. 5.
- - - - - - IX. 505, n. 7.
- - - - - - - - 520, n. 6.
Courtesy. V. 206, n. 7.
Court'sy. X. 160, n. 9.
Court-leet. X. App. 590.
Cousin. VI. 504, n. 4.
- - - - IX. 47, n. 3.
Cower. III. 584, n. 9.
- - - - VI. 183, n. 1.
Cowl-staff. X. App. 559.
Coxcomb. VIII. 521, n. 6.
Coy. II. 509, n. 7.
- - X. App. 579.
Coystrel. III. 604, n. 2.
- - - - - IV. 10, n. 4.
Cozier. IV. 38, n. 7.
Crack. V. 356, n. 1.
- - - - VII. 163, n. 5.
Cranking. V. 195, n. 2.
- - - - X. App. 631.
Crants. IX. 395, n. 9.
Craven. III. 287, n. 2.
- - - - VIII. 392, n. *.
- - - - IX. 355, n. 3.
Crayer. X. App. 679.
Cresset. V. 192, n. 4.
Crewel. VIII. 558, n. 9.
Cried game. I. 245, n. 6.
Critical. II. 523, n. 2.
- - - - IX. 500, n. 6.
Critick. II. 381, n. 8.
- - - - VIII. 283, n. 2.
Critick. X. 283, n. 5.
Crocodili lacrymæ. IX. 592, n. 2.
Crone. IV. 163, n. 9.
Crosby Place. VI. 469, n. 2.
Cross. II. 321, n. 8.
- - - III. 150, n. 8.
- - - V. 300, n. 4.
Crow-keeper. VIII. 641, n. 8.
- - - - - - IX. 34, n. 1.
Crush. IX. 508, n. 5.
Cruzado. IX. 567, n. 2.
Cry. VII. 249, n. 2.
- - - - - 275, n. 7.
- - - IX. 316, n. 9.
Cry aim. I. 251, n. 9.
- - - - IV. 471, n. 3.
Cry havock. IV. 477, n. 7.
- - - - - VII. 232, n. 1.
- - - - - - - - 368, n. 9.
Cry hold. IV. 298, n. 9.
- - - - - - - 433, n. 9.
Cry on. IX. 425, n. 9.
- - - - - 615, n. 6.
- - - X. App. 686.
Crystal button. V. 166, n. 8.
Crystals. V. 495, n. 9.
Cry woe. VIII. 581, n. *.
Cub-drawn. VIII. 576, n. 9.
Cue. II. 484, n. 9.
- - - VI. 534, n. 6.
Cuisses. V. 231, n. 3.
Cunning. III. 261, n. 4.
- - - - - - - 556, n. 7.
- - - - - V. 186, n. 9.
- - - - - IX. 532, n. 9.
Curb. IX. 341, n. 4.
Curfew. VIII. 594, n. *.
Curiosity. VIII. 106, n. 4.
- - - - - - - 487, n. 4.
- - - - - - - 505, n. 6.
Curious. III. 333, n. 6.
- - - - VII. 501, n. 8.
Curst. II. 502, n. 1.
- - - IV. 69, n. 1.
- - - - - 186, n. 8.
- - - VIII. 540, n. 7.
Curtal. III. 399, n. 8.
Custard-coffin. III. 326, n. 1.

Cuſtomer. II. 185, n. *.
- - - - - III. 475, n. 5.
- - - - - IX. 587, n. 1.
Cut. IV. 43, n. 1.
- - - V. 146, n. 9.
Cut and long-tail. I. 264, n. 4.
Cuttle. V. 330, n. 9.
Cypreſs. IV. 46, n. 1.
- - - - X. App. 599.
Cyprus. IV. 66, n. 2.

D.

Daff. II. 244, n. 8.
- - - - 286, n. 6.
- - - X. 369, n. 5.
Dagonet. V. 365, n. 1.
Damn. VII 382, n. 3.
Danger, within his. III. 81, n. 1.
- - - - - - - - - X. 43, n. 6.
Darkling. VII. 569, n. 6.
Darnel. VIII. 632, n. 9.
Date. III. 361, n. 2.
Dawning. VIII. 543, n. 5.
Deal upon. VI. 563, n. *.
- - - - - VII. 523, n. 6.
Dear. VIII. 130, n. 6.
- - - - - - 631, n. 7.
- - - IX. 162, n. 1.
Deareſt. IX. 206, n. 5.
- - - - - - 469, n. 2.
Dearn. III. 543, n. 9.
- - - VIII. 612, n. 5.
Death's Fool. II. 60, n. 4.
Debitor. X. App. 686.
Deboſh'd. I. 61, n. 5.
Deck. I. 14, n. 4.
Deck of Cards. VI. 369, n. 3.
Decline. VI. 572, n. *.
Defeat. III. 403, n. 5.
- - - - IX. 281, n. 2.
- - - - - 488, n. 3.
Defeatures. II. 148, n. 5.
- - - - - - - 198, n. 8.
- - - - - X. 48, n. 8.
Deftly. IV. 388, n. 9.
Defy. II. 69, n. 4.
- - - IV. 515, n. 7.
- - - V. 142, n. 5.
Deject. IX. 295, n. 9.
Demerits. VII. 158, n. 4.
- - - - IX. 456, n. 9.
Demiſe. VI. 578, n. 4.
Denay. IV. 51, n. 5.
Denier. VI. 471, n. 7.
Depart. II. 332, n. 3.
- - - - IV. 488, n. 2.
- - - - VI. 296, [Sign. X 6] n. 3.
- - - - VIII. 19, n. 6.
Deprive. VIII. 506, n. 7.
Deracinate. V. 592, n. 5.
Derogate. VIII. 531, n. 5.
Deſcant. I. 115, n. 3.
- - - - VI. 455, n. 7.
Deſign. V. 10, n. 4.
Deſign'd. IX. 189, n. 1.
Deſperate Dick. X. App. 576.
Detected. X. App. 565.
Determination. X. 202, n. 8.
Determine. VII. 292, n. *.
Determin'd. V. 403, n. 1.
- - - - - - VI. 84, n. *.
Dewberries. II. 487, n. 1.
Diana, Statue of. III. 204, n. 6.
Diana's knight. X. App. 572.
Dick, outroaring. II. 417, n. 8.
Die the death. II. 58, n. 6.
- - - - - - - 444, n. 8.
Diet. III. 472, n. 2.
Difference. II. 210, n. 5.
- - - - - IX. 370, n. 1.
Diffuſe. VIII. 517, n. 5.
Diffuſed. I. 284, n. 1.
- - - - V. 593, n. 8.
- - - - VI. 464, n. 1.
Digreſſing. V. 95, n. 9.
Digreſſion. II. 325, n. 5.
- - - - - X. 98, n. 9.
Dilation. IX. 536, n. 9.
Diſable. VI. 97, n. 1.
Diſappointed. IX. 232, n. 8.
Diſcandy. VII. 538, n. 7.
Diſcloſe. IX. 295, n. 4.

Diſcloſe. IX. 398, n. 6.
Diſcontent. V. 244, n. 5.
- - - - - VII. 448, n. 8.
Diſcovery. X. 67, n. 8.
- - - - - - App. 689.
Diſcourſe. IV. 97, n. 2.
- - - - - IX. 355, n. 2.
Diſeaſe, VI. 47, n. 6.
- - - - VIII. 497, n. 1.
Diſeaſes. III. 226, n. 6.
Diſme. VIII. 190, n. 5.
Diſnatur'd. VIII. 531, n. 6.
Diſſemble. VI. 505, n. 6.
Diſſembling. VI. 455, n. 6.
Diſtemper. V. 484, n. 2.
Diſtemperature. II. 466, n. 5.
Diſtempering. IX. 448, n. 6.
Diſtractions. VII. 517, n. 1.
Diſtraught. IX. 142, n. 9.
Diverted. III. 148, n. 2.
- - - - - X. 351, n. 4.
Diviſion. IX. 118, n. 1.
Do. II. 11, n. 4.
- - III. 69, n. 3.
- - VIII. 244, n. 2.
Doff. IV. 410, n. 9.
- - - - - 497, n. 4.
- - - VII. 545, n. 2.
Doing. III. 406, n. 4.
- - - IV. 140, n. 9.
Dole. V. 287, n. 8.
Dolphin. III. 397, n. 3.
Don. VII. 458, n. 5.
- - - IX. 360, n. 1.
- - - X. 385, n. 4.
Done. VI. 79, n. 8.
- - - - - 84, n. 2.
- - - - - 326, [Signat. Z 5.] n. 6.
- - - VIII. 53, n. *.
- - - X. 49, n. 2.
- - - - - 87, n. 6.
- - - - - 350, n. 6.
- - - - - 433, n. 7.
Done to death. II. 299, n. 2.
- - - - - - - VI. 263 [Signat. T 6] n. *.
- - - - - - - - - 271 [Signat. U 2] n. 9.
Door, make the. II. 162, n. 1.
- - - - - - - III. 205, n. 8.
Double. IX. 455, n. 6.
- - - - X. App. 686.
Dout. V. 552, n. 8.
- - - IX. 221, n. 6.
Dowle. I. 69, n. 7.
Down-gyved. IX. 243, n. 4.
Drachma. VII. 378, n. 6.
Dragons of the night. II. 505, n. 8.
- - - - - - - - - VI. 200, n. 9.
- - - - - - - - - VIII. 355, n. 9.
Drain. VI. 184, n. 5.
Draught. VIII. 123, n. 7.
- - - - - - - 274, n. *.
Draw dry-foot. II. 177, n. 2.
Drolleries. I. 66, n. 4.
Duke. II. 316, n. 4.
- - - - - 442, n. 1.
- - - V. 508, n. 5.
Dullard. VIII. 465, n. 7.
Dump. IX. 150, n. 3.
- - - X. 149, n. 9.
Dun's the mouſe. IX. 36, n. 5.
- - - - - - - - - X. App. 683.
Dup. IX. 360, n. 2.

E.

Eager. VI. 297, [Signat. X 7.] n. 8.
- - - IX. 219, n. 4.
- - - X. 287, n. 8.
Ear. (verb) III. 373, n. 1.
- - - - - V. 60, n. 1.
- - - - - VII. 449, n. 2.
Earing. VII. 435, n. 7.
Eath. VI. 160, n. 5.
Eche. III. 543, n. 7.
Ecſtacy. I. 71, n. 4.
- - - - II. 243, n. *.
- - - - IV. 361, n. 9.
- - - - IX. 295, n. 3.
- - - - - - 340, n. 2.
- - - - X. 56, n. 6.
Edward Shovelboards. I. 199, n. 5.
E'en and in, confounded. III. 373, n. 9.
- - - - - - - - - IV. 21, n. 3.

Effect. VI. 466, n. 5.
- - - IX. 340, n. 9.
- - - - - 353, n. 5.
Eggs for money, to take. IV. 132, n. 2.
- - - - - - - - - - X. App. 602.
Eisel. IX. 397, n. 1.
- - - X. 282, n. 2.
Eld. II. 62, n. 5.
- - X. App. 564.
Elf. VIII. 555, n. 8.
Elliptical Sentences. IV. 504, n. 5.
- - - - - - - - V. 488, n. 8.
- - - - - - - - VIII. 130, n. 8.
- - - - - - - - - - 472, n. 3.
- - - - - - - - IX. 469, n. 3.
- - - - - - - - X. App. 615.
Emanuel. VI. 212, n. 7.
- - - - - X. App. 683.
Embarquement. VII. 183, n. 6.
Embosf'd. III. 246, n. 2.
- - - - - - 430, n. 6.
- - - - V. 221, n. 9.
- - - - VII. 560, n. 5.
Emmew. II. 65, n. 7.
Empery. V. 467, n. 6.
- - - - VIII. 344, n. 8.
Emulation. VI. 81, n. 5.
- - - - VIII. 197, n. 2.
Emulous. VIII. 207, n. 6.
Enactures. IX. 311, n. 9.
Enchanter. III. 475, n. 7.
Enfeoff'd. V. 209, n. 7.
Engine. I. 39, n. 5.
Engrofs. VI. 548, n. 2.
Enfconce. I. 232, n. 1.
- - - - - X. 169, n. 3.
- - - - - - 234, n. 9.
Enfeamed. IX. 338, n. 1.
Entertain. I. 209, n. 1.
- - - - - VII. 257, n. 7.
- - - - - VIII. 433, n. 5.
Entertainment. IX. 548, n. 6.
Entreatments. IX. 217, n. 8.
Envy. III. 73, n. 2.
- - - VI. 75, n. 6.
- - - VII. 42, n. 1.
- - - - - 70, n. 5.
- - - - - 175, n. 2.
Envy. VII. 246, n. 4.
- - - - - 338, n. 6.
- - - - - 590, n. 2.
- - - VIII. 220, n. 8.
- - - IX. 357, n. 7.
Ephefian. I. 286, n. *.
- - - - V. 318, n. 6.
Equipage. I. 230, n. 4.
- - - - - X. App. 556.
Erewhile. II. 361, n. 4.
Efcape. X. 434, n. 2.
Efcoted. IX. 267, n. 9.
Efpials, VI. 22, n. 3.
Effay. VIII. 508, n. 5.
Eftate. IX. 394, n. 7.
Even-chriftian. IX. 386, n. 5.
Even pleached. V. 592, n. 4.
Evils. II. 44, n. 1.
- - - VII. 41, n. 8.
- - - X. App. 563.
Excrement. II. 396, n. 9.
- - - - - - III. 57, n. 6.
- - - - - - IV. 230, n. 9.
Execution. IX. 564, n. 5.
Exercife. VI. 531, n. 1.
- - - - IX. 568, n. 5.
Exhibition. I. 119, n. 3.
- - - - - VIII. 507, n. 3.
- - - - - IX. 479, n. 6.
Exigent. VI. 46, n. 2.
Exorcifer. VIII. 428, n. 2.
Exorcifm. VI. 138, n. *.
Exorcift. III. 745, n. 7.
- - - - VII. 437, n. 7.
Expedience. V. 112, n. 7.
- - - - - - - 558, n. 3.
- - - - - VII. 438, n. 5.
Expedient. IV. 464, n. 5.
- - - - - V. 25, n. 7.
- - - - - VI. 175, n. *.
- - - - - - - 470, n. 3.
Expediently. III. 167, n. 6.
- - - - - - - - 404, n. 8.
Expiate. VI. 533, n. 4.
- - - - X. 209, n. 1.
Expofture. VII. 252, n. 1.
Expulfed. VI. 63, n. 9.
Exfufflicate. IX. 544, n. 4.
Extacy, See Ecftacy.

Extended. VII. 433, n. 6.
Extent. III. 167, n. 5.
- - - - IV. 89, n. 4.
Extirped. VI. 63, n. 8.
Extravagant. IX. 194, n. 3.
- - - - - - - - - 451, n. 7.
Eyaſes. IX. 267, n. 8.
Eyas-muſket. I. 254, n. 7.
Eye of Sleep. X. App. 684.
Eyry. IX. 267, n. 8.

F.

Face. VI. 100, n. 4.
Faded. IX. 194, n. 4.
Fadge, II. 397, n. 2.
- - - - IV. 32, n. 8.
Fadings. IV. 208, n. 2.
- - - - - X. App. 605.
Fair. II. 148, n. 6.
- - - - - 448, n. 4.
- - - III. 170, n. 6.
- - - X. 206, n. 6.
Fairy. II. 177, n. 9.
- - - - VII. 552, n. 8.
Faitours. V. 332, n. 8.
Falſe concord. I. 46, n. 8.
- - - - - - - II. 419, n. 7.
- - - - - - - VIII. 357, n. 4.
Falſely. II. 311, n. 5.
Falſtaff, never called Oldcaſtle by Shakſpeare. V. 119, n. 1.
- - - - - - - - - 354, n. 8.
- - - - - - - - - 442, n. 6.
Falſtaff's ſack. X. App. 626.
Familiar. VI. 226, n. 4.
Fancies. V. 369, n. 7.
Fancy. II. 447, n. 2.
- - - - - - 516, n. 1.
- - - - III. 56, n. *.
- - - - - - 195, n. 6.
- - - - IV. 222, n. 9.
- - - - X. 98, n. 8.
- - - - - - 354, n. 2.
- - - - - - 362, n. 8.
- - - - - - App. 591.
Fancy, in hat. III. 301, n. 4.
- - - - - - - - X. App. 591.
Fantaſy. VII. 340, n. 2.
Farſed. V. 548, n. 4.
Faſhions. III. 300, n. 8.
Faſt and looſe. VII. 558, n. 2.
Favour. II. 89, n. 5.
- - - - - - 449, n. 6.
- - - - - IV. 44, n. 4.
- - - - - VII. 328, n. 3.
- - - - - VIII. 458, n. 6.
- - - - - IX. 393, n. 24
- - - - - - - - 576, n. 1.
- - - - - X. 284, n. 2.
Favours. V. 79, n. 4.
- - - - - - - - 211, n. 3.
- - - - - VIII. 611, n. 9.
Fear. III. 23, n. 3.
- - - - V. 398, n. 5.
- - - - VI. 320, [Sig. Z. 2] n. 7.
- - - - - - 373, n. 4.
- - - - VII. 485, n. 9.
Fearful. I. 31, n. 1.
- - - - - III. 22, n. 8.
Feat. VIII. 312, n. 6.
- - - - - - 458, n. 3.
Feature. III. 185, n. 2.
- - - - - VI. 455, n. 6.
- - - - - VII. 484, n. 6.
- - - - - VIII. 460, n. 9.
- - - - - - - - - 625, n. 8.
- - - - - - X. App. 588.
Federary. IV. 151, n. 6.
- - - - X. App. 603.
Feeders. VII. 535, n. 6.
- - - - - VIII. 46, n. 7.
Feere. X. 429, n. 3.
Fell. VIII. 666, n. 9.
Fellow. IV. 75, n. 7.
Feodary. II. 55, n. 4.
- - - - - VIII. 380, n. 2.
- - - - - X. App. 564.
Fet. V. 506, n. 6.
Fierce. II. 434, n. 5.
- - - - IV. 515, n. 5.
- - - - VII. 10, n. 6.
- - - - VIII. 469, n. 6.
Fifteen. VI. 221, n. 6.
Fig. V. 429, n. 9.
- - - - - 523, n. 8.

Fig. X. App. 640.
Fight the courſe. IV. 430, n. 2.
Filed. II. 393, n. 2.
Fills. VIII. 217, n. 7.
Fine. III. 474, n. 4.
Firè-drake. VII. 132, n. *.
Firk. V. 565, n. 9.
Firſt houſe. II. 499, n. 2.
- - - - - IX. 73, n. 7.
- - - - - X. App. 683.
Firſtling. IV. 394, n. 1.
Firy triplicity. X. App. 636.
Fit. VIII. 211, n. 3.
Fitchew. VIII. 643, n. 4.
- - - - IX. 589, n. 4.
Five Wits. IV. 94, n. 3.
Flap-dragon. II. 394, n. 2.
- - - - - V. 339, n. 8.
Flap-jack. III. 520, n. 4.
Flaſk. II. 425, n. 2.
Flat caps. II. 215, n. 8.
- - - - - - 409, n. 3.
Flaw. III. 550, n. 4.
- - - VI. 177, n. 8.
- - - VII. 290, n. 7.
- - - IX. 394, n. 4.
Flaws. V. 393, n. 5.
Flecked. IX. 67, n. 3.
Fleet. VI. 160, n. 4.
- - - VII. 538, n. 8.
Fleeting. VI. 489, n. 5.
Flew'd. II. 515, n. 6.
Flibbertigibbet. VIII. 594, n. 9.
Flight. II. 209, n. 8.
Florentius. III. 269, n. 9.
Flouriſh. IV. 86, n. 8.
Foin. VIII. 651, n. 2.
Foiſon. I. 40, n. 6.
- - - - IV. 405, n. 6.
- - - - VII. 492, n. 6.
Folly. IX. 628, n. 3.
- - - X. 119, n. 1.
- - - - - 134, n. 3.
Fond. II. 503, n. 2.
- - - III. 66, n. 5.
- - - VI. 37, n. 9.
- - - - - 165, n. *.
- - - VII. 252, n. 7.
- - - X. 147, n. 2.
Fool. III. 371, n. 3.
Fool-begg'd. II. 146, n. 8.
Fools nick'd. X. App. 569.
Footcloth. VI. 223, n. 3.
- - - - - - - 538, n. 3.
Forbid. IV. 275, n. 9.
Force. II. 416, n. 3.
- - - VII. 237, n. 5.
Foredo. IX. 244, n. 6.
- - - - - 394, n. 6.
Foredone. II. 536, n. 3.
- - - - VIII. 683, n. 3.
Foredoom'd. VIII. 683, n. 3.
Forefended. VIII. 659, n. 1.
Foreheads, low. I. 85, n. 3.
- - - - - - - - 176, n. 1.
- - - - - - - VII. 505, n. 7.
Foreflow. VI. 285, [Signat. X.] n. 3.
Foreſpeak. VII. 514, n. 1.
Forfeit. X. App. 568.
Formal. II. 117, n. 8.
- - - - - - 192, n. 3.
- - - - IV. 56, n. 9.
- - - - VI. 520, n. 7.
- - - - VII. 480, n. 7.
Former. VII. 403, n. 6.
Forſpend. V. 281, n. 2.
Fox-furr'd. X. App. 565.
Frame. III. 485, n. 2.
Frampold. I. 235, n. 7.
Frank. V. 318, n. 5.
- - - VI. 484, n. 2.
Franklin. IV. 250, n. 7.
- - - - V. 149, n. 2.
- - - - VIII. 383, n. 3.
Free. IV. 45, n. 7.
- - - X. App. 599.
French crowns. II. 456, n. 8.
Frippery. I. 84, n. 6.
Frontier. V. 131, n. 8.
- - - - - - 160, n. 9.
Frontlet. X. App. 680.
Fruſh. VIII. 299, n. 8.
Full. II. 248, n. 4.
- - - III. 485, n. 8.
- - - VII. 534, n. 5.
- - - VIII. 252, n. 3.
- - - IX. 447, n. 1.

Full poor. I. 8, n. 2.
Full ſcarce. VI. 9, n. 9.
Fulſome. III. 19, n. 9.
- - - - VI. 603, n. 1.
Fumbling. VIII. 171, n. 5.
Furniſhings. VIII. 577, n. 5.
Fuſtilarian. V. 308, n. 4.

G.

Gaberdine. I. 49, n. 8.
Gad. VIII. 507, n. 4.
- - - X. 429, n. *.
Gain-giving. IX. 415, n. 4.
Gainſay. VII. 62, n. 3.
Galliard. V. 469, n. 8.
Galliaſs. III. 293, n. 8.
Gallimawfry. I. 223, n. 4.
Gallow. VIII. 582, n. 4.
Gallow-glaſſes. IV. 267, n. 1.
- - - - - - - VI. 232, n. 6.
Game. II. 451, n. 4.
Gameſter. III. 471, n. 2.
Garboils. VII. 442, n. 8.
Garden-houſe. II. 116, n. 6.
Gariſh. IX. 101, n. 2.
Gaſted. VIII. 539, n. 3.
Gaudy. VII. 539, n. 3.
Gawds. II. 443, n. 6.
- - - - - 517, n. 3.
- - - - III. 278, n. 7.
Gaze. VII. 324, n. 3.
Gear. VI. 167, n. 7.
Gear, For this. X. App. 581.
Generous. II. 108, n. 9.
- - - - - IX. 551, n. 9.
Genius. VII. 333, n. 5.
Gentility. II. 313, n. 4.
German clock. II. 356, n. 2.
Germens. IV. 387, n. 8.
Gentle. IV. 144, n. 7.
- - - - VI. 478, n. 4.
- - - - X. 134, n. 3.
Geſts. IV. 125, n. 1.
Ghoſt. VI. 185, n. 8.
Gib-cat. V. 123, n. 5.
Giglot. II. 122, n. 9.
- - - - VI. 88, n. 4.
- - - - VIII. 375, n. 7.
Gilt. V. 404, n. 5.
Gilt. V. 473, n. 2.
- - - - 561, n. 8.
- - - VI. 280 [Signat. U. 6] n. 9.
- - - VII. 162, n. 2.
Gimmal. V. 554, n. 6.
- - - - VI. 13, n. 5.
Ging. I. 277.
- - - X. App. 559.
Gird. III. 344, n. 6.
- - - V. 290, n. 6.
- - - VI. 15, n. 1.
- - - VII. 157, n. 2.
Gis. IX. 361, n. 3.
Glaives. V. 373, n. 1.
Glaſs-gazing. X. App. 680.
Gleek. II. 486, n. 9.
- - - IX. 150, n. 4.
Gleeking. V. 588, n. 5.
Glib. IV. 155, n. 6.
Gloves, worn in hats. VIII. 591, n. 1.
- - - -, ſweet. IV. 212, n. 4.
Gloze. V. 458, n. 8.
Gnarled. II. 40, n. 6.
- - - - X. App. 563.
God dig you den. II. 359, n. 5.
God 'ield. IX. 359, n. 7.
God 'ild. III. 225, n. 3.
God's fonties. III. 26, n. 5.
God yield. IV. 301, n. 9.
- - - - - VII. 542, n. 2.
Gold potable. V. 406, n. 8.
Gongarian. I. 207, n. 2.
Good cheap. V. 215, n. 5.
Good-fellow, Robin. II. 459, n. 3.
Good-jer. I. 217, n. 1.
Good lord. V. 389, n. 1.
- - - - - X. App. 639.
Good-man. X. App. 601.
Good maſter. IV. 251, n. *.
Good-nights. V. 369, n. 7.
Good time. I. 118, n. 2.
- - - - - - II. 70, n. 8.
Good year. II. 221, n. 6.
Gorbellied. V. 157, n. 7.
Goſſamer. VIII. 639, n. 6.
- - - - - IX. 89, n. 2.
Goujeers. VIII. 666, n. 8.
Gracious. I. 156, n. 6.
- - - - - II. 271, n. 3.

Gracious. IV. 518, n. 7.
- - - - - VII. 191, n. 9.
- - - - - X. 243, n. 6.
Gramercy. X. 431, n. 5.
Grange. II. 73, n. 5.
- - - - IX. 449, n. 7.
- - - - X. App. 565.
Gratulate. X. App. 568.
Greaves. V. 373, n. 1.
Greek. IV. 87, n. 2.
Greenly. IX. 362, n. 7.
Grief. IV. 49, n. 3.
- - - V. 237, n. 9.
- - - - - 376, n. 3.
- - - VII. 386, n. *.
- - - - - 465, n. 8.
- - - X. App. 600.
- - - - - 635.
Grise. IV. 66, n. 4.
- - - IX. 476, n. 7.
Grize. VIII. 85, n. 1.
Guard. IV. 528, n. 5.
- - - V. 53, n. 3.
Guarded. III. 29, n. 1.
Guards. II. 66, n. 9.
Guerdon. II. 354, n. 3.
Guinea hen. IX. 487, n. 6.
Guinever. II. 364, n. 1.
Gules. IX. 275, n. 3.

H.

Haggard. II. 248, n. 3.
- - - - IV. 62, n. 1.
- - - - IX. 548, n. 9.
Haggard, To man a. III. 317, n. 5.
Hair, againſt the. I. 243, n. 4.
- - - - - - - VIII. 152, n. 2.
- - - - - - - - IX. 78, n. 6.
Hair, falſe, worn by women. I. 176, n. 8.
- - - - - - - II. 239, n. 9.
- - - - - - - - 385, n. 8.
- - - - - - - III. 57, n. 9.
- - - - - - - VIII. 96, n. 1.
- - - - - - - X. 248, n. 6.
Hair-lock. II. 295, n. 5.
Halcyon. VIII. 548, n. 3.
Half-faced. V. 141, n. 3.
- - - - - X. App. 628.
Half-kirtle. V. 432, n. 6. (See Kirtle.)
Hand, at any. III. 273, n. 2.
Hand, dry. IV. 11, n. 9.
- - -, moiſt. VII. 432, n. 2.
Hands, waſhed before dinner and ſupper. III. 292, n. 3.
- - - - - - - - - - 315, n. 3.
- - - - - - - - X. App. 592.
Handy-dandy. VIII. 645, n. *.
Hangers. IX. 410, n. 9.
Ha no nonny. VIII. 592, n. 6.
Happily. VII. 100, n. 9.
Happy man be his dole. I. 264, n. 5.
- - - - - - - - III. 262, n. 8.
- - - - - - - - IV. 133, n. 3.
- - - - - - - - V. 156, n. 6.
Harlocks. VIII. 632, n. 8.
Harlot. II. 196, n. 4.
Harneſs. IV. 429, n. 1.
- - - - VII. 552, n. 9.
- - - - VIII. 151, n. 8.
Harried. VII. 505, n. 8.
- - - - X. App. 668.
Harrow. IX. 186, n. 1.
Haught. V. 82, n. 1.
- - - - VI. 273 [Sig. U 3.] n. 5.
Haughty. VI. 48, n. 8.
- - - - - - 65, n. 2.
- - - - - - 70, n. 9.
Having. I. 253, n. 6.
- - - - II. 316, n. 6.
- - - - IV. 85, n. *.
- - - - - - 231, n. *.
- - - - - - 280, n. 1.
- - - - VII. 52, n. 1.
Haviour. VIII. 389, n. 1.
Haunt. IX. 346, n. 8.
Havock. IV. 477, n. 7.
- - - - VII. 232, n. 1.
- - - - - - 368, n. 9.
Hazard. V. 470, n. 2.
Heart. VII. 20, n. 2.
Heat. IV. 5, n. 6.
- - - - - 525, n. 4.
Hebenon. IX. 231, n. 4.
Hedge. VII. 77, n. 2.

Hell. II. 177, n. 3.
Henchman. II. 467, n. 9.
Hent. II. 108, n. 1.
- - - IV. 198, n. 6.
- - - IX. 328, n. 3.
Herod. IX. 298, n. 1.
Hesperides. II. 389, n. 9.
- - - - - X. App. 574.
Heft. VIII. 568, n. 6.
Heyday. IX. 336, n. 1.
Hey no nonny. IX. 367, n. 4.
Hide fox, and all after. IX. 351, n. 9.
High, an augmentative. IV. 4, n. 4.
High-repented. III. 464, n. 5.
Hight. II. 315, n. 2.
- - - - - 527, n. 8.
Hilding. III. 279, n. 1.
- - - - V. 282, n. 8.
- - - - - 552, n. 9.
- - - - VIII. 362, n. 7.
Hind. II. 325, n. 6.
Hiren. V. 332, n. 9.
Hobby-horse. II. 348, n. 9.
- - - - - IX. 307, n. 8.
Hob-nob. IV. 81, n. 9.
Holding. VII. 495, n. 5.
- - - - X. App. 667.
Holiday terms. I. 252, n. 2.
- - - - - V. 132, n. 3.
Holinshed, not Hall, Shakspeare's historian. V. 459, n. 3.
Honour. VIII. 510, n. 9.
Hoodman-blind. IX. 337, n. 3.
Hook and line. V. 332, n. 7.
Hope. VII. 458, n. 6.
Horologe. IX. 515, n. 8.
Hot-house. II. 28, n. 6.
Hugger-mugger. IX. 362, n. 8.
Hull. IV. 23, n. 6.
Hulling. VII. 66, n. 3.
Humorous. V. 393, n. 4.
Hungarian. I. 207, n. 2.
- - - - - V. 318, n. 6.
Hunger-starved. VI. 28, n. 6.
Hunt-counter. V. 294, n. 9.
Huntsup. IX. 118, n. 4.
Hurly. V. 347, n. 9.
Hurly-burly. IV. 262.
- - - - - X. App. 608.
Hurtle. VII. 348, n. 2.
Hurtling. III. 213, n. 6.
Husbandry. III. 555, n. 5.
- - - - - IV. 315, n. 8.
- - - - - VIII. 151, n. *.
- - - - - IX. 215, n. 6.
- - - - - X. 202, n. 9.
Hyen. III. 204, n. 7.

I. and J.

Jack. I. 217, n. *.
- - - II. 214, n. 5.
- - - - 287, n. 8.
- - - III. 69, n. 4.
- - - - 285, n. 4.
- - - - 289, n. 6.
- - - V. 164, n. 1.
- - - - 217, n. 1.
- - - - 221, n. 7.
- - - - 260, n. 1.
- - - VI. 474, n. 3.
- - - VII. 285, n. 9.
- - - - 534, n. 7.
- - - IX. 81, n. 9.
Jack-a-lent. I. 254, n. 8.
Jack boy, ho boy. III. 310, n. 1.
- - - - - - - X. App. 592.
Jack o' the clock. V. 101, n. 5.
- - - - - - - VI. 565, n. 1.
Jacks. III. 311, n. 4.
Jack-sauce. V. 578, n. *.
Jade. III. 286, n. 8.
- - - V. 281, n. 3.
Jaded. VI. 202, n. 7.
- - - X. 650.
Jar of the clock. IV. 125, n. 3.
Jay. VIII. 391, n. 8.
Idle. II. 156, n. 2.
- - - IX. 472, n. 5.
Jesses, IX. 548, n. 1.
Jest. V. 17, n. 9.
- - X. App. 618.
Jet. (verb) III. 507, n. 2.
- - IV. 52, n. 7.
Jewel. IV. 79, n. 7.
Ignomy. II. 55, n. 3.
- - - - V. 258, n. 1.
- - - - X. 434, n. 3.
Jig. IX. 277, n. 7.
- - X. 334 n. 3.

Jig. X. 546, n. 5.
Jigging. VII. 392, n. 2.
Jig-maker. IX. 306, n. 5.
Jills. III. 311, n. 4.
Ill nurtur'd. X. App. 649.
Imbofs'd. V. 221, n. 9.
Imp. II. 320, n. 4.
- - - V. 435, n. 4.
- - - - 540, n. 6.
Imp out. V. 37, n. 7.
Impartial. II. 114, n. 3.
- - - - - X. 49, n. *.
Impeachment. I. 117, n. 9.
Imperious. VIII. 264, n. *.
- - - - - - - - 412, n. *.
- - - - - IX. 394, n. 3.
- - - - - X. 60, n. 7.
Imperfeverant. VIII. 410, n. 4.
Impleach'd. X. 362, n. 2.
Importance. IV. 112, n. 6.
- - - - - - - - 462, n. 1.
- - - - - - VIII. 326, n. 2.
Important. II. 193, n. 6.
- - - - - - - 225, n. 4.
- - - - - III. 431, n. 1.
Impofe. I. 168, n. 5.
- - - - II. 293, n. 2.
Impofition. I. 168, n. 5.
- - - - - - II. 17, n. 1.
- - - - - - - 293, n. 2.
- - - - - - III. 453, n. 2.
In any hand. III. 428, n. 1.
In blood. II. 366, n. 8.
- - - - VI. 77, n. 3.
- - - - VII. 152, n. 5.
- - - - - - - 268, n. *.
In charge. V. 377, n. 5.
In head. V. 483, n. 7.
In place. VI. 326, [Sig. Z 5] n. 5.
Incapable. VI. 504, n. 5.
- - - - - VII. 122, n. 8.
Incarnardine. IV. 331, n. 2.
Incarnate. V. 494, n. 4.
Incenfe. IV. 238, n. *.
- - - - VIII. 575, n. *.
- - - - X. App. 556.
- - - - - - - 572.
Incenfed. VI. 525, n. 6.
Incony. II. 352, n. 2.
Increafe. II. 467, n. 8.
- - - - VI. 194, n. *.
- - - - X. 22, n. 3.
- - - - - - 455, n. 5.
Index. VI. 510, n. 1.
- - - - - 572, n. 7.
- - - VIII. 180, n. 6.
- - - IX. 334, n. 4.
- - - - - 506, n. 5.
Indifferent. V. 48, n. 8.
Induction. V. 191, n. 2.
- - - - - VI. 456, n. 1.
- - - - - - - 568, n. 7.
Indued. IX. 383, n. 7.
Informal. II. 117, n. 8.
Ingaged. III. 466, n. 2.
Ingene. IX. 496, n. 7.
Inhabitable. V. 6, n. 4.
Inherit. I. 79, n. 9.
- - - - - 159, n. 7.
- - - - V. 7, n. 5.
- - - - IX. 23, n. 6.
- - - - X. 401, n. 8.
Inhibited. III. 360. n. 7.
Inland. X. App. 588.
Innocent. III. 446, n. 6.
- - - - - - - 589, n. 7.
Infane root. IV. 281, n. 3.
Inftance. III. 434, n. 6.
- - - - IV. 97, n. 2.
- - - - VI. 528, n. 5.
Integrity. VII. 226, n. 9.
Intend. II. 237, n. *.
- - - - - 524, n. 6.
- - - - III. 317, n. 7.
- - - - VI. 547, n. 9.
- - - - VIII. 48, n. 4.
Intending. VI. 540, n. 5.
- - - - - X. 94, n. 1.
Intendment. X. 24, n. 3.
Intenible. III. 381, n. 2.
Intention. I. 210, n. 6.
- - - - X. App. 556.
Intentively. IX. 474, n. 9.
Intents. II. 524, n. 6.
Intereſs'd. VIII. 492, n. 3.
Intergatories. III. 446, n. 5.
Intermiſſion. III. 62, n. 3.
Intrinſe. VIII. 547, n. 1.

Invis'd. X. 363, n. 4.
Inward. II. 79, n. 9.
John-a-dreams. IX. 281, n. 9.
John Drum's Entertainment. III. 427, n. 9.
Jovial. VIII. 429, n. 7.
Journal. VIII. 411, n. 6.
Irregulous. VIII. 430, n. 8.
Iſland cur. V. 478, n. 9.
- - - - - X. App. 643.
Juliani. VII. 312, n. 9.
Jump. VII. 226, n. 7.
- - - VIII. 453, n. 8.
- - - IX. 187, n. 4.
- - - X. App. 610.
- - - - - - - - - 661.
Jump with. VI. 518, n. 9.
Juſticer. VIII. 462, n. 3.
- - - - - - - - 624, n. 1.
Jutty. X. App. 610.
Juvenal. II. 320, n. 5.
- - - - - 483, n. *.
- - - - V. 290, n. 9.

K.

Keech. V. 175, n. 8.
- - - - - 309, n. 9.
- - - - VII. 10, n. 7.
Keel the pot. II. 437, n. 8.
- - - - - - X. App. 576.
Keep. II. 59, n. 2.
Keiſar. I. 207, n. 8.
Kendal-green. V. 175, n. 7.
Kerns. IV. 267, n. 1.
- - - - VI. 178, n. 1.
- - - - - 232, n. 6.
Key-cold. VI. 461, n. 6.
- - - - - X. 182, n. 2.
Kickſy-wickſy. III. 408, n. 7.
Kiln-hole. IV. 211, n. 1.
Kind. III. 18, n. 8.
- - - - - 210, n. 6.
- - - VII. 595, n. 5.
- - - X. 164, n. 9.
Kindly. II. 270, n. 8.
King and the beggar. II. 324, n. 4.
- - - - - - - - - 360, n. 9.
- - - - - - - - III. 477, n. 8.
King and the beggar. V. 96, n. 1.
King's evil. IV. 408, n. *.
Kirtle. V. 341, n. 7.
- - - X. App. 636.
Knight, Virgin. II. 300, n. 3.
Knot-graſs. II. 503, n. 3.

L.

Laced mutton. I. 110, n. 9.
- - - - - - - II. 80, n. 6.
Land-damn. IV. 154, n. 4.
- - - - - X. App. 603.
Languiſh. VII. 583, n. 8.
Latch. IV. 410, n. 1.
- - - X. 284, n. 1.
Latch'd. II. 491, n. 7.
Late. VI. 523, n. 2.
Lated. VII. 522, n. 1.
Laundering. X. 350, n. 1.
Lavolta. V. 518, n. 4.
- - - - VIII. 253, n. 5.
Law-day. IX. 537, n. 4.
Lawnd. VI. 299, [Sig. X 8] n. 3.
Lean-witted. X. App. 620.
Leer. III. 202, n. 3.
- - - X. 434, n. 4.
Leet. IX. 537, n. 4.
- - - X. App. 590.
Leg. V. 182, n. 4.
- - - VII. 186, n. 7.
Leiger. II. 64, n. 1.
- - - - VIII. 336, n. 1.
Leman. I. 279, n. 2.
- - - - IV. 34, n. 4.
Let. I. 147, n. 2.
- - III. 500, n. 9.
- - IX. 227, n. 2.
- - X. 105, n. 7.
Lethe. VII. 366, n. 4.
Lewd. V. 7, n. 6.
- - - - - 204, n. 2.
Lewdly. VI. 149, n. 4.
Libbard. II. 422, n. 5.
- - - - V. 306, n. 7.
Liberal. I. 155, n. 4.
- - - - II. 271, n. 9.
- - - - III. 32, n. 5.

Liberal. IX. 382, n. 4.
- - - - - - 502, n. 6.
Lie. II. 314, n. 5.
- - IV. 60, n. 5.
- - V. 365, n. 9.
- - VI. 35, n. 6.
Liefeſt. VI. 169, n. 1.
Lifter. VIII. 154, n. 6.
Light of Love. II. 264, n. 2.
Lightly. VI. 523, n. 9.
Likelihood. VI. 536, n. 9.
Liking. V. 213, n. *.
Limbeck. IV. 311, n. 5.
Limbo. X. 418, n. *.
Limbs of Limehouſe. VII. 134, n. 7.
Limed. II. 251, n. 5.
Limit. IV. 176, n. 3.
- - - V. 112, n. 8.
- - - VI. 533, n. *.
Limited. VIII. 112, n. 9.
Lipſbury Pinfold. VIII. 543, n. 7.
Liſt. IV. 63, n. 4.
- - V. 225, n. 1.
Little, picture in. IX. 269, n. 7.
Livery. V. 237, n. 1.
Living. VIII. 522, n. 8.
Lizard. VI. 280, [Sig. U 6.] n. 8.
Lob. II. 458, n. 8.
Lockram. VII. 193, n. 5.
Loggats. IX. 389, n. 6.
Long purples. IX. 382, n. 4.
Look upon. X. App. 606.
Lop. VII. 25, n. 7.
Lord of Miſrule. IV. 40, n. 4.
Lottery. VII. 273, n. 8.
Love in idleneſs. II. 470, n. 7.
Love-ſprings. II. 164, n. 5.
- - - - - - X. 44, n. 0.
- - - - - - - - App. 569.
Lover. II. 22, n. 1.
- - - III. 67, n. 7.
- - - - - 192, n. 2.
- - - VII. 283, n. 4.
- - - - - 353, n. 3.
- - - - - 372, n. 4.
- - - X. 210, n. 8.
- - - - - App. 562.
Loves, Of all. I. 235, n. 8.
Lown. IX. 514, n. 7.
Lowted. VI. 78, n. 7.
Lozel. IV. 165, n. 5.
Lubber. II. 458, n. 8.
Lunes. I. 274, n. 7.
- - - IV. 158, n. 3.
Lurch. VII. 202, n. 9.
- - - X. App. 661.
Lure. III. 316, n. 4.
Luſh. I. 34, n. 4.
- - - X. App. 547.
Luſtick. III. 398, n. 6.
Luſty. VIII. 558, n. 1.
Lute. II. 254, n. 6.
Luxurious. II. 269, n. 2.
- - - - - V. 565, n. 7.
Luxurioufly. VII. 536, n. *.
- - - - - - X. 447, n. 4.
Luxury. I. 302, n. 5.
- - - - II. 128, n. 4.
- - - - V. 517, n. 6.
- - - - VIII. 278, n. 2.
- - - - - - - 643, n. 1.
- - - - IX. 233, n. 3.
- - - - X. 370, n. 8.
Lym. VIII. 605, n. 4.

M.

Mabled. IX. 277, n. 9.
Mace. VII. 398, n. 7.
Maid Marian. V. 220, n. 5.
Main. VIII. 575, n. 7.
Make head. VII. 201, n. 4.
Make here. I. 229, n. 2.
- - - - - - - 275, n. 1.
- - - - - - V. 96, n. 2.
- - - - - - VI. 478, n. 5.
Make leſs. X. 199, n. 6.
Make means. VI. 608, n. 9.
Make the door. II. 162, n. 1.
Make up. IX. 499, n. 2.
- - - - - X. App. 679.
Malkin. III. 590, n. 2.
- - - - VII. 193, n. 4.
Mammering. IX. 533, n. 3.
Mammets. V. 162, n. 6.
Mammock. VII. 163, n. 4.
Man at arms. II. 387, n. 1.

Man of wax. IX. 30, n. 7.
Mandragora. VII. 451, n. 9.
- - - - - - IX. 554, n. 7.
Mandrake. V. 290, n. 7.
- - - - - - - 368, n. 5.
- - - - - - VI. 191, n. 4.
- - - - - - IX. 142, n. 8.
Mankind woman. IV. 162, n. 7.
- - - - - - - - VII. 254, n. 3.
Manner, with the. II. 316, n. 8.
- - - - - - - - - V. 178, n. 3.
Manningtree ox. V. 186, n. 7.
Man-queller. V. 307, n. 3.
Mantuanus. II. 371, n. 3.
Many. VII. 21, n. 5.
March of twelve score. V. 191, n. 1.
- - - - - - - - - X. App. 630.
Marches. V. 462, n. 1.
Marcleta. VI. 227, n. 5.
March-pane. IX. 45, n. 9.
Margent. II. 336, n. 3.
St. Martin's Summer. V. 16, n. 3.
Mate. II. 166, n. 5.
- - - - - 198, n. 6.
- - - IV. 416, n. 8.
- - - VI. 173, n. 1.
- - - X. App. 613.
Maugre. IV. 67, n. 6.
Maund. X. 352, n. 9.
May-morning. II. 513, n. 1.
- - - - - - - IV. 77, n. 3.
- - - - - - - VII. 131, n. 4.
Mean. II. 411, n. 2.
- - - IV. 195, n. 7.
- - - VIII. 617, n. 8.
Means. VIII. 132, n. 5.
- - - - - - 396, n. 4.
Measure. II. 225, n. 5.
- - - - - - 405, n. 4.
- - - - III. 225, n. 1.
- - - - - - 387, n. 4.
- - - - V. 596, n. 5.
- - - - IX. 34, n. 4.
Measures. VI. 221, n. 1.
Meazels. VII. 454, n. 4.
Meddle. I. 8, n. 3.
- - - - IV. 82, n. 1.
Meed. VI. 268, [Sig. T 8] n. 4.
Meed. VI. 366, n. 6.
- - - VIII. 20, n. 7.
- - - IX. 409, n. 7.
Meek. VII. 590, n. 9.
- - - X. App. 671.
Meiny. VIII. 559, n. 7.
Mell. III. 448, n. 9.
Memories. VIII. 654, n. 5.
Memory. III. 146, n. 7.
- - - - VII. 262, n. 1.
- - - - - - 279, n. 5.
- - - - - - 304, n. 9.
Memphis. VI. 30, n. 1.
Merchant. VI. 38, n. 1.
- - - - - IX. 80, n. 7.
Mere. III. 586, n. 5.
- - - VII. 89, n. 9.
- - - IX. 510, n. 9.
Merely. I. 7, n. 3.
- - - - VII. 233, n. 4.
Merit. V. 19, n. 6.
Mess. V. 309, n. 1.
Messes. IV. 136, n. 7.
Metaphysical. IV. 294, n. 8.
Mew. VI. 460, n. 3.
- - - IX. 115, n. 3.
Miching mallecho. IX. 308, n. 9.
Middle earth. I. 301, n. 3.
- - - - - - X. App. 560.
Mile-end green. III. 449, n. 3.
- - - - - - - V. 365, n. 8.
Mince. I. 294, n. 1.
- - - VIII. 643, n. 3.
Mineral. IX. 347, n. 9.
Minikin. VIII. 604, n. 8.
Minnow. II. 318, n. 1.
- - - - VII. 222, n. 2.
Minute-jacks. VIII. 77, n. 6.
Miser. VI. 102, n. 1.
Misery. VII. 204, n. 6.
Miss. X. 16, n. 8.
Missives. IV. 293, n. 4.
Mis-think. VI. 292, [Sig. X 4.] n. 2.
Mistress Mall. IV. 13, n. 3.
Model. V. 58, n. 4.
- - - - - 85, n. 3.
- - - - VII. 109, n. 4.

Model. IX. 405, n. *.
Modern. III. 163, n. 5.
- - - - - - 396, n. 6.
- - - - - - 472, n. 9.
- - - - IV. 409, n. 8.
- - - - - - 516, n. 1.
- - - - VII. 590, n. 3.
- - - - IX. 106, n. 5.
- - - - - - 470, n. 7.
Module. III. 443, n. 6.
- - - - IV. 568, n. 5.
Moiety. V. 195, n. 1.
- - - - VIII. 487, n. 5.
- - - - X. 81, n. 1.
- - - - - 232, n. 1.
Mome. II. 159, n. 1.
Monarcho. II. 362, n. 6.
Monmouth caps. V. 576, n. 8.
Montant. II. 208, n. 5.
- - - X. App. 570.
Month's mind. I. 116, n. 6.
Mood. II. 493, n. 4.
- - - III. 459, n. 2.
Moody. VII. 477, n. 8.
Moral. II. 265, n. 7.
- - - V. 601, n. 5.
- - - VIII. 253, n. 7.
- - - X. App. 593.
More and lefs. IV. 425, n. 5.
- - - - - - - V. 238, n. 2.
Morifco. VI. 177, n. 9.
Mortal. (adj.) II. 95, n. 3.
- - - - - - IV. 295, n. 1.
- - - - - - VI. 190, n. 9.
- - - - - - VII. 333, n. 5.
- - - - - - X. 42, n. 3.
Mot. III. 526, n. 9.
- - - X. 133, n. 9.
Moth. IV. 526, n. 7.
- - - X. App. 580.
- - - - - - - 616.
Motion. I. 125, n. 1.
- - - - II. 78, n. 6.
- - - - IV. 197, n. 3.
- - - - IX. 336, n. 2.
- - - - - - 461, n. 4.
Motive. III. 452, n. 9.
Mouſe. II. 398, n. 5.
- - - - IX. 342, n. 2.
- - - - X. App. 683.
Mous'd. II. 532, n. 9.
- - - - X. App. 580.
Mouſe-hunt. IX. 144, n. 4.
Mouſing. IV. 477, n. 6.
Moys. V. 565, n. 8.
Much. III. 208, n. 8.
- - - VI. 75, n. 5.
Muffler. I. 276, n. 3.
- - - - V. 521, n. 4.
Mundane. III. 558, n. 4.
Murdering piece. IX. 363, n. 2.
Muſe, (verb) I. 67, n. 8.
- - - III. 413, n. 6.
- - - IV. 371, n. 8.
- - - - - 506, n. 8.
- - - VII. 235, n. 9.
Muſits. X. 46, n. 7.
Muſs. VII. 534, n. 6.
Mutine. IX. 337, n. 6.
Mutines. IX. 400, n. 8.
Mutton, laced. I. 110, n. 9.
- - - - - - - II. 80, n. 6.
Mutton-monger. I. 110, n. 9.

N.

Napkin. III. 211, n. 9.
- - - - IV. 337, n. 7.
- - - - VI. 262, [Sig. T 5] n. 7.
- - - - VII. 374, n. 7.
- - - - IX. 551, n. 1.
- - - - X. 350, n. 8.
Nay-word. I. 236, n. 9.
- - - - - IV. 41, n. 5.
Needs. III. 606, n. 7.
- - - - IV. 556, n. 3.
- - - - X. 104, n. 6.
Negatives, uſed as augmentative. III. 30, n. 2.
Nephew. IX. 449, n. 8.
Nether-ſtocks. V. 169, n. 6.
- - - - - - - VIII. 558, n. 2.
Never the near. V. 88, n. 2.
- - - - - - - X. App. 623.
Nevill arms. VI. 245, n. 6.
News. (plur.) VI. 194, n. 2.
- - - IX. 464, n. *.
Next. IV. 186, n. 7.
- - - V. 203, n. 7.
Nice. VI. 552, n. 9.

Nice. VII. 386, n. 9.
- - - - - 539, n. 2.
- - - IX. 97, n. 5.
- - - - - 160, n. 7.
Nicely. VIII. 550, n. 9.
Niece. I. Part I. 186, n. 2.
- - - VI. 555, n. 7.
St. Nicholas' Clerks. I. 153, n. 8.
- - - - - - - - V. 150, n. 4.
Nick'd like a fool. II. 194, n. 2.
- - - - - - - - - X. App. 569.
Night, odd-even of. IX. 450, n. 4.
Night-rule. II. 489, n. 9.
Nine-men's Morris. II. 463, n. 9.
No point. II. 408, n. 2.
- - - - - X. App. 576.
No Vanity. V. 252, n. 9.
Noise of Muficians. V. 323, n. 9.
Non-com. II. 268, n. 5.
Nott-pated. V. 166, n. 9.
Nought, A thing of. II. 519, n. 9.
- - - - - - - - - IX 350, n. 8.
Nouriſh. VI. 6, n. 5.
Novum. II. 421, n. 2.
Nut-hook. I. 200, n. 9.
- - - - - V. 430, n. 2.

O.

O. IV. 57, n. 3.
Objected. VI. 40, n. 6.
Objects. VII. 383, n. 5.
- - - - X. App. 665.
Obſequious. VI. 293, [Sig. X 5] n. 5.
- - - - - - - - 461, n. 5.
- - - - - - IX. 200, n. 4.
- - - - - - X. 219, n. 6.
Obſtacle. VI. 103, n. 2.
Occupation. VII. 273, n. 1.
- - - - - - - - - 321, n. 6.
Occupy. V. 331, n. 5.
- - - - IX. 78, n. 7.
Occurrents. IX. 422, n. 5.
'Ods pittikins. VIII. 429, n. 6.
Oeiliads. VIII. 634, n. 8.
O'er-crow. IX. 422, n. 4.
- - - - - - X. App. 686.
O'er-raught. IX. 284, n. 4.
Oes. II. 400, n. 9.
- - - - 497, n. 6.
Old news. III. 299, n. 6.
Old turning. IV. 336, n. 7.
Old Utis. V. 324, n. 2.
Oliver. VI. 12, n. 4.
Omen. IX. 192, n. 7.
Ominous. IX. 192, n. 7.
- - - - - X. App. 676.
Once. II. 220, n. 4.
- - - VII. 24, n. 4.
One and on, confounded. II. 380, n. 4.
- - - - - - - - IV. 511, n. 7.
- - - - - - - - - VII. 225, n. 5.
- - - - - - - - VIII. 373, n. 9.
Opal. IV. 47, n. 5.
Operant. IX. 310, n. 6.
Opinion. V. 256, n. 2.
- - - - VII. 340, n. 2.
- - - - VIII. 181, n. 1.
Oppoſite. IV. 57, n. 5.
- - - - - - - 70, n. 3.
- - - - VI. 256, n. 3.
- - - - - - - 508, n. 5.
- - - - - - - 615, n. 5.
- - - - VII. 198, n. 3.
- - - - X. App. 657.
Or. II. 181, n. 2.
- - VIII. 364, n. 5.
- - IX. 403, n. *.
Or e'er. IV. 540, n. 9.
Orbed. X. 351, n. 5.
Orchard. II. 238, n. 6.
- - - - VII. 330, n. 4.
- - - - X. 360, n. 1.
Order, to take. II. 193, n. 7.
- - - - - - - - IX. 625, n. 6.
Ore. IX. 347, n. 9.
Oſtent. III. 32, n. 7.
- - - - - 498, n. 5.
Over-ſcutch'd. V. 368, n. 6.
Overture. VII. 179, n. 3.
- - - - - X. App. 660.
Ouſel-cock. II. 485, n. 5.
Out. VI. 476, n. 7.
Outvie. III. 290, n. 8.
Owches. V. 326, n. 8.
Owe. II. 24, n. 1.

Owe. II. 56, n. 5.
- - - - 160, n. 3.
- - - III. 414, n. 7.
- - - - 617, n. 8.
- - - IV. 473, n. 7.
- - - VII. 243, n. 5.
- - - VIII. 499, n. 1.
Owls. II. 156, n. 4.
Oxlips. IV. 205, n. 7.

P.

Pack'd. II. 294, n. 4.
- - - VII. 562, n. 1.
Packings. VIII. 577, n. 4.
Packs. VIII. 665, n. 4.
Pagan. V. 319, n. 8.
- - - - IX. 463, n. 7.
Paid. I. 34, n. 1.
- - - V. 173, n. 4.
- - - VIII. 453, n. 5.
Painted-cloth. III. 179, n. 9.
- - - - - - - X. 100, n. 5.
- - - - - - - - - App. 588.
Palabras. II. 266, n. 1.
Pale. VI. 263, [Sig. T 6] n. 2.
- - - IX. 233, n. 4.
Palmers. III. 423, n. 1.
Palter. IV. 433, n. 7.
- - - VII. 220, n. 6.
- - - - - - 337, n. 2.
- - - VIII. 207, n. 7.
Pantaloon. III. 163, n. 6.
- - - - - X. App. 587.
Parcel. VII. 590, n. 1.
- - - X. App. 671.
Parcel-gilt. V. 309, n. 7.
Paris Garden. VII. 131, n. 2.
Paritor. II. 356, n. 7.
Parle. IX. 187, n. 2.
Parlous. II. 481, n. 2.
- - - - VI. 515, n. 2.
Part. VI. 254, n. 5.
- - - X. App. 651.
Partake. III. 496, n. 7.
- - - - - X. 313, n. 8.
Partaker. VI. 42, n. 3.
Parted. VIII. 231, n. 1.
Participles, active and paſſive, confounded. III. 57, n. 1.
- - - - - IV. 97, n. 4.
- - - - - - - - 224, n. 3.
- - - - - V. 230, n. 9.
- - - - - - - 284, n. 6.
- - - - - - - - 321, n. 6.
- - - - - VI. 577, n. *.
- - - - - VII. 233, n. 2.
- - - - - - - 533, n. 2.
- - - - - IX. 485, n. 1.
- - - - - X. 143, n. 2.
Partizan. VII. 490, n. 2.
Partlet. V. 216, n. 6.
Paſh. IV. 129, n. 7.
- - - VIII. 206, n. 9.
- - - - - 649, n. 5.
Paſs. I. 205, n. 4.
- - - VIII. 5, n. 5.
Paſs upon, II. 26, n. 8.
- - - - - VI. 213, n. 9.
- - - - - VIII. 610, n. 6.
- - - - - - - 639, n. 5.
Paſſage. III. 354, n. 3.
Paſſes. II. 123, n. 2.
Paſſing. VI. 372, n. 3.
Paſſionate. IV. 487, n. *.
- - - - - X. App. 615.
Paſſy-meaſures. IV. 105, n. 2.
Patch. II. 159, n. 2.
- - - - - 490, n. 1.
- - - III. 37, n. 8.
- - - IV. 420, n. 4.
Patens. III. 94, n. 9.
Path. (verb) VII. 335, n. 8.
Patient. (verb) X. 382, n. 9.
Pattern. II. 83, n. 3.
- - - - VI. 463, n. 8.
- - - - - - X. 160, n. 2.
- - - - - - - - App. 654.
Pattern'd. X. 123, n. *.
Paucas Palabris. III. 243, n. 4.
Pavin. IV. 105, n. 2.
Pax. V. 522, n. 6.
Pay. I. 288, n. 6.
- - - II. 183, n. *.
- - - IV. 83, n. 4.
- - - V. 546, n. 8.

Peaſcod. III. 151, n. 4.
Peat. III. 260, n. 2.
Pedaſcule. III. 296, n. 6.
Peer. IX. 514, n. 6.
Peeviſh. II. 174, n. 1.
- - - - - - 187, n. 7.
- - - - V. 534, n. 8.
- - - - VI. 101, n. 7.
- - - - - - 387, n. 3.
- - - - - - 585, n. *.
- - - - VIII. 341, n. 8.
Peg-a-Ramſey. IV. 37, n. 4.
- - - - - - - X. App. 598.
Peize. III. 54, n. 9.
- - - VI. 601, n. 7.
Pelican. VIII. 590, n. 5.
Pelting. II. 40, n. 5.
- - - - - 463, n. 5.
- - - - V. 28, n. 5.
- - - - VIII. 269, n. *.
- - - - - - 556, n. 3.
- - - - X. App. 578.
Pennon. V. 519, n. 7.
Penſioners. I. 234. n. 5.
- - - - - II. 457, n. 5.
Perdu. VIII. 655, n. 4.
Perdy. IX. 318, n. 5.
Perfect. IV. 182, n. 6.
- - - - - - 397, n. 9.
- - - - VIII. 417, n. 3.
Perfumed gloves. IV. 212, n. 4.
Periapts. VI. 94, n. 4.
Period. I. 281, n. 2.
- - - VIII. 676, n. 1.
Periſh. VI. 183, n. 2.
Perjure. II. 376, n. 7.
Periwig. I. 176, n. 8.
- - - - II. 385, n. 8.
- - - - III. 57, n. 9.
Perſon. II. 370, n. 2.
Pewter. III. 293, n. 6.
Phantaſm. II. 362, n. 5.
Phantaſma. VII. 333, n. 4.
Pheere. III. 484, n. 7.
Pheeſar. X. App. 555.
Pheeſe. III. 243, n. 2.
- - - - VIII. 206, n. 1.
Phil-horſe. III. 28, n. 9.
Phraſeleſs. X. 363, n. 5.
Pick. VII. 136, n. 2.
- - - - - 154, n. 3.
Picked. II. 393. n. 4.
- - - - IV. 456, n. 1.
- - - - IX. 392, n. 6.
- - - - X. App. 615.
Picking. V. 380, n. 9.
Pickt-hatch. I. 231, n. 9.
- - - - - - III. 580, n. 1.
Piece. X. 389, n. 9.
Piel'd. VI. 19, n. 3.
- - - X. App. 646.
Pight. VIII. 540, n. 7.
Pill'd. VI. 477, n. 3.
Pillicock. VIII. 590, n. 6.
Pin, and web. IV. 139, n. 5.
- - - - - - - VIII. 595, n. 1.
Pinfold. VIII. 543, n. 7.
Pink eye. VII. 496, n. 6.
Pioneers. IX. 556, n. 2.
Pitch and pay. V. 494, n. 7.
Pix. V. 522, n. 6.
Place. III. 147, n. 1.
- - - - - 368, n. 8.
- - - X. 356, n. 9.
- - - - - App. 594.
Placket. IV. 227, n. 4.
- - - - VIII. 592, n. 4.
Plagu'd. IV. 470, n. 2.
- - - - VI. 479, n. *.
Plain ſong. II. 485, n. 8.
Planched. II. 86, n. 5.
- - - - - X. App. 566.
Plates. VII. 586, n. 8.
Plauſibly. X. 185, n. 8.
Plauſive. IX. 221, n. 3.
Pleach'd. VII. 565, n. 7.
Plot. VII. 242, n. 8.
Pluriſy. IX. 379, n. 1.
Point-deviſe. II. 393, n. 5.
- - - - - - - III. 183, n. 9.
- - - - - - IV. 58, n. 8.
Points. III. 300, n. 7.
- - - IV. 17, n. *.
- - - - - - 209, n. 5.

Pointe.

Points. V. 174, n. 6.
- - - - - 282, n. 7.
- - - VII. 537, n. 1.
Poize. VIII. 542, n. 2.
- - - IX. 534, n. 5.
Poking-sticks. IV. 210, n. 9.
Poll'd. VII. 267, n. 7.
Pomander. IV. 227, n. 2.
Poor fool. II. 233, n. *.
- - - - - III. 143, n. *.
- - - - - IV. 112, n. 7
- - - - - - - 152, n. *.
- - - - - VI. 288, [Sig. X 2] n. 2.
- - - - - VIII. 684, n. 7.
- - - - - X. 40, n. 2.
Poperin Pear. IX. 56, n. 9.
- - - - - - X. App. 683.
Portage. III. 550, n. 3.
- - - - V. 505, n. 3.
Portance. VII. 216, n. 3.
- - - - - IX. 471, n. 3.
Ports. V. 400, n. 3.
- - - VII. 175, n. 1.
- - - VIII. 134, n. 1.
- - - - - 254, n. 8.
Poſſeſs. IV. 41, n. 6.
- - - VIII. 254, n. 9.
Poſſeſs'd. VII. 189, n. 5.
Poſt. II. 142, n. 6.
- - - IV. 26, n. 9.
Potch. VII. 182, n. 3.
Potents. IV. 477, n. 8.
Pother. VIII. 582, n. 6.
Pouncet-box. V. 132, n. 1.
Pourſuivants at arms. II. 479, n. 5.
Power. VII. 516, n. 6.
Practice. II. 113, n. 7.
- - - - VIII. 564, n. 2.
- - - - IX. 380, n. 5.
- - - - - - 577, n. 4.
- - - - - - 638, n. 6.
Practiſants. VI. 58, n. 9.
Præmunire. VII. 89, n. 1.
Prank. (verb) IV. 47, n. 7.
- - - - - - - 198, n. 9.
- - - - - VII. 219, n. 1.
Prefer. IX. 507, n. *.
Preferr'd. II. 520, n. 3.
Pregnancy. V. 298, n. 8.
Pregnant. II. 5, n. 6.
- - - - - III. 570, n. 5.
- - - - - IV. 31, n. 4.
- - - - - - - 64, n. 6.
- - - - - IX. 259, n. 9.
- - - - - - - 302, n. 9.
Preſence. IX. 164, n. 6.
Preſs'd. VII. 159, n. 7.
Preſt. III. 10, n. 8.
- - - - - 570, n. 6.
Pretence. I. 145, n. 7.
- - - - IV. 170, n. 6.
- - - - - - 347, n. 3.
- - - - VIII. 510, n. 1.
Pretend. VI. 69, n. 7.
- - - - - - 70, n. 1.
Pretended. I. 140, n. 8.
Prevent. V. 301, n. 6.
- - - - VII. 405, n. 9.
Prevented. VI. 71, n. 2.
Prig. IV. 197, n. 4.
Prime. III. 392, n. 7.
- - - IX. 560, n. 6.
- - - X. 271, n. 5.
Primero. I. 289, n. 8.
- - - - VII. 111, n. 7.
Principals. III. 555, n. 4.
Princox. IX. 50, n. 3.
- - - - X. App. 693.
Print, In. I. 127, n. 7.
- - - - II. 354, n. 4.
Probal. IX. 525, n. 1.
Proceeders. III. 318, n. 8.
Proceſs. VII. 425, n. 2.
Prodigious. II. 538, n. 7.
- - - - - IV. 492, n. 7.
- - - - - VII. 327, n. 7.
Preface. V. 423, n. 1.
Profane. IX. 449, n. 1.
- - - - - 502, n. 5.
Profanely. IX. 301, n. 7.
- - - - - X. App. 607.
Prognoſtication. IV. 233, n. 5.
Project. VII. 583, n. 3.

Prone. II. 17, n. 9.
- - - VIII. 454, n. 9.
- - - X. 125, n. 5.
- - - - App. 561.
Proper. I. 160, n. 1.
- - - - II. 244, n. *
- - - - III. 14, n. 7.
- - - - - 129, n. 4.
- - - - V. 315, n. 2.
- - - - VI. 471, n. 8.
- - - - VIII. 487, n. *.
- - - - IX. 482, n. 6.
Properties. II. 456, n. 9.
Propose. II. 247, n. 2.
- - - - V. 419, n. 9.
Proposing. II. 247, n. 1.
Prosperous. VIII. 128, n. 9.
- - - - - IX. 479, n. 7.
Provand. VII. 196, n. 5.
Prune. II. 382, n. 1.
- - - V. 116, n. 1.
- - - VIII. 451, n. 2.
Puck. II. 460, n. 7.
Pue-fellow. VI. 571, n. 4.
Pugging. IV. 192, n. 4.
Puke-stocking. V. 167, n. 1.
Pun. (verb) VIII. 185, n. 6.
Purchas'd. V. 407, n. *.
- - - - VII. 446, n. 9.
Purlieu. X. App. 589.
Purpose. IV. 531, n. 5.
- - - - X. App. 617.
Put on. IV. 413, n. 2.
- - - - VII. 217, n. 7.
- - - - VIII. 526, n. 4.
- - - - IX. 426, n. 4.
- - - - - 525, n. 5.
Putter on. IV. 154, n. *.
- - - - VII. 21, n. 4.
Puzzel. VI. 26, n. 4.
Pyramis. VII. 492, n. 7.
Pyramides. VII. 584, n. 2.

Q.

Quail. III. 146, n. 6.
- - - VIII. 460, n. 8.
Quails, coated. VIII. 273, n. 4.
Quaint. I. 293, n. 1.
- - - - VI. 190, n. 1.
Quality. I. 16, n. 3.
- - - - - 162, n. 6.
- - - - - 299, n. *.
- - - - V. 236, n. 8.
- - - - IX. 267, n. 1.
- - - - - 481, n. 2.
Quarrel. IV. 267, n. 2.
- - - - V. 543, n. 2.
- - - - VII. 51, n. 8.
Quarry. IV. 411, n. 3.
Quart d'ecu. III. 450, n. 5.
Quarter. IX. 578, n. 8.
Quat. IX. 613, n. 7.
Queazy. VIII. 537, n. 7.
Quell. II. 533, n. 4.
- - - IV. 311, n. 6.
Quern. II. 459, n. 5.
Quest. VI. 494, n. 2.
- - - VIII. 498, n. 7.
Question. II. 54, n. 8.
- - - - III. 77, n. 2.
- - - - - 192, n. 9.
- - - - IV. 92, n. 8.
- - - - - 141, n. 2.
- - - - - 191, n. 1.
- - - - - 243, n. 3.
- - - - V. 452, n. 6.
- - - - VII. 461, n. 5.
- - - - IX. 19, n. 6.
- - - - - 190, n. 9.
Questionable. IX. 223, n. 9.
Questioned. X. 94, n. 2.
Questrists. VIII. 610, n. 5.
Quests. II. 87, n. 2.
- - - IX. 459, n. 6.
- - - X. App. 567.
Quick. VII. 593, n. 8.
Quiddits. IX. 390, n. 8.
Quietus. IX. 289, n. 2.
- - - - X. 293, n. 8.
Quill, in the. VI. 129, n. 5.
Quillet. II. 386, n. 9.
- - - VIII. 97, n. 3.
- - - IX. 390, n. 9.
- - - - - 528, n. 8.
Quintaine. III. 133, n. 5.

Quiver. V. 367, n. 2.
Quote. I. 130, n. 2.
- - - II. 432, n. 6.
- - - IX. 35, n. 9.
- - - X. 132, n. 6.
Quoted. II. 378, n. 6.
- - - - III. 471, n. 6.
- - - - IV. 537, n. 6.
- - - - VIII. 268, n. 7.
- - - - IX. 244, n. 7.

R.

Rabato. II. 263, n. 1.
Rabbet-ſucker. V. 185, n. 5.
Rack. I. 80, n. 2.
- - - X. 221, n. 5.
- - - - - App. 550.
Rack'd. II. 433, n. 3.
- - - - VII. 279, n. 4.
Racking. VI. 268, [Sig. T 8.] n. 3.
Rag. I. 280, n. 6.
- - - VIII. 105, n. 9.
Ragged. III. 154, n. 1.
- - - - V. 286, n. 4.
- - - - - - 415, n. 2.
- - - - X. 136, n. 8.
- - - - - 197, n. 9.
- - - - - App. 587.
Rampallian. V. 308, n. 4.
Range. VII. 425, n. 3.
Rank. VII. 364, n. 1.
Rankneſs. IV. 560, n. 4.
Rape. VIII. 195, n. 5.
- - - X. 161, n. 4.
Rapier. I. 228, n. 8.
- - - - V. 74, n. 5.
- - - - - 173, n. 2.
Rapier, dancing. X. 396, n. 5.
Rapture. VII. 192, n. 3.
- - - - X. App. 661.
Rarely. VIII. 116, n. 1.
Raſcal. V. 325, n. 7.
- - - - - 433, n. 8.
- - - - VI. 77, n. 4.
Raſh. II. 97. n. 1.
- - - IX. 573, n. 4.
Raſh. X. App. 567.
Raught. II. 368, n. 6.
- - - - VI. 156, n. 4.
- - - - - 262, [Sig. T 5.] n. 6.
- - - - VII. 554, n. 7.
Ravin. II. 14, n. 9.
- - - - III. 419, n. 1.
Ravin'd. IV. 385, n. 9.
Raw. IX. 408, n. 1.
Rawly. V. 544, n. 4.
Ray'd. III. 308, n. 4.
Raze. V. 148, n. 2.
Razed. IX. 316, n. 8.
Read. IX. 213, n. 8.
Reaſon. III. 44, n. 1.
- - - - VI. 493, n. 9.
- - - - - - 512, n. 6.
- - - - - - 591, n. 1.
- - - - VII. 271, n. 6.
Reaſoning. I. 126, n. 5.
Recheat. II. 216, n. 3.
Reck. IX. 213, n. 8.
Record. I. 180, n. 5.
Recorder. II. 526, n. 4.
- - - - - IX. 319, n. 2.
Recure. VI. 551, n. 6.
Red-lattice phraſes. I. 232, n. 2.
Reechy. II. 261, n. 5.
- - - - IX. 342, n. 3.
Regard. VI. 83, n. 9.
- - - - X. 162, n. 1.
Regiment. VII. 513, n. 9.
Regreet. III. 48, n. 6.
- - - - IV. 503, n. 2.
Reguerdon. VI. 56, n. 3.
Relapſe. V. 562, n. 6.
- - - - X. App. 645.
Remorſe. II. 37, n. 5.
- - - - - - 112, n. 1.
- - - - III. 74, n. 3.
- - - - IV. 295, n. 2.
- - - - - - 544, n. 1.
- - - - VI. 205, n. *.
- - - - - - 554, n. 4.
- - - - VII. 331, n. 6.
- - - - IX. 559, n. 8.
- - - - - - 565, n. 6.
Remorſeful. VI. 199, n. 8.

Remorseless. X. 119, n. 2.
Remotion. VIII. 108, n. 8.
Removed. II. 18, n. 4.
- - - - - III. 182, n. 3.
- - - - - IV. 249, n. 5.
- - - - - V. 225, n. 8.
Render. VIII. 126, n. 5.
- - - - - - - - 436, n. 5.
Renege. VII. 423, n. 3.
Repair. III. 585, n. 2.
- - - - - VI. 256, n. 3.
- - - - - VIII. 317, n. 3.
- - - - - X. App. 594.
Reports. VII. 463, n. 8.
Repugn. VI. 72, n. 3.
Requiem. IX. 396, n. 2.
Reserve. III. 575, n. 3.
- - - - - X. 220, n. 9.
- - - - - - - 261, n. 9.
Resolve. IV. 559, n. 1.
- - - - IX. 203, n. 4.
Resolv'd. III. 535, n. 6.
- - - - X. 369, n. 4.
Respect. VIII. 104, n. 5.
- - - - - - - - 191, n. 9.
- - - - - - - - 501, n. 7.
- - - - IX. 288, n. 7.
- - - - X. 57, n. *.
- - - - - - - 102, n. 3.
- - - - - - - App. 673.
Respective. III. 98, n. 2.
- - - - - IV. 456, n. 8.
- - - - - IX. 95, n. 9.
Rest. II. 180, n. 1.
Rest, to set up his. IX. 145, n. 5.
- - - - - - - - - - - 168, n. 4.
Resty. VIII. 405, n. *.
Retailed. VI. 520, n. 5.
Retire. V. 46, n. 5.
- - - - VIII. 162, n. *.
- - - - X. 103, n. 9.
Retreat. V. 160, n. 8.
Reverb. VIII. 496. n. 2.
Revie. III. 290, n. 8.
Rheumatick. V. 326, n. 1.
- - - - - - X. App. 578.
Rhodope. VI. 30, n. 1.
Ribald-rid. VII. 519, n. 5.
Riggish. VII. 473, n. 7.
Rigol. V. 401, n. 6.
- - - - X. 180, n. 3.
Rim. V. 563, n. 5.
Rivage. V. 504, n. 5.
Rival. IX. 184, n. 4.
Rivo. V. 169, n. 5.
Romage. IX. 189, n. 6.
Rondure. X. 208, n. 6.
Ronyon. I. 280, n. 7.
- - - - IV. 273, n. 2.
Rood. V. 352, n. 3.
- - - VI. 530, n. 6.
- - - X. App. 638.
Rook. VI. 389, n. 7.
Ropery. IX. 80, n. 8.
Rope-tricks. III. 271, n. 6.
Round. IV. 135, n. 3.
Roundel. II. 474, n. 1.
Roundure. IV. 473, n. 8.
Rouse. IX. 219, n. 5.
- - - - - 513, n. 1.
Rowland. VI. 12, n. 4.
Royal. V. 127, n. 6.
- - - - - 178, n. 3.
Roynish. III. 145, n. 4.
Ruff. III. 416, n. *.
Ruffle. VIII. 575, n. 5.
- - - X. 354, n. 8.
- - - - - 389, n. 1.
Ruffling. III. 325, n. 7.
- - - - X. App. 593.
Run counter. IX. 364, n. 6.
Running banquet. VII. 33, n. 4.
- - - - - - - X. App. 658.
Ruth. VII. 154, n. 1.

S.

Sables. IX. 367, n. 6.
- - - X. App. 685.
Sack, its price formerly. V. 190, n. 6.
- - - - - - - - - X. App 630.
Sack and Sugar. V. 126, n. 5.
- - - - - - - - 165, n. 4.
- - - - - - - - 187, n. 2.
- - - - - - - - 190, n. 9.

Sack, Falſtaff's. V. 126, n. 5.
- - - - - - - - X. App. 626.
Sacring bell. VII. 88, n. 8.
Sad. I. 117, n. 7.
- - II. 223, n. 1.
- - - - 513, n. 9.
- - IV. 215, n. 9.
- - V. 102, n. 1.
- - X. 102, n. 4.
Sadneſs. IX. 17, n. 7.
Sagittary. VIII. 294, n. 1.
- - - - - IX. 470, n. 8.
Saint George. VI. 609, n. 3.
Saint Nicholas' Clerks. V. 150, n. 4.
Sallet. VI. 234, n. 2.
Samingo. V. 426, n. 2.
Savage. V. 517, n. 7.
Say. VI. 222, n. 7.
- - VIII. 673, n. 5.
Scale. VII. 148, n. 6.
Scaled. II. 72, n. 4.
- - - VIII. 295, n. 3.
Scamble. IV. 545, n. 4.
Scambling. II. 287, n. 9.
- - - - - V. 452, n. 5.
- - - - - - - 598, n. 8.
Scant. VIII. 565, n. 9.
- - - - - - 569, n. 7.
Scantling. VIII. 179, n. 5.
Scape. X. 128, n. 5.
- - - - - 434, n. 2.
Scathe. (ſubſt.) IV. 465, n. 1.
- - - - - - - VI. 162, n. 8.
- - - - - - - - - 485, n. 3.
- - - - (verb) IX. 49, n. 1.
Scathful. IV. 100, n. 2.
Scogan. V. 355, n. 9.
- - - - X. App. 638.
Scolds. VI. 280, [Sig. U 6.] n. 3.
Sconce. II. 143, n. 8.
- - - - - 151, n. 3.
- - - V. 524, n. 1.
- - - VII. 241, n. 7.
- - - IX. 390, n. 1.
Scrimers. IX. 378, n. 6.
Sculls. VIII. 295, n. 3.
Seam. VIII. 295, n. 8.
Sea-mels. I. 53, n. 2.
- - - - - X. App. 548.
Seaſon. III. 355, n. 6.
- - - - IV. 375, n. 9.
- - - - VIII. 337, n. 3.
- - - - IX. 215, n. 8.
Seaſon, buck of. I. 259, n. 6.
- - - - - - - X. App. 559.
Second cauſe. II. 327, n. 9.
Second cock. X. App. 611.
Sect. V. 325, n. 6.
- - - IX. 487, n. 1.
Secure. IX. 585, n. 2.
Securely. VIII. 259, n. 4.
Seel. VII. 564, n. 4.
- - - - - 589, n. 6.
- - - IX. 484, n. 8.
- - - - - 546, n. 1.
Seeling. IV. 363, n. 6.
Seeming. VIII. 499, n. 9.
Seen. III. 273, n. 1.
Senet, ſee Sennet.
Seniory. VI. 570, n. 1.
Sennet. VII. 57, n. 3.
- - - - - 312, n. 1.
- - - - X. App. 658.
Senſe. II. 125, n. 3.
- - - IX. 336, n. 2.
- - - - - 612, n. 4.
Sequeſtration. IX. 488, n. 4.
Sere. II. 176, n. 5.
- - - IV. 422, n. 7.
Serjeant's Yeoman. V. 305, n. *.
Set a match. V. 125, n. 4.
Set coldly by. IX. 353, n. 4.
- - - - - - - X. App. 685.
Set down. IX. 504, n. 3.
Set up his reſt. II. 180, n. 1.
- - - - - - - - IX. 145, n. 5.
Seventh cauſe. III. 225, n. 2.
Several. II. 335, n. 9.
Sewer. IV. 303, n. 4.
Shag-ear'd. IV. 398, n. 2.
- - - - - X. App. 613.
Shards. VII. 500, n. 5.
Shard-borne. IV. 362, n. 4.

Sheen. II. 458, n. 1.
Sheer. V. 95, n. 7.
Shent. I. 214, n. 5.
- - - IV. 94, n. 6.
- - - VII. 286, n. 3.
- - - VIII. 201, n. 5.
- - - IX. 323, n. 3.
Sheriff's Posts. IV. 21, n. 2.
Sherris-sack. V. 390, n. 4.
- - - - - X. App. 639.
Shine. (subst.) X. 48, n. 7.
Shipman's card. IV. 275, n. 7.
Ship-tire. I. 256, n. 4.
Shive. X. 398, n. 8.
Shot. V. 364, n. 7.
- - - VII. 133, n. 5.
Shove-groat shilling. V. 336, n. 1.
Shovel-boards. I. 199, n. 5.
Shoughs. IV. 358, n. 9.
Shrift. IX. 136, n. 1.
Shut up. IV. 316, n. 2.
Side. VIII. 663, n. 6.
- - - X. App. 682.
Siege. I. 52, n. 6.
- - - IX. 377, n. 2.
- - - - - 456, n. 8.
Sighs, drinking blood. VI. 181, n. 6.
- - - - - - - IX. 379, n. 2.
Sightless. IV. 306, n. 6.
- - - - - - 491, n. 5.
Signior. II. 355, n. 6.
Silly. VIII. 445, n. 2.
- - - - - 550, n. 9.
Silly cheat. IV. 194, n. 3.
Single. V. 298, n. 9.
- - - X. App. 635.
Single-soled. IX. 76, n. 9.
Sir. I. 191, n. 2.
- - III. 188, n. 9.
- - VI. 127, n. 1.
- - - - 531, n. 9.
- - - - 591, n. 2.
Sirrah. IV. 396, n. 8.
- - - V. 128, n. *.
- - - VII. 408, n. 7.
- - - X. 425, n. *.
Sistering. X. 349, n. 3.
Sisters. (verb) III. 606, n. 8.
Sizes. VIII. 569, n. 7.
Skainsmates. IX. 81, n. 1.
Skills. VI. 174, n. 4.
Skinker. V. 165, n. 5.
Skirr. IV. 422, n. 8.
- - - V. 573, n. 5.
Skogan, *See* Scogan.
Sleave silk. IV. 328, n. 5.
- - - - - VIII. 272, n. 8.
Sledded. IX. 187, n. 3.
Sleeve-hand. IV. 209, n. 7.
Sleided. III. 567, n. 6.
- - - X. 353, n. 5.
Sley. III. 567, n. 6.
- - X. 353, n. 5.
Slop. IX. 75, n. 5.
- - - - - 376, n. 9.
Slops. II. 253, n. 4.
Smirch'd. II. 261, n. 7.
Smooth. III. 561, n. 3.
- - - - VIII. 548, n. 2.
Smoothing. X. 136, n. 8.
Sneak's Noise. V. 323, n. 9.
Sneap. V. 310, n. 3.
Sneaping. IV. 124, n. 6.
- - - - - X. 105, n. 9.
Sneck-up. IV. 39, n. 8.
Snuff, in. II. 368, n. 6.
- - - - - - 531, n. 8.
- - - - - V. 132, n. 2.
Snuffs. VIII. 577, n. 4.
Sometimes. III. 11, n. 9.
- - - - - V. 102, n. *.
Sops and wine. III. 305, n. 9.
Sooth. V. 66, n. 9.
Sorry. II. 192, n. 5.
- - - IV. 328, n. 3.
Sort. (company) II. 490, n. 5.
- - - - - - - - V. 82, n. 9.
- - - - - - - - VI. 149, n. 4.
- - - - - - - - - 190, n. 2.
- - - - - - - - - 611, n. 9.
Sort. (lot) - - VIII. 182, n. 3.
- - - - - (rank) II. 105, n. 9.
- - - - - - - - - 208, n. 6.
- - - - - - - - - 496, n. 3.
- - - - - - - V. 578, n. 9.

Sort. (verb) III. 324, n. 5.
- - - - - - V. 541, n. 7.
- - - - - - VI. 128, n. 4.
- - - - - - - - 391, n. 3.
- - - - - - X. 137, n. 2.
- - - - - - - - 153, n. 6.
Sorts. (impersonal) VI. 275, (Signat. U 4) n. 8.
Souced gurnet. V. 232, n. 7.
- - - - - - - - X. App. 634.
Sowle. VII. 267, n. 6.
Sowter. IV. 56, n. 1.
Spartan dogs. IX. 645, n. 5.
Speak by the card. IX. 391, n. 5.
Spill. VIII. 580, n. 5.
Spirit. II. 474, n. 4.
Spoons, Apoſtle. VII. 129, n. 9.
Sprag. I. 273, n. 6.
Spring. II. 462, n. 1.
- - - - of day. V. 393, n. 5.
Square. II. 459, n. 2.
- - - - VII. 458, n. 8.
- - - - - - 531, n. 6.
- - - - VIII. 491, n. 6.
- - - - X. 398, n. 1.
Squarer. II. 211, n. 8.
Squaſh. II. 488, n. 6.
Squiny. VIII. 644, n. *.
Squire. II. 417, n. 1.
- - - - IV. 217, n. 5.
- - - - V. 154, n. 8.
Staff, tipped with horn. II. 303, n. 1.
Staggers. III. 403, n. 7.
Stale. I. 82, n. 7.
- - - II. 148, n. 8.
Stalking-horſe. II. 241, n. 3.
- - - - - - - - III. 229, n. 1.
Stannyel. IV. 56, n. 8.
State. IV. 53, n. *.
- - - - - - 367, n. 7.
- - - V. 182, n. 9.
- - - VII. 296, n. 1.
- - - VIII. 202, n. 8.
States. VIII. 390, n. 7.
Station. VII. 504, n. 6.
- - - - IX. 335, n. 7.
Statiſt. IX. 403, n. 6.
Statue. X. App. 554.
Statute. IX. 390, n. 2.
- - - - X. 303, n. 9.
Statute-caps. II. 409, n. 3.
Statutes of the ſtreets. II. 259, n. 3.
Steward's chain. IV. 40, n. 3.
Stew'd prunes. II. 29, n. 9.
- - - - - - - - IV. 218, n. 3.
Stickler. VIII. 302, n. 6.
Stigmatick. VI. 248, n. 5.
Sting, carnal. III. 159, n. 5.
- - - - - - IX. 487, n. 7.
Stint. III. 596, n. 3.
- - - VII. 24, n. 2.
- - - IX. 29, n. 3.
- - - X. 443, n. 5.
Stithy. IX. 303, n. 5.
Stithy'd. VIII. 269, n. 8.
Stoccata. IX. 92, n. 2.
Stock. I. 154, n. 9.
- - - - 243, n. 9.
- - - IV. 14, n. 6.
Stomach. IX. 189, n. 4.
Stoop. IV. 33, n. 1.
- - - IX. 418, n. 3.
Stover. I. 74, n. 5.
Strain. II. 235, n. 4.
Strange. VIII. 341, n. 8.
- - - - IX. 63, n. 3.
Strangeneſs. VIII. 203, n. 9.
- - - - - - X. 28, n. 7.
- - - - - - - - 38, n. 4.
Stranger. II. 450, n. 1.
- - - - IV. 550, n. 6.
- - - - X. 92, n. 4.
Striker. V. 151, n. 7.
Stuck. IV. 83, n. 3.
- - - IX. 382, n. 9.
Stuff. II. 188, n. 9.
- - - IV. 423, n. 1.
- - - IX. 454, n. 3.
Subſcribed. VIII. 507, n. 2.
Subſcriber. II. 54, n. 7.
- - - - - X. App. 563.
Subſcribes. VIII. 261, n. 9.

Subſcription. VIII. 581, n. 6.
Succeſs. IX. 546, n. 3.
Succeſſive. X. 376, n. 2.
Suggeſt. I. 139, n. 6.
- - - - II. 431, n. 3.
- - - - III. 455, n. 4.
- - - - VII. 16, n. 2.
- - - - IX. 325, n. 5.
- - - - X. 88, n. 2.
Suggeſtion. IV. 285, n. 3.
- - - - - V. 394, n. 6.
Suit. V. 123, n. 4.
- - - IX. 41, n. 6.
Sumpter. VIII. 571, n. 5.
Suppliance. IX. 211, n. 9.
Surceaſe. IV. 304, n. 7.
Sure-card. V. 358, n. 6.
Sur-rein'd. V. 517, n. 9.
Suſpect. (ſubſt.) VI. 168, n. 9.
- - - - - - - - X. 61, n. 1.
- - - - - - - - - - 250, n. 2.
Swaſh. IX. 10, n. 9.
Swaſh-bucklers. V. 353, n. 6.
Swaſhing outſide. III. 141, n. 8.
- - - - blow. IX. 10, n. 9.
Swath. VIII. 103, n. 3.
Sway. V. 371, n. 5.
- - - - - 455, n. 7.
Sweet and twenty. IV. 35, n. 7.
Sweet gloves. IV. 212, n. 4.
Sweeting. IX. 77, n. 3.
Sweet Oliver. III. 189, n. 3.
Swift. II. 349, n. 2.
Swinge-bucklers. V. 353, n. 6.
Switzers. IX. 363, n. *.
Sword, long. IX. 11, n. 2.
Sword, two-hand. I. 228, n. 8.
Sword-and-buckler fight. V. 142, n. 6.
- - - - - - - - - - 173, n. 2.
- - - - - - - - X. App. 628.
Sword-hilts. VII. 414, n. 8.
Swords, worn by dancers. III. 386, n. 4.
- - - - - - - - VII. 523, n. 4.
- - - - - - - - X. 396, n. 5.
Swound. X. 168, n. 7.

T.

Table. III. 30, n. 2.
- - - - - 358, n. 7.
- - - - X. 221, n. 5.
Table of green fields. X. App. 643.
Tabourines. VII. 553, n. 4.
- - - - - - VIII. 270, n. 2.
Take. I. 283, n. 6.
- - - VIII. 590, n. 4.
- - - IX. 195, n. 6.
Take diet. I. 122, n. 6.
Take eggs for money. IV. 133, n. 2.
- - - - - - - - - X. App. 602.
Take head. V. 61, n. 2.
Take in. VII. 160, n. 8.
- - - - - - - 238, n. 8.
- - - - - - - 425, n. 1.
- - - - - - - 515, n. 3.
- - - - VIII. 379, n. 8.
- - - - - - - 417, n. 4.
Take me with you. V. 186, n. 1.
Take on. I. 274, n. 8.
- - - - VI. 292 [Sig. X 4] n. *.
Take thought. VII. 339, n. 1.
Take up. III. 405, n. 2.
- - - - IV. 226, n. 8.
- - - - V. 291, n. 5.
Talbot, John, firſt earl of Shrewſbury. VI. 24, n. 8.
- - - - - 33, n. 4.
Tall. IV. 9, n. 1.
Tall fellow. I. 229, n. 9.
- - - - - VI. 493, n. 7.
Tall man of his hands. I. 214, n. 4.
- - - - - - - - IV. 250, n. 8.
- - - - - - - - X. App. 556.
Tame ſnake. III. 210, n. 7.
Taſked. V. 239, n. 5.
Taſking. V. 248, n. 8.
Taffel gentle. IX. 66, n. 8.
Tawdry-lace. IV. 211, n. 3.
Tawny coats. VI. 19, n. 1.
Taxation. III. 127, n. 9.

Tear-cat. II. 453, n. 2.
Teen. I. 10, n. 1.
- - - VI. 559, n. 4.
- - - IX. 28, n. 8.
- - - X. 52, n. 1.
- - - - - 362, n. 7.
Ten bones. VI. 136, n. 8.
Ten commandments. VI. 134, n. 4.
Tender. VI. 87, n. 7.
- - - - IX. 216, n. 4.
- - - - X. 117, n. 3.
Tender-hefted. VIII. 568, n. 6.
Tercel. VIII. 218, n. 2.
Termagant. IX. 298, n. 9.
Theorick. III. 445, n. 8.
- - - - - V. 454, n. 3.
- - - - - IX. 444, n. 7.
Thewes. V. 363, n. 4.
- - - - VII. 327, n. 8.
- - - - IX. 211, n. 1.
Thing of nothing. II. 519, n. 9.
- - - - - - - - IX. 350, n. 8.
Thirdborough. II. 316, n. 5.
- - - - - - - III. 244, n. 8.
Thought. III. 207, n. 5.
- - - - - IV. 49, n. 2.
- - - - - VII. 528, n. 2.
- - - - - - - 550, n. 4.
- - - - - IX. 372, n. 5.
Three-hoop'd pot. VI. 211, n. 3.
Three-inch fool. III. 310, n. 8.
Three-man-beetle. V. 300, n. 5.
Three-man song. IV. 195, n. 6.
- - - - - - - - X. App. 604.
Three merry men be we. IV. 37, n. 5.
Three-pil'd. II. 414, n. 8.
Threne. X. 345, n. 5.
Thrice-driven. IX. 479, n. 4.
Throstle. II. 485, n. 6.
Thrum. II. 533, n. 3.
Thrum'd hat. I. 276, n. 3.
Thumb-ring. V. 179, n. 2.
Thumbs, biting of. IX. 9, n. 6.
Tib. III. 394, n. 3.
- - - - 604, n. 2.
- - X. App. 595.
Tib and Tom. III. 394, n. 3.
Tickle. II. 16, n. 7.
- - - - VI. 123, n. 6.
Tickle-brain. VI. 83, n. 8.
Tick-tack. II. 17, n. 2.
Tidy. V. 337, n. 4.
Tight. VII. 546, n. 3.
Tightly. I. 211, n. 9.
Tike. V. 477, n. 6.
- - - VIII. 605, n. 5.
Tilly-fally. } IV. 38, n. 6.
Tilly-valley. } V. 327, n. 4.
Tilth. II. 88, n. 4.
Timeless. V. 73, n. 2.
- - - - VI. 102, n. 9.
Timely-parted. VI. 185, n. 8.
Tinctures. VII. 352, n. 1.
Tire. X. 16, n. 2.
Tire-velvet. } I. 256, n. 5.
Tire-volant. } X. App. 558.
Tired. II. 373, n. 8.
Tiring. VIII. 74, n. 9.
- - - X. App. 672.
Tithe. II. 88, n. 4.
Tod. (verb) IV. 194, n. 5.
- - - - - X. App. 604.
Toe. (verb) VIII. 507, n. 1.
Toged. IX. 444, n. 8.
Token'd. VII. 519, n. 4.
Tokens of the plague. II. 415, n. 1.
Toll out of a fair. III. 469, n. 7.
- - - - - - - - X. App. 596.
Tom, Poor. IX. 555, n. 9.
- - - - - - - - 602, n. 4.
Topple. IV. 387, n. 7.
- - - VIII. 637, n. 9.
Touch. I. 86, n. 7.
- - - II. 493, n. 3.
- - - IV. 394, n. 3.
- - - VI. 559, n. 8.
- - - - - 575, n. 4.
- - - VIII. 247, n. *.
- - - - - 317, n. 4.
Touches. III. 174, n. 6.
- - - - VII. 439, n. 7.
Toy. IX. 136, n. 9.
- - - - 358, n. 3.
Toys. IV. 459, n. 3.
- - - VI. 457, n. 4.

Toys. VIII. 421, n. *.
- - - IX. 226, n. 9.
Toze. IV. 231, n. 2.
- - - X. App. 590.
Trail. I. 280, n. 9.
Trammel. IV. 304, n. 7.
Tranect. III. 68, n. 1.
Trash. IX. 508, n. 5.
- - - (verb.) I. 11, n. 3.
Tray-trip. IV. 59, n. 1.
Treachers. VIII. 512, n. 8.
Trenched. I. 156, n. 7.
- - - - - IV. 368, n. 9.
- - - - - X. 63, n. 4.
Trencher-knight. II. 417, n. 7.
Trenchers. I. 54, n. 3.
Trick. II. 128, n. 5.
- - - III. 358, n. 8.
- - - IV. 450, n. 1.
- - - VIII. 643, n. 8.
- - - X. App. 568.
Trick'd. IX. 275, n. 4.
Tricking. I. 285, n. 6.
Tricksy. I. 97, n. 4.
- - - - X. App. 551.
Trigon, firy. V. 340, n. 5.
- - - - - - X. App. 636.
Triple. III. 389, n. 6.
- - - VII. 424, n. 5.
Triumph. II. 442, n. 4.
- - - - - III. 525, n. 6.
- - - - - V. 91, n. 1.
- - - - - - 215, n. 3.
- - - - - VI. 109, n. 5.
- - - - - - 393, n. 6.
Trojan. II. 425, n. 3.
Troll-my-dames. IV. 196, n. 2.
Trossers. V. 531, n. 2.
- - - - X. App. 645.
Trow. VIII. 523, n. 3.
Truckle-bed. I. 286, n. 8.
True man. I. 99, n. 1.
- - - - - II. 90, n. 6.
- - - - - V. 157, n. 9.
- - - - - VI. 261, [Sig. T. 5] n. 5.
- - - - - VII. 321, n. 5.
Trull. VII. 513, n. 9.
Trundle-tail. VIII. 605, n. 6.
Tub-fast. II. 76, n. 7.
- - - - VIII. 91, n. 7.
Tucket-sonuance. V. 553, n. 2.
Tupp'd. IX. 560, n. 5.
Tupping. IX. 448, n. 5.
Turly-good. VIII. 556, n. 5.
Turnbull street. I. 231, n. 9.
- - - - - - - V. 368, n. 3.
Turn Turk. II. 264, n. 6.
- - - - IX. 315, n. 6.
Twire. X. 215, n. 7.
Two-hand sword. I. 228, n. 8.
Two-legged mare. V. 308, n. 6.
Type. VI. 578, n. 3.

U.

Umber. III. 141, n. 6.
Umber'd. V. 536, n. 4.
Unanel'd. IX. 233, n. 1.
Unbarbed. VII. 241, n. 7.
Unbated. IX. 379, n. 4.
Unbonneted. IX. 456, n. 1.
Unbraided wares. IV. 201, n. 4.
Under-skinker. V. 165, n. 5.
Undertaker. IV. 84, n. 7.
Unear'd. X. 195, n. 7.
Uneath. VI. 160, n. 5.
Unhappily. VII. 37, n. 2.
- - - - - IX. 357, n. 1.
Unhappiness. II. 234, n. 2.
- - - - - VI. 462, n. *.
Unhappy. II. 187, n. 8.
- - - - III. 456, n. 6.
Unhousel'd. IX. 232, n. 8.
Union. IX. 418, n. 4.
University plays. IX. 304, n. 7.
Unkind. III. 164, n. 8.
- - - - VI. 75, n. 6.
- - - - X. 23, n. 1.
Unmann'd. IX. 100, n. 7.
Unmannerly. IV. 345, n. 8.
- - - - - - X. App. 611.
Unpregnant. II. 105, n. 1.

Unproper. IX. 585, n. 1.
Unquality'd. VII. 524, n. 7.
Unqueſtionable. III. 183, n. 6.
Unready. VI. 32, n. 3.
Unreſpective. VI. 560, n. 1.
- - - - - - - X. App. 656.
Unreſt. X. 401, n. 9.
Unſifted. IX. 216, n. 3.
Unſmirched. IX. 365, n. 7.
Unſtate. VIII. 510, n. 4.
Unvalued. VI. 488, n. 8.
Upſpring. IX. 219, n. 7.
Urchins. I. 23, n. 2.
Uſance. III. 19, n. 3.
Uſe. II. 232, n. 6.
- - - X. 197, n. 1.
Utter. IV. 215, n. 1.
Utterance, At. VIII. 377, n. 3.
Utterance, To the. IV. 356, n. 5.

V.

Vail. II. 109, n. 2.
- - - - X. 28, n. 8.
- - - - - - 58, n. 1.
Vailed. IX. 199, n. 9.
Vailing. II. 410, n. 4.
- - - - - III. 6, n. 7.
Valanced. IX. 272, n. 1.
Validity. III. 471, n. 3.
- - - - - IV. 4, n. 3.
- - - - - VIII. 491, n. 8.
- - - - - IX. 108, n. 8.
Valued file. IV. 358, n. 1.
Vant-brace. VIII. 177, n. 7.
Vaſt. I. 23, n. 3.
- - - III. 546, n. 1.
- - - IV. 122, n. 4.
Vaunt-courier. VIII. 580, n. 2.
Venie. I. 205, n. 1.
- - - II. 395, n. 5.
- - - X. App. 555.
- - - - - - - - 575.
Ventages. IX. 320, n. 5.
Veroneſe. IX. 493, n. 9.
Very. I. 157, n. 9.
- - - IV. 247, n. 6.
Via. I. 237, n. 3.
- - - II. 397, n. 3.
- - - V. 551, n. 9.
Vice. IV. 95, n. 8.
- - - V. 306, n. 6.
- - - - - 369, n. 8.
- - - - - 566, n. 1.
- - - IX. 338, n. 2.
Villein. X. 160, n. 9.
Viol de gambo. IV. 9, n. 2.
Virginal. III. 600, n. 6.
- - - - - VII. 284, n. 8.
Virginalling. IV. 129, n. 6.
Virgin Knight. II. 300, n. 3.
Virtuous qualities. III. 355, n. 4.
Viſiere. V. 230, n. 2.
Vulgar. IV. 66, n. *.
Vulgarly. II. 114, n. 2.
- - - - X. App. 567.
Vye. III. 290, n. 8.
- - - - - 569, n. 2.
- - - VII. 587, n. 1.

W.

Waft. IV. 464, n. 9.
Wage. VII. 299, n. 3.
- - - VIII. 496, n. 3.
- - - IX. 465, n. 6.
Walk. IV. 533, n. 1.
Wands. III. 18, n. 7.
Wannion. (*See* With a Wannion.)
Wanton. IX. 419, n. 7.
- - - - X. App. 686.
Wappen'd. VIII. 87, n. 8.
Warder. IV. 311, n. 3.
- - - - V. 17, n. 1.
Wards of the king. III. 353, n. 2.
Warn. VI. 473, n. 2.
- - - VII. 400, n. 9.
Warp. III. 165, n. 1.
Waſhing of hands before dinner, and ſupper. III. 292, n. 3.
- - - - - - - - 315, n. 3.
- - - - - - - X. App. 592.
Waſp-tongue. V. 143, n. 8.
- - - - - - X. App. 628.

Waſſel. II. 411, n. 9.
- - - - IV. 311, n. 2.
- - - - VII. 450, n. 5.
- - - - IX. 219, n. 6.
Watch. VI. 597, n. 8.
Watches brought into England. IV. 54, n. 2.
Water-gall. X. 172, n. 8.
We three, Picture of. IV. 33. n. 2.
Web and pin. IV. 139, n. 5.
- - - - - - - VIII. 595, n. 1.
Weed. III. 573, n. 3.
- - - X. 98, n. 7.
Weet. III. 422, n. 7.
- - - VI. 524, n. 4.
- - - VII. 426, n. 4.
Weigh out. VII. 72, n. 3.
Weirds. IV. 277, n. 3.
Welk'd. VIII. 640, n. 9.
Well appointed. V. 372, n. 6.
Well-liking. II. 408, n. 9.
Welſh-hook. V. 180, n. 3.
- - - - - - X. App. 630.
Wend. II. 103, n. 4.
When. V. 9, n. 8.
- - - VII. 330, n. 5.
Whe'r. IV. 469, n. 1.
- - - - X. 28, n. 6.
- - - - - 241, n. 8.
Where. V. 226, n. 2.
- - - - VI. 182, n. 2.
- - - - - - 195, n. 4.
- - - - VII. 149, n. 8.
- - - - VIII. 509, n. 3.
- - - - X. 131, n. 2.
Whereas. VI. 126, n. 9.
Whiffler. V. 584, n. 2.
- - - - - IX. 556, n. 4.
Whiles. IV. 98, n. 5.
Whipping-cheer. V. 480.
- - - - - - - - X. App. 641.
Whipſtock. III. 528, n. 5.
- - - - - IV. 34, n. 5.
Whirring. III. 573, n. 5.
White. III. 348, n. 5.
Whittle. VIII. 127, n. 8.
Whooping, out of all. III. 176, n. 1.
Wilderneſs. II. 69, n. 3.
- - - - - X. App. 564.
Will. IX. 547, n. 4.
Wimpled. II. 354, n. 3.
Wincheſter gooſe. VI. 21, n. 7.
- - - - - - - - VIII. 305, n. 3.
- - - - - - - - X. App. 676.
Wis. III. 47, n. 1.
- - - VI. 74, n. 3.
Wiſp. VI. 280, [Signat. U 6], n. 3.
Witch. III. 475, n. 7.
With a wannion. III. 517, n. 4.
With the manner. II. 316, n. 8.
- - - - - - - - IV. 231, n. *.
- - - - - - - - V. 178, n. 6.
Withold, St. VIII. 595, n. 2.
Wits, five. II. 210, n. 4.
- - - - - IV. 94, n. 3.
- - - - - IX. 589, n. 3.
- - - - - X. 307, n. 2.
Witty. VI. 275, [Sig. T 2.] n. 5.
- - - - - - 561, n. 3.
Woe, to be. I. 93, n. 7.
- - - - - - X. App. 551.
Wold. VIII. 595, n. 2.
Wolſey's Croſſes. X. App. 658.
- - - - Houſehold. VII. 93, n. 8.
- - - - - - - - - X. App. 660.
Wood. II. 471, n. 2.
- - - VI. 88, n. 2.
- - - X. 48, n. 9.
Woodcock. II. 290, n. 6.
- - - - - - - 377, n. 4.
- - - - - III. 274, n. 3.
Wooden thing. VI. 98, n. 4.
Wood-man. I. 298, n. 3.
- - - - - II. 104, n. 7.
- - - - - VIII. 405, n. 4.
Wool-ward. II. 428, n. 2.
Word. III. 526, n. 9.
World to ſee. III. 291, n. 9.
Worm. VI. 190, n. 9.
- - - VII. 594, n. 3.
- - - VIII. 390, n. 5.

Worn.

Worn. IV. 45, n. 6.
- - - X. App. 599.
Worth. IV. 71, n. 7.
- - - - - - 243, n. 4.
Worthy. IV. 207, n. 6.
Wreak. VII. 265, n. 6.
Wreaks. X. 441, n. 4.
Wretched'ſt. VI. 515, n. 9.
Writ. VII. 377, n. 5.
- - - IX. 271, n. 6.
Writhled. VI. 37, n. 7.
Wroth. III. 48, n. 4.
Wrying. VIII. 438, n. 4.

Y.

Yare. VII. 515, n. 5.
- - - - - 596, n. 6.
Yarely. I. 4, n. 3.
Yellow ſtockings. IV. 58, n. 6.
Yield. III. 225, n. 3.
- - - IV. 302, n. 9.
- - - VII. 542, n. 2.
- - - IX. 359, n. 7.

Z.

Zany. II. 416, n. 6.

THE END.

AUG - 1969